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RIES
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING,

THE TWELFTH, THIRTEENTH, FOURTEENTH, AND FIFTEENTH NUMBERS OF HIS JOURNAL.

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AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. XII.

FROM MAY 6, 1760, TO OCTOBER 28, 1762.

TO THE READER.

I AM sensible, there are many particulars in the ensuing Journal, which some serious persons will not believe, and which others will turn to ridicule. But this I cannot help, unless by concealing those things, which I believe it my bounden duty to declare. I cannot do otherwise, while I am persuaded, that this was a real work of God: and that he hath so wrought this, and all his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance. *I have only to desire, That those who think differently from me, will bear with me, as I do with them: and that those who think with me, That this was the most glorious work of God, which has ever been wrought in our memory, may be encouraged to expect to be themselves partakers of all the great and precious promises: and that without delay; seeing* Now is the accepted time! Now is the day of salvation!

LONDON, JAN. 31, 1767.

JOURNAL.

No. XII.

FROM MAY 6, 1760, TO OCTOBER 28, 1762.

TUESDAY, May 6, I had much conversation (at Carrickfergus) with Monsieur Cavenac, the French General, not on the circumstances, but the essence of religion. He seemed to startle at nothing; but said more than once, and with much emotion, "Why, this is *my* religion! there is *no true religion* besides it."

Wednesday 7, I rode to Larne. The rain which had continued with little intermission, for several days, stopped this afternoon; so that I had a very large as well as serious congregation: and I spoke to them with the utmost plainness: but I could not find the way to their hearts.

Thursday 8, We rode over the mountains to Ballimena, and had just passed through the town, when a man came running out of the field, called me by my name, and pressed me much to preach there: but I could not stay, having appointed one to meet me at Portglenone, which he accordingly did, and brought me to Mr. Burrows, near Garvah.

Friday 9, A little rest was acceptable. Saturday 10, I preached, morning and evening, in Mr. B—'s house, to a well-behaved congregation, though of various denominations, Churchmen, Papists, Presbyterians, Cameronians. One Seceder likewise ventured in: but the moment he heard, "Our Father, which art in heaven," he ran away with all speed.

Sunday 11, We had such a congregation in the Church, as perhaps had not been there in this century. And I believe God reached some of their hearts: several were in

tears. I spoke extremely plain; especially to those who were full of their own wisdom and righteousness.

Monday 12, Returning through Ballimena, I preached in the Market-house, to a large concourse of people: and God was there of a truth. I have found no such spirit in any congregation since I left Dublin. Thence I rode to Moira, and preached to a very civil congregation: but there is no life in them!

Tuesday 13, My Irish horse was thoroughly tired. However, with much difficulty, partly riding, and partly walking, about eight in the evening I reached Coot-hill. I preached in the house now, and at five in the morning; but at eleven in the Market-house, where I delivered my own soul, to most of the Protestants in the town. Having procured a fresh horse, I rode on to Belturbet, a town in which there is neither Papist nor Presbyterian. But to supply that defect, there are Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, and common-swearers in abundance. Thursday 15, we rode through a delightful country to Swadling-bar, famed for its mineral waters. Soon after, my new horse began to tire, so that it was with much difficulty I got to Sligo.

Friday 16, I walked round the ruins of the Abbey, formerly one of the largest in the kingdom. The walls of it are standing, and three sides of the cloysters are entire. But you can scarcely tread, either within or without, unless you will step upon sculls or human bones, which are every where scattered up and down, as dung upon the earth. Surely no other nation, Christian or heathen, would endure this. In the evening the congregation was a little disturbed by two or three giddy officers. I spoke to them and they stopped: but they soon recovered their spirits, and behaved—as they used to do at Church!

Sunday 18, I preached at nine to a large congregation, who all seemed to hear with the understanding. At five in the evening they were not less attentive, though abundantly more numerous. On Monday we met, for the last time, between four and five. Many were deeply affected, and all

received the word *with all readiness of mind.* But which of these will *bring forth fruit with patience?* God only knoweth.

Monday 19, We rode to Castlebar, where I preached in the evening. I was particularly concerned for the poor backsliders. It seems as if most of us said in our hearts, "If they have a mind to go to hell, let them go." Not so: rather let us pluck the *brands*, willing or unwilling, *out of the burning!* Thursday 22, I rode to Newport, and preached at seven in the evening. I suppose all the Protestants in the town were present, and many of the Papists, notwithstanding the prohibition and bitter curses of their Priests. So has God spread the line from sea to sea, from Dublin on the east to this place on the western ocean.

May the 25th, being Whitsunday, Mr. Ellison desired me to assist him at the Lord's-Supper. Tuesday 27, there was a remarkable trial here. A Swedish ship, being leaky, put into one of our harbours. The Irish, according to custom, ran to plunder her. A neighbouring gentleman hindered them, and for so doing demanded a fourth part of her cargo. And this, they said, *The law allows!* But where, meantime, is the Law of God? To hear this cause, all the gentlemen of the Country were come to Castlebar. It was to be heard in the Court-house, where I preached. So they met an hour sooner, and heard the sermon first. Who knows but even some of these may be found of Him they sought not?

Wednesday 28, I rode to Hollymount, and the next day to Aughrim, where were a people alive to God. I told them plainly what things they wanted still. And surely God will supply all their wants!

Trinity-Sunday, June 1, I preached about nine in the Market-house at Athlone, on *There are Three that bear record in heaven—and these three are one.* Afterwards, at the Minister's desire, I read prayers in the Church, and in the evening preached on the Connaught side of the river, on *Ye must be born again.* Both Papists and Protestants attended: and some seemed cut to the heart. Tuesday 3,

I met the Classes, and was agreeably surprised, to find that bitterness against the Church, with which many were infected when I was here before, was now entirely over. Yet the deadness which it had occasioned, remained, and I doubt it will not soon be removed.

Friday 6, I preached in the evening at Ahasker, where the bulk of the congregation were Papists: yet the decency of their behaviour was such as might have made many Protestants ashamed. Sunday 8, I rode over to Aughrim again. Understanding the Rector had none to assist in the service, I offered to read prayers for him, which he willingly accepted. Immediately after the Church service, I preached to a numerous congregation, and returned to Athlone, soon enough to speak once more to a large concourse of all ranks and religions. But great part of them were as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke, neither taught of God, nor man.

Monday 9, About one I preached at Abidarrig, and then rode on to Longford. The town was so thronged by reason of the approaching fair, that we had much ado to pass. But this increased the evening congregation much: among whom was Dr. Hort, then Rector of the parish, a learned, sensible, pious man, and a pattern both for Clergy and Laity. Tuesday 10, I rode to Drumersnave, a village delightfully situated. Almost the whole town, Protestants and Papists, were present at the sermon in the evening: and a great part of them in the morning: But, O! how few of them will bear fruit to perfection!

At noon William Ley, James Glasbrook and I rode to Carrick-upon-Shannon. In less than an hour, an Esquire and Justice of the Peace, came down with a drum, and what mob he could gather. I went into the garden with the congregation, while he was making a speech to his followers in the street. He then attacked William Ley, (who stood at the door) being armed with a halbert and long sword; and ran at him with the halbert, but missing his thrust, he then struck at him, and broke it short upon his wrist. Having made his way through the house to the other door, he was at a full stop. James Glasbrook held it fast on the other

side. While he was endeavouring to force it open, one told him, I was preaching in the garden. On this he quitted the door in haste, ran down the house, and with part of his retinue, climbed over the wall into the garden; and with a whole volley of oaths and curses declared, "You shall not preach here to-day." I told him, "Sir, I do not intend it; for I have preached already." This made him ready to tear the ground. Finding he was not to be reasoned with, I went into the house. Soon after, he revenged himself on James Glasbrook, (by breaking the truncheon of his halbert on his arm) and on my hat, which he beat and kicked most valiantly: but a gentleman rescued it out of his hands, and we rode quietly out of the town.

After preaching to several of the intermediate Societies in the way, on Saturday 14, I came to Tyrrel's-pass, and found several of our friends, who were come from various parts. Sunday 15, I preached at eight and at twelve, (there being no service at the Church.) A heap of fine, gay people, came in their post-chaises to the evening preaching. I spoke very plainly, but the words seemed to fly over them. *Gallio cared for none of these things.*

Monday 16, I preached in the evening in the long shady walk in Eden-derry, to such a congregation as I had not seen there for many years. And God gave an edge to his word, both this evening and the next morning. He *can* work, even among these dry bones.

Wednesday 18, I designed to preach in the Market-house at Portarlington: but it was pre-engaged for a ball. So I preached, and with much comfort, in our own Room; as also, at five in the morning. I preached at ten, for the sake of the gentry: but it was too early: they could not rise *so soon.*

In the afternoon I rode to Mountmellick. The rain was suspended in the evening, while I exhorted a large congregation, to *walk in the old paths.* Many Papists appeared to be quite astonished: some of them almost persuaded to *walk therein.* The next evening I preached in the Market-place, for the sake of the rich, who could hear there, with-

out impeachment to their honour. And some were deeply affected. Surely the thorns will not choak *all* the good seed!

Saturday 21, The congregation at Tullamore was nearly as large as at Mountmellick. At eight in the morning, Sunday 22, it was much increased, but much more at one. And I have reason to believe, that God at this time touched several careless hearts. I rode from thence to Coolylough, and found a congregation gathered from twenty miles round. It rained when I began to preach: but none offered to go away: and God did indeed *send a gracious rain upon his inheritance*, and comforted the souls of his servants.

Monday 23, Being the Quarterly-meeting, the Stewards from all the Country Societies were present, a company of settled, sensible men. Nothing is wanting in this Kingdom but zealous, active Preachers, tenacious of order and exact discipline.

Tuesday 24, I took horse early, and at ten preached at Cloughan, about 24 miles from Coolylough. We afterwards rode through Longford, but did not stop, as the day was cool and pleasant. About two we were unawares encompassed with a multitude of Papists, coming out of their mass-house. One of them knowing me, soon alarmed the rest, who set up a hideous roar, and drew up in battle-array. But we galloped through them, and went on to Drumersnave, where I preached in the evening, and the next day, Wednesday 25, rode on to Sligo.

Never did I see a fairer prospect of good than here: but blossoms are not fruit. As large, if not a larger congregation than before, was at the Market-place in the evening. I was exceedingly weary, having rode an extremely dull horse: but I soon forget my weariness, seeing so many young and old, rich and poor, receiving the word with all gladness. Thursday 26, I preached at five in a large commodious room, which has been procured since I was here last. I breakfasted at Mr. A—'s, and dined at Mr. K—'s: but two such families I have seldom seen. They had feared God for many years, and served him in the best manner they

knew. Nothing was wanting but that they should hear the *more excellent way*, which they then embraced with all their hearts.

Friday 27, Our morning congregation was doubled. Mr. D—— did not fail to be there, though it seemed strange to him at first, when mention was made of preaching at five in the morning. In the evening we had a still larger congregation, and, I believe, God applied his word. Some trembled, others wept. Surely some of these shall know, *there is balm in Gilead.* Saturday 28, at five the congregation was larger than ever it had been at that hour. After breakfast I rode out with Mr. K. and Mr. D., who, hearing I was ill mounted, desired me to make use of one of his horses, during my stay in Ireland. In the evening (it being market-day, so that the Market-house was full of people) I wrote a line to the Colonel, who readily gave me the liberty of preaching in the Barrack-yard. He likewise came to hear himself, as did several of the officers. It was a solemn conclusion of the happiest birth-day, which I have known for many years.

Sunday 29, We had a solemn meeting of the Society at five. At eight I preached again in the Barrack-yard: and I did not observe a trifler there. They all seemed to hear as for life. To-day I saw an odd instance of the force of example. When we were at Church in the morning, scarcely any one either sung or stood at the Psalms; so that I was almost alone therein. But in the afternoon almost every one stood up: and most of them sung, or endeavoured so to do. After service I went directly to the Market-house, and enforced those solemn words, *What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?* Mr. D—— had left us at six in the morning, in order to serve his cure. But about ten at night he came back, and was with me soon after four, importuning me to stay another day: but as my journies were fixed, I could not do that, without disappointing several congregations. Now was the general call for the town of Sligo. And many did *receive the word with joy.*

But the greatest part had *no root in themselves*. What fruit then could be expected from them?

Monday 30, I have rarely seen so heavy rain in Europe, as we had in the way to Tubber-curraugh. I was quickly wet to my toe's end: but the day clearing, I was dry again in a few hours. We had a very large congregation at Castlebar in the evening: and many seemed *almost persuaded to be Christians*. O what does it avail, *almost* to hit the mark? *Almost* to escape the damnation of hell?

Tuesday, July 1, We took horse about four: and it was well we did. For our seven and thirty Irish miles, so called, were little less than seventy English. I preached at a friend's house soon after three: and then procuring a fresh horse, about the size of a jack-ass, I rode on, with more ease than state, to Aughrim. Wednesday 2, we rode on to Eyre-court, where many threatened great things: but all vanished into air. I preached at ten in the Court-house: Col. Eyre was there, and several other persons of fashion. In the evening I preached at Birr, with more satisfaction than for several years; finding many more alive to God than ever, and provoking one another to love and to good works. I had purposed to set out early in the morning; but their love constrained me to stay a day longer. So I had leisure to complete the account of the Societies. At present the Societies in Connaught contain little more than two hundred members; those in Ulster, about two hundred and fifty; those in Leinster, a thousand.

Friday 4, I took my ease, riding in a chaise to Limerick, where, on Saturday 5, ten of us met in a little conference. By the blessing of God we were all of one mind, particularly with regard to the Church. Even J— D— has not now the least thought of leaving it, but attends there, be the minister good or bad. On Tuesday 8, having settled all our little affairs, we parted in much love. Wednesday 9, I rode over to Killiheen, a German settlement, nearly twenty miles south of Limerick. It rained all the way, but the earnestness of the poor people made us quite forget it. In the evening I preached to another colony of Germans at Ballygarane. The third is at Court-mattrass, a mile from Killiheen. I sup-

pose three such towns are scarcely to be found again in England or Ireland. There is no cursing or swearing, no sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house in any of them. How will these poor foreigners rise up in the judgment against those that are round about them!

Friday 11, I preached in the New-house at Clare, to a genteel congregation. What a contrast between these and the poor people at Killiheen! We had a still more genteel congregation, the next morning at nine in the Court-house at Ennis, to whom I spoke with all plainness. I did the same on Sunday morning: so if they hear no more of me, I am clear of their blood. I took my leave of them at Clare in the afternoon, and in the evening returned to Limerick.

Wednesday 16, I rode to Newmarket, which *was* another German settlement: but the poor settlers with all their diligence and frugality, could not procure even the coarsest food to eat, and the meanest raiment to put on, under their *merciful* landlords! So that most of these, as well as of those at Balligarane, have been forced to seek bread in other places: some of them in distant parts of Ireland, but the greater part in America.

Thursday 17, I met the Classes at Limerick, and found a considerable decrease. And how can it be otherwise, when vice flows as a torrent, unless the children of God are all life, zeal, activity! In hopes of quickening them, I preached at seven in the Old Camp, to more than twice the usual congregation: which the two next evenings was more numerous still, and equally attentive. I was well pleased to see a little army of soldiers there, and not a few of their officers. Nor did they behave as unconcerned hearers, but like men that really desired to save their souls. Sunday 20, I took my leave of that comfortable place, where some thousands of people were assembled. I have seen no such sight since I came to the kingdom. They not only filled all the lower ground, but completely covered the banks that surround it, though they stood as close as possible. I exhorted them to *ask for the old paths, and walk therein,* that they might *find rest to* their *souls.* We had afterwards a solemn meet-

ing of the Society, in confidence that God would revive his work.

Monday 21, I left Limerick, and about noon preached at Shronill, near a great house which a gentleman built many years ago: but he cannot yet afford to finish it, having only thirty thousand pounds a year, and some hundreds of thousands in ready money!

"The beggars but a common lot deplore:
The rich-poor man's emphatically poor."

At six I preached at the camp near Caire, to a large and serious congregation of soldiers. Thence we rode on to Clonmell, where I preached near the barracks at eight in the morning, to a wild, staring people; but quiet perforce: for the soldiers kept them in awe. We rode in the afternoon to Waterford, where our friends had procured a commodious place, inclosed on all sides. I preached there three evenings, with great hope of doing good. Our large room was full every morning. O why should we despair of any souls whom God hath made?

Thursday 24, I looked over that well-written book, Mr. Smith's "State of the County and City of Waterford." He plainly shews, that twelve hundred years ago, Ireland was a flourishing kingdom. It seems to have been declining almost ever since; especially after it was torn into several independent kingdoms. Thenceforward it grew more and more wild and barbarous, for several hundreds of years. In Queen Elizabeth's time it began to revive. And it increased greatly both in trade and inhabitants, till the deadly blow, which commenced on October 23, 1641. Three hundred thousand Protestants, by a moderate computation, were then destroyed in less than a year: and more than twice as many Papists, within a few years following. Most of these were adults: and this was a loss, which the nation has not recovered yet: nay, it will probably require another century, to restore the number of inhabitants it had before.

Friday 25, I preached once more near the barracks in Clonmell, and the next morning took horse at four. About eleven the sun was scorchingly hot, till a little cloud rose

and covered us till we were near Rathcormuck. Here we rested two hours, and then rode on (mostly shaded by flying clouds) to Cork. Sunday 27, the house was well filled: but I expect small increase of the work of God till we preach abroad. Thursday 31, I rode to Bandon: but my good old friend, Mrs. Jones, did not stay for my coming. She was released out of life some weeks ago, in the seventy-second year of her age. I preached as usual in the main street, to a large and attentive congregation: and they were nearly doubled the next evening; yet all behaved with the utmost decency. The market obliged me to preach in the house on Saturday in the afternoon, a very neat and lightsome building. Having spent the time I proposed here, with much satisfaction, in the evening I returned to Cork.

Sunday, August 3, I had written to the Commanding-officer for leave to preach near the barracks: but he was just gone out of town: so I was obliged once more to coop myself up in the room.

Monday 4, Knowing by the experiment I made two years since, that it was an entertainment above the taste of our evening congregation, I read some select letters at five in the morning, to those who desired to hear them: and many of them were not a little comforted, and established in the ways of God.

Thursday 7, In the afternoon I set out for Kingsale. In the way a violent storm drove us into a little hut, where a poor woman was very thankful for physical advice, and another for a little money to buy her food. The sky then clearing, we soon reached Kingsale, where I preached at six in the Exchange, to a multitude of soldiers, and not a few of the dull, careless town's-folk. At five in the morning, it being a field-day, the soldiers could not attend: but, I had a large and serious congregation notwithstanding. Surely good might be done here also, would our preachers always preach in the Exchange, as they may without any molestation, instead of a little, ugly dirty garret.

About nine, a sharp storm having put an end to their

exercise, I went to the soldiers in the field. I stood so near the intrenchments of the fort, that they could hear within as well as without. The sun indeed shone extremely hot on my head; but presently a cloud interposed: and when I began to be chill (for the wind was high and sharp) it removed, till I wanted it again. How easily may we see the hand of God, in small things as well as great! And why should a little, pointless raillery make us ashamed to acknowledge it?

In the evening I preached to the usual congregation in the main street at Bandon, on *Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.* The congregation was nearly twice as large at five in the morning, as it was last week, when I preached an hour later. Sunday 10, after preaching at seven, in a house crowded within and without, I left this comfortable place, and went back to Cork. I had a desire to preach abroad in the evening; but the weather would not permit. When the Society met, a person hugely daubed with gold, thrust violently in: by his appearance I should have judged him to be some nobleman: but I was afterwards informed it was Dr. Taylor.

On Monday and Tuesday I took an account of the Society, and was grieved, though not surprised, to find such a declension. I left two hundred and ninety members: I find only two hundred and thirty three. And what will the end be, unless those that remain, learn to bear one another's burdens? Adding to those in the other provinces, about six hundred who are in Munster, the whole number is a little above two thousand. Our evening congregations this week were smaller than usual; as the gentry were engaged in a more important affair. A company of players were in town. However, many of them came on Friday; for a watch-night was newer to them than a comedy.

Monday 18, Being advised from Dublin, that Capt. Dansey (with whom I desired to sail) would sail on the 19th or 20th, I took horse early, and reached Clonmell between five and six in the evening. I took my usual stand near the barrack-gate; but had abundantly more than my usual

congregation, as it was the assize week, so that the town was extremely full of gentry as well as common people.

Tuesday 19, We had many light showers, which cooled the air, and laid the dust. We dined at Kilkenny, noble in ruins: I see no such remains of magnificence in the kingdom. The late Duke of Ormond's house, on the top of a rock, hanging over the river, the ancient Cathedral, and what is left of many grand buildings, yield a melancholy pleasure:—Thus,

"A little power, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the great and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave!"

We lodged at Castle-dermot, and reached Dublin on Wednesday 20, but Captain Dansey was not to sail this week. I then enquired for a Chester ship, and found one, which was expected to sail on Friday morning: but on Friday morning, the Captain sent us word, "He must wait for General Montague." So in the afternoon I rode over to Skerries, where the packet lay: but before I came thither, the wind, which was fair before, shifted to the east, and blew a storm. I saw the hand of God, and after resting a while, rode cheerfully back to Dublin. It being the Watch-night, I came just in time, to spend a comfortable hour with the congregation. O how good it is, to have no choice of our own, but to leave all things to the will of God!

Saturday 23, The Captain of the Chester ship sent word, "The General would not go, and he would sail the next morning." So we have one day more to spend in Ireland. Let us "live this day as if it were our last!"

Sunday 24, At seven I took leave of my friends, and about noon embarked in the Nonpareil for Chester. We had forty or fifty passengers on board, half of whom were cabin passengers. I was afraid we should have an uneasy time, in the midst of such a crowd of gentry. We sailed out with a fair wind, but at four in the afternoon it failed, and left us in a dead calm. I then made the gentlemen an offer of preaching, which they thankfully accepted. While

I was preaching the wind sprung up fair: but the next day we were becalmed again. In the afternoon they desired me to give them another sermon, and again the wind sprung up while I was speaking, and continued till about noon on Tuesday, we landed at Parkgate.

Being in haste, I would not stay for my own horse, which I found could not land till low water. So I bought one,. and having hired another, set forward without delay. We reached Whitchurch that evening. Wednesday 27, we breakfasted at Newport, where, finding our horses begin to fail, we thought it best to take the Birmingham road, that, if they should fail us altogether, we might stay among our friends. But they would go no farther than Wolverhampton; so we hired fresh horses there, and immediately set out for Worcester: but one of them soon after fell, and gave me such a shock, (though I did not quit my seat) that I was seized with a violent bleeding at the nose, which nothing we could apply would stop, so we were obliged to go a foot-pace for two miles, and then stay at Broadwater.

Thursday 28, Soon after we set out, the other horse fell lame. A honest man at Worcester found this was caused by a bad shoe. A smith cured this by a new shoe: but at the same time, by paring the hoof too closely, he effectually lamed the other foot, so that we had hard work to reach Gloucester. After resting here a while, we pushed on to Newport: where I took a chaise, and reached Bristol before eleven. I spent the two following days with the Preachers, who had been waiting for me all the week. And their love and unanimity were such as soon made me forget all my labour.

Monday, September 1, I set out for Cornwall, preaching at Shepton, Middlesea, and Tiverton in the way. Wednesday 3, I reached Launceston, and found the small remains of a dead, scattered Society. And no wonder, as they have had scarcely any discipline, and only one sermon in a fortnight. On Friday 6, I found just such another Society at Camelford: but their deadness here was owing to bitterness against each other; in the morning I heard the

contending parties face to face: and they resolved and promised on all sides, to let past things be forgotten. O how few have learned to forgive *one another, as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us!*

Saturday 6, We had an exceeding lively congregation in the evening at Trewalder. Indeed all the Society stands well, and *adorns the doctrine of God our Saviour.* Sunday 7, at eight I preached again, and was much comforted. I then rode to Port-Isaac Church, and had the satisfaction of hearing an excellent sermon. After service I preached at a small distance from the Church, to a numerous congregation: and to a far more numerous one in the town, at five in the afternoon. In examining this Society, I found much reason to bless God on their behalf. They diligently observe all the Rules of the Society, with or without a Preacher. They constantly attend the Church and sacrament, and meet together at the times appointed. The consequence is, that thirty out of thirty-five, their whole number, continue to walk in the light of God's countenance.

Monday 8, A gentleman followed me to my Inn at St. Colomb's, and carried me to his house, where were three or four more as friendly as himself. One of them rode with me seven or eight miles, and gave me a pleasing account, of two young Clergymen, Mr. C—— and Mr. Phelps, who had the care of three adjoining parishes. Surely God has a favour for the people of these parts! he gives them such serious, zealous, lively Preachers. By these, and the Methodists together, the line is now laid, with no inconsiderable interruption, all along the north sea, from the eastern point of Cornwall to the Land's-end. In a while I trust, there will be no more cause on these coasts, to accuse *Britannos hospitibus feros.*

The congregation at St. Agnes, in the evening was, I suppose, double to that at Port Isaac. We had nearly as many, Tuesday 9, at five in the morning, as the Preaching-house could contain. Afterwards I examined the Society, and was surprised and grieved to find, that out of ninety-eight persons, all but three or four had

had forsaken the Lord's table. I told them my thoughts very plainly: they seemed convinced, and promised no more to give place to the devil.

Wednesday 10, I had much conversation with Mr. Phelps, a man of a humble, loving, tender spirit. Between him, on the one hand, and the Methodists, on the other, most in the parish are now awakened. Let but our brethren have *zeal according to knowledge*, and few will escape them both. When I came to St. Ives, I was determined to preach abroad: but the wind was so high I could not stand where I had intended. But we found a little enclosure near it, one end of which was native rock, rising ten or twelve feet perpendicular, from which the ground fell with an easy descent. A jetting out of the rock, about four feet from the ground, gave me a very convenient pulpit. Here well nigh the whole town, high and low, rich and poor, assembled together. Nor was there a word to be heard, or a smile to be seen, from one end of the congregation to the other. It was just the same the three following evenings. Indeed, I was afraid on Saturday, that the roaring of the sea, raised by the north wind, would have prevented their hearing. But God gave me so clear and strong a voice, that I believe scarcely one word was lost.

Sunday 14, At eight I chose a large ground, the sloping side of a meadow, where the congregation stood, row above row, so that all might see as well as hear. It was a beautiful sight. Every one seemed to take to himself what was spoken. I believe every backslider in the town was there: and surely God was there, to *heal their backslidings*. I began at Zennor, as soon as the Church service was ended: I suppose scarcely six persons went away. Seeing many there who did once run well, I addressed myself to them in particular: the spirit of mourning was soon poured out; and some of them wept bitterly. O, that the Lord may yet return unto them, and *leave a blessing behind him!* At five I went once more into the ground at St. Ives, and found such a congregation, as I think was never seen in any place before (Gwenap excepted) in this County. Some

of the chief of the town were now not in the skirts, but in the thickest of the people. The clear sky, the setting sun, the smooth, still water, all agreed with the state of the audience. Is any thing too hard for God? May we not well say, in every sense,

"Thou dost the raging sea control,
And smooth the prospect of the deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep."

Monday 15, I enquired concerning the uncommon storm, which was here on March 9, the last year. It began near the Land's End, between nine and ten at night, and went eastward, not above a mile broad, over St. Just, Morva, Zennor, St. Ives, and Gwinnear, whence it turned northward, over the sea. It uncovered all the houses in its way, and was accompanied with impetuous rain. About a mile south-east from St. Ives, it tore up a rock, twelve or fourteen ton weight from the top of a rising ground, and whirled it down upon another, which it split through, and at the same time dashed itself in pieces. It broke down the pinnacles of Gwinnear Church, which forced their way through the roof. And it was remarkable, the rain which attended it, was as salt as any sea-water.

At one, I preached in Maddern parish, and then rode to St. Just. I have not seen such a congregation here, for twice seven years. Abundance of backsliders being present, I chiefly applied to them. Some of them smiled at first; but it was not long before their mirth was turned into mourning. And I believe few, if any, went away, without a witness from God, that he *willeth not the death of a sinner*.

Tuesday 16, At five the room was nearly full; and the great power of God was in the midst of them. It was now accompanied with one unusual effect: the mouths of those whom it most affected, were literally stopped. Several of them came to me, and could not speak one word: very few could utter three sentences. I rejoined to the Society ten or eleven backsliders, and added some new members.

Here (as at Port-Isaac, St. Agnes, and St. Ives) we are called to thankfulness: at most other places, to patience. All the day it blew a storm: and in the evening, though the rain ceased, the furious wind continued. I ordered all the windows of the preaching house to be set open, so that most could hear without as well as within. I preached on, *He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.* And again God applied his word, both to wound and to heal them that were already wounded.

About this time I wrote the following letter:—

"*To the Editor of the London Chronicle.*

"SIR, *Sept.* 17, 1760.

"AS you sometimes insert things of a religious nature in your Paper, I shall count it a favour, if you will insert this.

"SOME years ago, I published *A Letter to Mr. Law*, and about the same time, *An Address to the Clergy.* Of the former, Mr. Law gives the following account, in his *Collection of Letters*, lately published:

"'To answer Mr. Wesley's Letter, seems quite needless, because there is nothing substantial or properly argumentative in it. I was once a kind of oracle to Mr. W. I judged him to be much under the power of his *own spirit.* To this was owing the false censure which he published against the Mystics, as enemies to Good Works, p. 128, 130. His Letter is such a juvenile composition of emptiness and pertness, as is below the character of any man, who had been serious in religion for half a month. It was not ability, but necessity, that put his pen into his hand. He had preached much against my books; and forbid his people the use of them; and for a cover of all this, he promised, from time to time, to write against them: therefore, an answer was to be made at all adventures. He and the Pope conceive the same reasons for condemning the mystery revealed by Jacob Behme,' p. 190.

"Of the latter, he gives this account.—'The Pamphlet you sent is worse than no advice at all; but infinitely beyond

Mr. Wesley's Babylonish *Address to the Clergy;* almost all of which is empty babble, fitter for an old Grammarian, that was grown *blear-eyed* in mending Dictionaries, than for one who had tasted of the powers of the world to come,' p. 198.

"I leave others to judge, Whether an answer to that letter be quite needless or not; and whether there be any thing *substantial* in it: but certainly there is something *argumentative.* The very queries relative to Jacob's Philosophy, are arguments, though not in form; and perhaps most of them will be thought conclusive arguments, by impartial readers. Let these likewise judge if there are not arguments in it (whether conclusive or not) relating to that entirely new system of Divinity, which he has *revealed* to the world.

"It is true, that, Mr. Law, whom I love and reverence *now*, was *once* 'a kind of oracle to me.' He thinks I am still 'under the power of my *own spirit*,' as opposed to the Spirit of God. If I am, yet my censure of the Mystics is not at all owing to this, but to my reverence for the Oracles of God, which, while I was fond of them, I regarded less and less; till, at length, finding I could not follow both, I exchanged the Mystic writers for the Scriptural.

"It is sure, in exposing the Philosophy of Behme, I use ridicule as well as argument; and yet I trust I have, by the grace of God, been in some measure, 'serious in religion,' not 'half a month' only, but ever since I was six years old, which is now about half a century. I do not know that the Pope has condemned him at all, or that he has any reason so to do. My reason is this, and no other: I think he contradicts Scripture, reason, and himself; and that he has seduced many unwary souls from the Bible-way of salvation. A strong conviction of this, and a desire to guard others against that dangerous seduction, laid me under *a necessity* of writing that letter. I was under no other necessity; though I doubt not but Mr. Law *heard* I was, and very seriously *believed* it. I very rarely mention his books in public: nor are they in the way of one in a hundred of those whom he terms *my people;* meaning, I

suppose, the people called *Methodists*. I had, therefore, no temptation, any more than power, to *forbid the use* of them to the Methodists in general. Whosoever informed Mr. Law of this, wanted either ability or integrity.

"He is so deeply displeased with the *Address to the Clergy*, because it speaks strongly in favour of learning: but still, if *this* part of it is only 'fit for an old Grammarian, grown *blear-eyed* in mending Dictionaries,' it will not follow, that '*almost all* of it is mere empty babble;' for a large part of it much more strongly insists on a single eye and a clean heart. Heathen Philosophers may term this *empty babble;* but let not Christians either account, or call it so!"

Wednesday 17, The room at St. Just was quite full at five, and God gave us a parting blessing. At noon I preached on the cliff near Penzance, where no one now gives an uncivil word. Here I procured an account from an eye-witness, of what happened the 27th of last month. A round pillar, narrowest at the bottom, of a whitish colour, rose out of the sea near Mousehole, and reached the clouds. One who was riding over the Strand from Marazion to Penzance, saw it stand for a short space, and then move swiftly toward her, till the skirt of it touching her, the horse threw her and ran away. It had a strong sulphurous smell. It dragged with it abundance of sand and pebbles from the shore, and then went over the land, carrying with it, corn, furze, or whatever it found in its way. It was, doubtless, a kind of water-spout: but a water-spout on land, I believe, is seldom seen.

The storm drove us into the house at Newlin also. Thursday 18, as we rode from thence, in less than half an hour, we were wet to the skin: but when we came to Penhale, the rain ceased, and the people flocking from all parts, we had a comfortable opportunity together. About six I preached near Helstone. The rain stopped till I had done, and, soon after, was as violent as before.

Friday 19, I rode to Illuggan; we had heavy rain before I began, but scarcely any, while I was preaching. I

learned several other particulars here, relating to the water-spout. It was seen near Mousehole an hour before sun-set. About sun-set it began travelling over the land, tearing up all the furze and shrubs it met. Near an hour after sun-set, it passed (at the rate of four or five miles an hour) across Mr. Harris's fields, in Cambourn, sweeping the ground as it went, about twenty yards diameter at the bottom, and broader and broader up to the clouds. It made a noise like thunder, took up eighteen stacks of corn, with a large hay-stack and the stones whereon it stood, and scattered them all abroad, (but it was quite dry) and then passed over the cliff into the sea.

Saturday 20, In the evening I took my old stand in the main street at Redruth. A multitude of people, rich and poor, calmly attended. So is the roughest become one of the quietest towns in England.

Sunday 21, I preached in the same place at eight. Mr. C——, of St. Cuthbert, preached at the Church both morning and afternoon, and strongly confirmed what I had spoken. At one, the day being mild and calm, we had the largest congregation of all: but it rained all the time I was preaching at Gwenap. We concluded the day with a Love-feast, at which James Roberts, a Tinner at St. Ives, related how God had dealt with his soul. He was one of the first in Society at St. Ives, but soon relapsed into his old sin, drunkenness; and wallowed in it for two years, during which time he headed the mob who pulled down the preaching-house. Not long after, he was standing with his partner, at Edward May's shop, when the Preacher went by. His partner said, "I will tell him I am a Methodist." "Nay, (said Edward,) your speech will betray you." James felt the word as a sword, thinking in himself, "So does *my* speech now betray *me!*" He turned and hastened home, fancying he heard the devil stepping after him all the way. For forty hours he never closed his eyes, nor tasted either meat or drink. He was then at his wit's end, and went to the window, looking to drop into hell instantly, when he heard those words, *I will be merciful to thy unrighteousness, thy*

sins and iniquities will I remember no more. All his load was gone: and he has now, for many years, walked worthy of the Gospel.

Monday 22, I preached at Penryn in the evening. It rained before and after, but not while I was preaching. While we were at prayer, a sheet of light seemed to fill the yard, and *the voice of the Lord* was heard over our heads. This fixed the impression they had received, upon the minds of many: as if it had said in express terms, *Prepare to meet thy God!*

On Wednesday evening, having (over and above meeting the Societies) preached thirty times in eleven days, I found myself a little exhausted: but a day's rest set me up. So on Friday 26, I preached at noon again near Liskard. In the afternoon we had rain and wind enough; and when we came to Saltash, no boat would venture out: so we were obliged to take up our lodgings there.

Saturday 27, Finding there was no hope of passing here, the wind being as high as ever, we determined to ride round by the new bridge. The rain still fell on either side: but for nearly twenty miles we had not one drop, and not a considerable shower all day. Soon after four in the afternoon, we came safe to Plymouth-dock. I had but a melancholy prospect here, finding most of the people dead as stones. And when I took an account of the Society, only thirty-four out of seventy were left. At seven in the evening, and at five in the morning, I strongly exhorted them to return to God. At eight I did the same, and at five in the afternoon: and God made his word as a hammer. At the meeting of the Society likewise, strong and effectual words were given me. Many were convinced afresh; many backsliders cut to the heart. And I left once more between sixty and seventy members.

Monday 29, Being invited by the Minister of Mary-Week to preach in his Church, I crossed over the Country, and came thither about four in the afternoon. The congregation was large, considering the weather, and quite attentive and unconcerned. Hence I rode on to Mill-house, and

the next day to Collumpton: where, finding the congregation waiting, I began preaching without delay, and felt no weariness or want of strength, till I had delivered my message to them.

Wednesday, October 1, After preaching at five, I examined the Society, and found them more alive to God, than I had done for many years. About one I preached at Halberton, and at Tiverton in the evening. The next morning I rode to Maiden-down, where the congregation was waiting for me. About noon I preached at Taunton. The rain lessened the congregation at Bridgewater, a dead, uncomfortable place at best. About seven we set out thence for Baderipp, in as dark a night as I ever saw: but God *gave his angels charge over us*, and we *dashed not our foot against a stone*. I was surprised to see a congregation at five in the morning, to whom I spoke with much enlargement of heart. About one I preached at Shepton-Mallet, and about seven in the evening at Bristol.

Sunday 5, I perceived, by the liveliness of the people, that Mr. Gilbert's labour had not been in vain: but I found some exercise too. And this is always to be expected, among a large body of people: it being certain, that as *all men have not faith*, so all believers have not wisdom.

Sunday 12, I visited the Classes at Kingswood. Here only there is no increase. And yet where was there such a prospect, till that weak man, John C——, confounded the poor people with strange doctrines. O what mischief may be done, by one that means well: we see no end of it to this day. In the afternoon I had appointed the children to meet at Bristol, whose parents were of the Society. Thirty of them came to day, and above fifty more on the Sunday and Thursday following. About half of these I divided into four classes, two of boys and two of girls, and appointed proper leaders to meet them separately. I met them all together twice a week; and it was not long before God began to touch some of their hearts.

On Tuesday and Wednesday I visited some of the Societies in the Country. On Thursday I returned to Bristol,

and in the afternoon preached a Charity sermon in Newgate, for the use of the poor prisoners.

On the three following days I spoke severally to the members of the Society. As many of them increase in worldly goods, the great danger, I apprehend, now is their relapsing into the spirit of the world; and then their religion will be but a dream.

Wednesday 22, Being informed, that some neighbouring gentlemen had declared, They would apprehend the next preacher who came to Pensford, I rode over to give them the meeting: but none appeared. The house was more than filled with deeply attentive hearers. It seems, the time is come at length, for the word of God to take root here also.

Friday 24, I visited the French Prisoners at Knowle, and found many of them almost naked again. In hopes of provoking others to jealousy, I made another collection for them, and ordered the money to be laid out in linen and waistcoats, which were given to those that were most in want.

Saturday 25, King George was gathered to his fathers. When will England have a better prince? Many of us agreed to observe Friday the 31st, as a day of fasting and prayer, for the blessing of God upon our nation, and in particular on his present Majesty. We met at five, at nine, at one, and at half an hour past eight. I expected to be a little tired, but was more lively after twelve at night, than I was at six in the morning.

Saturday, November 1, I had the pleasure of spending a little time, with that venerable man, Mr. Walker of Truro: I fear his physicians do not understand his case. If he recover, it must be through an almighty Physician.

Monday 3, I left Bristol, and took Bath, Bradford, and Frome, in my way to Salisbury, where I spent a day with much satisfaction. Friday 7, I preached about nine at Andover, to a few dead stones: at one in Whitchurch, and in the evening at Basingstoke. The next day, Saturday 8, I was once more brought safe to London. I spent about a

fortnight, as usual, in examining the Society, a heavy, but necessary labour.

"Monday 17, I sent the following letter:

"*To the Editor of Lloyd's Evening Post.*

"SIR, *Nov.* 17, 1760.

"In your last paper we had a letter from a very angry Gentleman, (though he says, he had 'put himself into *as good humour* as possible,') who *personates* a Clergyman, but is, I presume, in reality a Retainer to the Theatre. He is very warm against the people, vulgarly termed *Methodists*, 'ridiculous impostors,' 'religious buffoons,' as he stiles them: 'Saint Errants' (a pretty and quaint phrase) full of 'inconsiderateness, madness, melancholy, enthusiasm:' teaching a 'knotty and unintelligible *System*' of Religion, yea, a 'contradictory or self-contradicting;' nay, 'a mere illusion,' a 'destructive scheme and of pernicious consequence:' since 'an *hypothesis* is a very slippery foundation to hazard our *all* upon.'

"Methinks the gentleman has a little mistaken his character: he seems to have exchanged the sock for the buskin. But, be this as it may, general charges prove nothing; let us come to particulars. Here they are. 'The basis of *Methodism* is the *Grace of Assurance*,' (excuse a little impropriety of expression) '*Regeneration* being only a preparative to it.' Truly this is somewhat 'knotty and unintelligible.' I will endeavour to help him out. The fundamental doctrine of the people called *Methodists* is, Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the true faith: the faith which works by love, which, by means of the love of God and our neighbour, produces both inward and outward holiness. This faith is an evidence of things not seen; and he that thus believes, is regenerate, or born of God. And he has the witness in himself; (call it *Assurance*, or what you please.) The Spirit itself witnesses with his spirit, that he is a child of God: 'from what scripture' every one of these propositions 'is collected,' any common Concordance will shew.

'This is the true portraiture of Methodism,' so called. 'A religion superior to this,' (the love of God and man,) none can 'enjoy,' either in time or in eternity.

"But the Methodists do not hold 'Good works meritorious.' No, neither does ours, nor any other Protestant Church. But meantime, they hold it is their bounden duty, as they have time, to do good unto all men; and they know the day is coming wherein God will reward every man according to his works.

"But they 'act with sullenness and sourness, and account innocent gaiety and cheerfulness a crime almost as heinous as sacrilege.' Who does? Name the men. I know them not, and therefore doubt the fact: though it is very possible you account that kind of gaiety innocent, which I account both foolish and sinful.

"I know none who denies, that true religion; that is, love, the love of God and our neighbour, 'elevates our spirits, and renders our minds cheerful and serene.' It must, if it be accompanied, as we believe it always is, with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; and if it produce a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.

"But they 'preach up religion only to accomplish a *lucrative* design, to *fleece* their hearers, 'to accumulate *wealth*, to *rob* and *plunder*, which they esteem meritorious.' We deny the fact. Who is able to prove it? Let the affirmer produce his witnesses, or retract.

"This is the sum of your Correspondent's charge, not one article of which can be proved. But, whether it can or not, 'We have made them,' says he, 'a theatrical scoff, and the common jest and scorn of every chorister in the street.' It may be so; but whether you have done well herein, may still admit of a question. However, you cannot but wish, 'we had some formal Court of Judicature erected, (happy Portugal and Spain!) to take cognizance of such matters.' Nay, *cur optas quod habes?* Why do you wish for what you have already? The court is erected; the holy, devout Play-house is become *the House of Mercy!* and does take cognizance hereof, 'of all pretenders to

sanctity, and happily furnishes us with a discerning spirit to distinguish betwixt right and wrong.' But I do not stand to their sentence; I appeal to Scripture and Reason, and by these alone consent to be judged. I am, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Saturday 22, I was obliged to trouble him with another letter, as follows:

"SIR,

"JUST as I had finished the letter published in your last Friday's Paper, four tracts came to my hands: one written, or procured to be written, by Mrs. Downes; one, by a clergyman in the county of Durham; the third, by a gentleman of Cambridge; and the fourth, by a member (I suppose, dignitary) of the Church of Rome. How gladly would I leave all these to themselves, and let them say just what they please! As my day is far spent, and my taste for controversy is utterly lost and gone. But this would not be doing justice to the world, who might take silence for a proof of guilt. I shall therefore say a word concerning each. I may, perhaps, some time, say more to one or two of them.

"The letter which goes under Mrs. Downes's name, scarcely deserves any notice at all, as there is nothing extraordinary in it, but an extraordinary degree of virulence and scurrility. Two things only I remark concerning it, (which I suppose the writer of it knew as well as I,) 1, That my letter to Mr. Downes was both written and printed *before* Mr. Downes *died*. 2, That when I said, *Tibi parvula res est*, (your ability is small,) I had no view to his fortune, which I knew nothing of; but, as I there expressly say, to his wit, sense, and talents, as a writer.

"The tract written by the gentleman in the North, is far more bulky than this. But it is more considerable for its bulk than for its matter, being little more than a dull repetition of what was published some years ago, in *The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists compared*. I do not find the author adds any thing new; unless we may bestow that epithet

on a sermon annexed to his Address, which, I presume will do neither good nor harm. So I leave the Durham gentleman, with Mrs. Downes, to himself and his admirers.

"The author of the letter to Mr. Berridge is a more considerable writer. In many things I wholly agree with him, though not in admiring Dr. Taylor: but there is a bitterness, even in him, which I should not have expected, in a gentleman and a scholar. So in the very first page I read, 'The Church, which most of your *graceless fraternity* have deserted.' Were the fact true, (which it is not) yet is the expression to be commended? Surely Dr. G. himself thinks it is not. I am sorry too for the unfairness of his quotations. For instance; he cites me, (p. 53) as speaking of 'Faith shed abroad in men's hearts like lightning.'' *Faith shed abroad* in men's hearts! I never used such an expression in my life: I do not talk after this rate. Again, he quotes, as from me, p. 57, (so I presume, Mr. W. means) 'A behaviour does not pretend to add the least to what Christ has done.' But be these words whose they may, they are none of mine. I never spoke, wrote, no, nor read them before. Once more; is it well judged, for any writer to shew such an utter contempt of his opponents, as you affect to do, with regard to the whole body of people, vulgarly termed *Methodists*? 'You may keep up, (say you) a little bush-fighting in controversy. You may skirmish a while with your feeble body of irregulars: but you must never trust to your skill in reasoning,' p. 77. Upon this I would ask, 1, If these are such poor, silly creatures, why does so wise a man set his wit to them? *Shall the king of Israel go out against a flea?* 2, If it should happen, that any one of these silly bush-fighters steps out into the plain, engages hand to hand, and foils this champion by mere dint of reason, will not his defeat be so much the more shameful, as it was more unexpected? But I say the less at present, not only because Mr. Berridge is able to answer for himself, but because the title page bids me expect a letter, more immediately addressed to myself.

"The last Tract, entitled, '*A Caveat against the Me*

thodists,' is, in reality, a Caveat against the *Church of England*; or rather against all the Churches in Europe who dissent from the Church of Rome. Nor do I apprehend the writer to be any more disgusted at the *Methodists*, than at Protestants of every denomination: as he cannot but judge it equally unsafe, to join to any Society but that of Rome. Accordingly all his arguments are levelled at the Reformed Churches in general: and conclude just as well, if you put the word *Protestant* throughout in the place of the word *Methodist*. Although, therefore, the author borrows my name, to wound those who suspect nothing less, yet I am no more concerned to refute him, than any other Protestant in England: and still the less, as those arguments are refuted over and over, in books which are still common among us.

"But is it possible any Protestants, nay, Protestant Clergymen, should buy these Tracts to give away? Is then the introducing of Popery the only way to overthrow *Methodism*? If they know this, and choose Popery as the smaller evil of the two, they are consistent with themselves. But if they do not intend this, I wish them more seriously to consider what they do.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Monday 24, I visited as many as I could of the sick. How much better is it, when it can be done, to *carry* relief to the poor, than to *send* it? And that both for our own sake and their's. For *their's*, as it is so much more comfortable to them, and as we may then assist them in spirituals as well as temporals. And for *our own*, as it is far more apt to soften our hearts, and to make us *naturally care for* each other.

Monday, December 1, I went in the Machine to Canterbury. In going and returning, I read over *The Christian Philosopher*. It is a very extraordinary book, containing among many (as some would be apt to term them) wild thoughts, several fine and striking observations, not to be found in any other treatise. Wed. 3, I rode to Dover:

who would have expected to find here some of the best singers in England? I found likewise what was better still; a serious, earnest people. There was a remarkable blessing among them, both in the evening and the morning: so that I did not regret, the having been wet to the skin, in my way to them.

Friday 12, Having as far as Hyde-park-corner to go, I took a coach for part of the way, ordering the man to stop any where, at the end of Picadilly, next the Hay-market. He stopped exactly at the door of one of our friends, whose mother, above ninety years old, had long desired to see me, though I knew it not. She was exceedingly comforted, and could not tell how to praise God enough, for giving her the desire of her soul.

We observed Friday the 19th, as a day of fasting and prayer, for our King and Country, and the success of the Gospel. And part of the answer immediately followed, in the remarkable increase of believers, and in the strengthening of those who had before attained that precious faith, *unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.*

Saturday 20, In the evening I hastened back from Snowsfields, to meet the Penitents, (a congregation which I wish always to meet myself) and walked thither again at five in the morning. Blessed be God, I have no reason or pretence to *spare myself* yet. I preached a charity sermon in West-street Chapel, both morning and afternoon: but many were obliged to go away, finding it impossible to get in. Is it novelty still which draws these from all parts? No, but the mighty power of God.

To-day I sent the following letter:

"*For the Editor of Lloyd's Evening-Post.*

"To Mr. T. H. *alias* E. L. *&c. &c.*

"What, my good friend again? Only a little disguised with a new name, and a few scraps of Latin? I hoped, indeed, you had been pretty well satisfied before; but since you desire to hear a little farther from me, I will add a few words, and endeavour to set our little controversy in a still clearer light.

"Last month you publicly attacked the people called *Methodists*, without either fear or wit. You charged them with 'madness, enthusiasm, self-contradiction, imposture,' and what not? I considered each charge, and, I conceive, refuted it, to the satisfaction of all indifferent persons. You renewed the attack, not by *proving* any thing, but *affirming* the same thing over and over. I replied, and without taking notice of the dull, low scurillity, either of the first or second letter, confined myself to the merits of the cause, and cleared away the dirt you had thrown.

"You now heap together ten paragraphs more, most of which require very little answer. In the first, you say, 'your *foolishness* is become the wonder and admiration of the public.' In the second, 'the *public* blushes for you, till you give a better solution to the articles demanded of you.' In the third, you cite my words, 'I still maintain, the Bible, with the Liturgy, and Homilies of our Church, and do not espouse any other principles, but what are consonant to the Book of Common Prayer.' You keenly answer, 'Granted, Mr. *Methodist*—But whether or no you *would not* espouse other principles, if you durst, is evident from some *innovations* you have already introduced, which I shall attempt to *prove* in the subsequent part of my answer.' Indeed you will not. You neither *prove*, nor *attempt* to prove, that I '*would* espouse other principles, if I durst.' However, you give me a deadly thrust, 'you falsify the first article of the Athanasian Creed.' But how so? Why, I said, 'The fundamental doctrine of the people called *Methodists*, is, Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the true faith.' Sir, shall I tell you a secret? It was for the readers of *your* class that I changed the hard word *Catholic*, into an easier.

"In the fourth paragraph you say, 'Did you never use that phrase, *The grace of assurance?*' Never, that I remember, either in preaching or writing. Both your ears and eyes have been very *unhappy*, if they informed you I did: and, how many soever look either sorrowful or joyful, that will not prove the contrary. 'But produce your texts.'

What, for a phrase I never use? I pray you, have me excused. But, (as I said before) from what scripture every one of my propositions is collected, 'any common Concordance will shew.' To save you trouble, I will for once point out those scriptures: 'Whosoever will be saved, must believe,' Mark xvi. 16. Acts xvi. 31. This 'Faith works by love,' Gal. v. 6. It is 'an evidence of things not seen,' Heb. xi. 1. 'He that believes, is born of God,' John v. 1. 'He has the witness in himself,' ver. 10. 'The Spirit itself witnesses with his spirit, that he is a child of God,' Rom. viii. 15.

"In the fifth you say, 'you embrace any shift to twist words to your own meaning.' This is saying just nothing. Any one may *say* this of any one. To *prove* it, is another point. In the sixth you say, 'No Protestant divine ever taught your doctrine of Assurance.' I hope you know no better; but it is strange you should not. Did you never see Bishop Hall's Works? Was not he a Protestant divine? Was not Mr. Perkins? Bolton? Dr. Sibbs? Dr. Preston? Archbishop Leighton? Enquire a little farther; and do not run thus hand over head, asserting you know not what. By *assurance* (if we *must* use the expression) I mean 'a confidence which a man hath in God, that by the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God.' Stop! Do not run your head into a noose again. These are the words of the Homily.

"In the seventh, you grant, 'that works are not *meritorious*, unless accompanied with faith.' No, nor then neither. But pray do not talk of this any more, till you know the difference between *meritorious* and *rewardable*; otherwise your ignorance will cause you to blunder on, without shame, and without end.

"In your eighth, you throw out a hard word, which somebody has helped you to, *Thaumaturg*—What is it, about *lay-preachers*? When you have answered the arguments in the *Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*, I will say something more upon that head.

"In the ninth you say something no way material, about the houses at Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle; and, in the last, you give me a fair challenge to a personal dispute.' Not so: you have fallen upon me in public; and to the public I appeal. Let all men, not any single umpire, judge, whether I have not refuted your charge, and cleared the people, called *Methodists*, from the foul aspersions which, without why, or wherefore, you had thrown upon them. Let all my countrymen judge, which of us has spoken the words of truth and soberness? Which has *reason* on his side? And which has treated the other with a *temper* suitable to the Gospel?

"If the general voice of mankind give it against you, I hope you will be henceforth less flippant with your pen. I assure you, as little as you think of it, the *Methodists* are not such fools as you suppose. But their desire is to live peaceably with all men: and none desires this more than

"JOHN WESLEY."

About the close of this year, I received a remarkable account from Ireland; "When Miss E—— was about fifteen, she frequently heard the preaching of the *Methodists*, so called; and though it made no deep impression, yet she retained a love for them ever after. About nineteen she was seized with a lingering illness. She then began to wrestle with God in prayer, that his love might be shed abroad in her heart. 'Then, (said she) how freely could I give up all that is dear to me in this world! And from this very time, she did not expect, nor indeed desire to recover; but only to be cleansed from sin, and to go to Christ.

"Some who visited her, said, 'O Miss, you need not fear: your innocence will bring you to heaven.' She earnestly replied, 'Unless the merits of Christ plead for me, and his nature be imparted to me, I can never enter there.' And she was incessantly breaking out into these and the like expressions, 'O that I knew my sins were forgiven! O that I was born again! My one wish is, to know God, and to be with him eternally.'

She frequently sung or repeated that verse:

'O that he would himself impart,
And fix his Eden in my heart,
The sense of sin forgiven!
How would I then throw off my load,
And walk delightfully with God,
And follow Christ to heaven!'

"She had now an earnest desire to see some of the Methodists, and spoke to several, to ask some of those in Tullamore to visit her. At length her importunity prevailed, and James Kelly was sent for. On his coming in, she said, 'I am exceedingly glad to see you. I have had a longing desire of it this month past. I believe the power of God is with you. If I had health and strength, there should not be a sermon preached or a prayer put up in your preaching-house, but I would be there.'

"I said to her, 'I hope the Spirit of the Lord will be your present and eternal comforter.' She answered, 'I can find no comfort in any thing but in God alone.' While she spoke, her soul was melted down. The love of God was shed abroad in her heart, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she began to rejoice in God exceedingly. Her mother seeing this, was fully convinced, that there was more in religion than she had herself experienced; and began to pray, with many tears, that God would shew her his salvation. This so affected me, that I could not refrain from tears myself: so we all wept and prayed, and sang praise together.

"On my going to her a second time, I found her truly alive to God. 'O,' she said, 'how I have longed to see you, that we may be happy in God together. Come, let us sing a hymn.' I gave out

'Of him that did salvation bring
I could for ever think and sing:'

She sung all the time with exceeding joy. Afterwards she said, 'This is a weary world; but I have almost done with it. O how I long to be gone! Some people tell me I may recover, but I do not thank them: I do not count them my friends.' On my saying occasionally, 'There is

no satisfaction for sin, but that which Christ has made for it by his precious blood;' she answered, 'That is all the satisfaction I want: and I believe, he both lived and died for me.'

"After this, she gave a strict charge, that none should be admitted to see her but such as could speak for God, saying, 'I do not love to have a word spoken, which is not to edification. O how unsuitable to me, are all things which do not tend to the glory of my God!' On her spitting a large quantity of blood, one said, 'You are in great pain;' she answered, 'I think little of it. My blessed Redeemer suffered greater pain for *me*.'

"When I stood up to go away, she said, 'I now take my leave of you. Perhaps we may not meet again in this world: but I trust, we shall meet in heaven. I am going to God. O may it be soon! I now feel a heaven in my soul.'

"The last time I went, was on Sunday, Dec, 14. Hearing she was extremely ill, and wanted rest, we did not go up, but after a while, began singing below. She immediately heard, sat up in bed, and insisted on our being brought into the room, and singing there. Many times she repeated these words, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' And this she continued to do, till on Wednesday, the 17th, she resigned her soul into the hands of her dear Redeemer."

January 2, 1761, I wrote the following letter:—

"*To the Editor of the London Chronicle.*

"SIR,

"Of all the seats of woe on this side hell, few, I suppose, exceed or even equal Newgate. If any region of horror could exceed it a few years ago, Newgate in Bristol did: so great was the filth, the stench, the misery, and wickedness which shocked all who had a spark of humanity left. How was I surprised then, when I was there a few weeks ago? 1, Every part of it, above stairs and below, even *the pit*, wherein the felons are confined at night, is as clean and sweet as a gentleman's house: it being now a rule, that

every prisoner wash and clean his apartment thoroughly twice a week. 2, Here is no fighting or brawling. If any think himself ill used, the cause is immediately referred to the Keeper, who hears the contending parties face to face, and decides the affair at once. 3, The usual grounds of quarrelling are removed. For it is very rarely that any one cheats or wrongs another, as being sure, if any thing of this kind is discovered, to be committed to a closer confinement. 4, Here is no drunkenness suffered, however advantageous it might be to the Keeper as well as the Tapster. 5, Nor any whoredom: the women prisoners being narrowly observed, and kept separate from the men: nor is any woman of the town *now* admitted; no, not at any price. 6, All possible care is taken to prevent idleness: those who are willing to work at their callings, are provided with tools and materials, partly by the Keeper, who gives them credit at a very moderate profit, partly by the alms occasionally given, which are divided with the utmost prudence and impartiality. Accordingly at this time, among others, a shoemaker, a tailor, a brazier, and a coach-maker, are working at their several trades. 7, Only on the Lord's-day they neither work nor play, but dress themselves as clean as they can, to attend the public service in the Chapel, at which every person under the roof is present. None is excused, unless sick: in which case he is provided gratis, both with advice and medicines. 8, And in order to assist them in things of the greatest concern (besides a sermon every Sunday and Thursday) they have a large Bible chained on one side of the Chapel, which any of the prisoners may read. By the blessing of God on these regulations, the prison now has a new face. Nothing offends either the eye or ear, and the whole has the appearance of a quiet, serious family. And does not *the Keeper of Newgate* deserve to be remembered, full as well as *the Man of Ross?* May the Lord remember him in that day! Mean time, will no one follow his example? I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Monday, January 5, This week I wrote to the Author of the *Westminster Journal*, as follows:

"SIR,

"I hope you are a person of impartiality. If so, you will not insert what is urged on one side of a question, but likewise what is offered on the other.

"Your correspondent is, doubtless, a man of sense; and he seems to write in a good humour. But he is extremely little acquainted with the persons, of whom he undertakes to give an account.

"There is 'gone abroad,' says he,-'an ungoverned spirit of enthusiasm, propagated by knaves, and embraced by fools.' Suffer me now to address the gentleman himself. Sir, you may *call* me both a knave and a fool: but *prove* me either the one or the other, if you can. 'Why, you are an enthusiast.' What do you mean by the term? A believer in Jesus Christ? An asserter of his equality with the Father, and of the entire Christian Revelation? Do you mean one who maintains the antiquated doctrines of the new birth, and justification by faith? Then I am an enthusiast. But if you mean any thing else, either prove, or retract the charge.

"The enthusiasm which has lately gone abroad, is faith which worketh by love. Does this 'endanger government itself?' Just the reverse. Fearing God, it honours the King. It teaches all men to be subject to the higher powers, not for wrath but for conscience' sake.

"But 'no power in England ought to be independent of the supreme power.' Most true. Yet 'the Romanists own the authority of a Pope, independent of civil government.' They do, and thereby shew their ignorance of the English constitution. 'In Great Britain we have many popes, for so I must call all who have the *souls and bodies* of their followers *devoted to them*.' Call them so and welcome. But this does not touch me; nor Mr. Whitefield, Jones, or Romaine; nor any whom I am acquainted with: none of us have our followers thus *devoted to us*. Those who follow

the advice we constantly give, are devoted to God, not man. But 'the *Methodist* proclaims he can bring into the field 25,000 men.' What *Methodist?* Where and when? Prove this fact, and I will allow you I am a *Turk*.

"But it is said, 'they are all good subjects. Perhaps they are, because under a *Protestant* government they have all the indulgence they can wish for.' And do you seriously wish for a *Popish* government, to abridge them of that indulgence? 'But, 1, has not a bad use been made of this? Has not the *decency* of religion been perverted?' Not in the least: the decency of religion is never so well advanced, as by advancing inward and outward religion together. 2, 'Have not the minds of the vulgar been darkened to a total neglect of their civil and social duties?' Just the contrary: thousands in London, as well as elsewhere, have been enlightened to understand, and prevailed on to practise those duties, as they never did before. 3, 'Has not the peace of many families been ruined?' The lost peace of many families has been restored. In others, a furious opposition to true religion, has occasioned division, as our Lord foretold it would. 4, 'Have not the circumstances of many industrious tradesmen been hurt?' I believe not. I know no instance. But I know a hundred tradesmen in London, who have begun to be industrious, since they began to fear God: and their circumstances, low enough till then, are now easy and affluent.

"I am almost ashamed to spend time upon these threadbare objections, which have been answered over and over. But if they are advanced again, they must be answered again, lest silence should pass for guilt.

"'But how can the government distinguish between tenderness of conscience, and schemes of interest?' Nothing more easy. 'They may withdraw the licenses of such.'—Sir, you have forgotten the question. Before they withdraw their licenses, they are to distinguish, whether they are such or not? And how are they to do this? 'O, it is very easy.' So you leave them as wise as they were before.

"But 'the *Methodist*, who pretends to be of the Church of England in forms of worship, and differs from her in points of doctrine, is not, let his pretensions be what they will, a member of that Church.' Alas, sir, your friends will not thank you for this. You have broken their heads sadly. Is no man of the Church, let him pretend what he will, who differs from her in point of doctrine? *Au! obsecro; Cave dixeris!* I know not but you may stumble upon *Scandalum Magnatum*. But stay: you will bring them off quickly. 'A truly good man may scruple signing and swearing to articles, that his mind and reason cannot approve of.' But is he a truly good man who *does not scruple* signing and swearing to articles which he cannot approve of? However, this doth not affect *us;* for we do not differ from our Church in point of doctrine. But all do, who deny justification by faith. Therefore, according to you, they are no members of the Church of England.

"'Methodist Preachers, you allow, practise, sign, and swear whatever is required by law:' a very large concession: 'But the reserves they have are incommunicable and unintelligible.' Favour us, Sir, with a little proof of this: till then I must plead not guilty. In whatever I sign or swear to, I have no reserve at all. And I have again and again communicated my thoughts, on most heads, to all mankind; I believe intelligibly: particularly in the *Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion.*

"But 'if *Methodism*, as its professors pretend, be a new discovery in religion.'—This is a grievous mistake: we pretend no such thing. We aver, it is the one, old religion: as old as Christianity, as old as Moses, as old as Adam.

"'They ought to discover the whole ingredients of which their nostrum is composed, and have it enrolled in the public register, to be perused by all the world.' It is done. The whole ingredients of Methodism, so called, have been discovered in print over and over. And they are enrolled in a public register, the Bible, from which we extracted them at first. 'Else they ought not to be tolerated.' We

allow it, and desire toleration on no other terms. 'Nor should they be suffered to add or alter one grain different from what is so registered.' Most certainly. We ought neither to add to, diminish, nor alter whatever is written in that book.

"I wish, Sir, before you write concerning the Methodists again, you would candidly read some of their writings. Common report is not a sure rule of judging. I should be unwilling to judge of *you* thereby.

"To sum up the matter. The whole ingredients of our religion are, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance. Against these, I think, there is no law; and therefore I still apprehend they may be *tolerated*, at least in a Christian country.

"I am, sir,

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Friday 9, I rode to Sundon, and preached in the evening, and the next evening at Bedford. Sunday 11, I read prayers and preached at Everton, both morning and afternoon. Monday 12, I rode to Colchester, and after spending two or three comfortable days, on Friday 16, went on to Bury. I would gladly have stayed a day or two here, had it been only on account of the severity of the weather: but I had work to do elsewhere. So I took horse, soon after preaching in the morning, Saturday 17, though as bitter a one as most I have known. I never before felt so piercing a wind, as that which met us in riding out of the gate, at day-break. To think of looking up was a vain thing: I knew not whether I should not lose one of my eyes: the wind affected it, as if I had received a severe blow; so that I had no use of it for a time. To mend the matter, having a very imperfect direction, we soon got out of our way. However, we hobbled on, through miserable roads, till about three in the afternoon we got to Norwich.

Sunday 18, I met the Society in the morning, and many of them went with me to the Cathedral. At two we had the largest congregation I ever saw at that hour. At five

the house was well filled: and just as long as I was speaking, all were silent. But when I ceased, the floods lifted up their voice; one would have thought Bedlam was broken loose. And thus it always is: the custom began in the reign of King Log, and has continued ever since. The next evening, the same hubbub began again, not among the mob, but the ordinary hearers. I desired them to stop, and reasoned the case with them. The effect was far greater than one could expect. The whole congregation went as quietly and silently away, as they use to do at the Foundery in London.

Tuesday 20, I enquired concerning Yarmouth, a large and populous town, and as eminent both for wickedness and ignorance, as even any sea-port in England. Some had endeavoured to call them to repentance: but it was at the hazard of their lives. What could be done more? Why, last summer God sent thither the regiment, in which Howell Harris was an officer. He preached every night, none daring to oppose him; and hereby a good seed was sown. Many were stirred up to seek God; and some of them now earnestly invited *me* to come over. I went this afternoon and preached in the evening. The house was presently more than filled: and, instead of the tumult which was expected, all were as quiet as at London. Indeed the word of God was quick and powerful among them, as it was again at six in the morning. At eleven I preached my farewel sermon. I saw none that was not deeply affected. O, fair blossoms! But how many of these will *bring forth fruit unto perfection?*

In the afternoon I rode back to Norwich, and took an account of the Society there. I found the persons who professed to meet in Class, were about three hundred and thirty. But many of them were as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke. Where, or what will they be a year hence?

Thursday 22, We had our first Watch-night, at the Tabernacle; at which I could not but observe, though I preached the law from the beginning of my sermon to the end, yet many were exceedingly comforted: so plain it is,

that God can send either terror or comfort to the heart, by whatever means it pleaseth him.

Sunday the 25th, was a day of solemn rejoicing. Both at eight, at eleven, at two, and at five, God was eminently present in the congregation, filling their hearts with love, and their mouths with praise. In some of the following days I visited the country Societies. Friday 30, after preaching at the Foundery in the evening, I met the Bands as usual. While a poor woman was speaking a few artless words out of the fulness of her heart, a fire kindled and ran as flame among the stubble, through the hearts of almost all that heard: so when God is pleased to work, it matters not how weak, or how mean the instrument!

Saturday 21, I spent an hour with one who was as hot as any of *the lambs* at the Tabernacle. But she is now a calm, reasonable woman. Indeed God has now breathed a spirit of love and peace, into all that remain united together. Those who are otherwise minded, have left us.

Sunday, February 1, Many were comforted and strengthened both at the Lord's-supper, and at the evening service. I think all jealousies and misunderstandings are now vanished, and the whole Society is well knit together. How long will they continue so, considering the unparalleled fickleness of the people in these parts? That God knows. However, he does work now, and we rejoice therein.

Monday 2, I left them with a cheerful heart, and rode on to Lakenheath. The congregation was large; but to this day there was no Society. So after preaching, I explained the nature of a Society, and examined those who were willing to join together. Nearly half of them had known the love of God, and seemed alive to him.

Tuesday 3, About noon I preached at Harston, five miles beyond Cambridge. Here Mr. Berridge's labour has not been in vain. Several have found peace with God and a more artless, loving people I have seldom seen. They were gathered from all parts. It pleased God to give a manifestation of his love to one woman in the midst of the sermon. She praised God aloud, and inflamed many hearts

with love and thankfulness. In the evening I preached at Melbourn, another small town, about four miles from Harston. Many from Harston walked thither, and from the neighbouring villages. And surely God was in the midst of them, just as in our Bristol congregations at the beginning.

Hence we rode on Ash-Wednesday, February 5, to Mr. Hickes, who shewed me the way to his Church, at Wrestlingworth, where I exhorted a large and serious congregation, from the scripture appointed for the Epistle, to *rend their heart, and not their garments, and turn unto the Lord their God.* In the evening Mr. Berridge read prayers, and I preached at Everton. Few of them are now affected as at first, the greater part having found peace with God; but there is a gradually increasing of the work in the souls of many believers.

Thursday 5, I called at Barford, half-way to Bedford, and was agreeably surprised, to meet J. C. from London, who came to Bedford the day before, and walked over with Mr. Parker. We had a far larger congregation than I expected: and all were deeply serious. I preached at Bedford in the evening; on Friday, at Sundon, and on Saturday returned to London.

Monday 9, and the following days I visited the Classes. Friday 13, being the general Fast-day, the Chapel in West-street, as well as the rest, was thoroughly filled with serious hearers. Surely God is well-pleased with even these outward humiliations, as an acknowledgment, that he is the disposer of all events. And they give some check, if it be but for a time, to the floods of ungodliness. Besides, we cannot doubt but there are some good men, in most of the congregations then assembled. And we know, *the effectual fervent prayer even of one righteous man availeth much.*

This week I published in the *London Chronicle*, an answer to a Tract, entitled, *A Caveat against the Methodists.* It is here subjoined:—

"*To the Editor of the London Chronicle.*

"SIR, *Feb.* 19, 1761.

"Is it not surprising, that every person of understand-

ing does not discern, at the very first view, that the Tract, entitled, *A Caveat against the Methodists*, is, in reality, *A Caveat against the Protestants?* Do not the arguments conclude (if they conclude at all) not against the *Methodists* only, but against the *whole body of Protestants?* The names indeed of Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley are used; but this is mere finesse; greater men are designed, and all along are wounded through our sides.

"I was long in hopes of seeing an answer to this artful performance, from some one of more leisure, as well as abilities; and some whose name would have recommended his work; for that thought has something of truth in it,

'O what a tuneful wonder seiz'd the throng,
'When Marlbro's conq'ring name alarm'd the foe!
'Had Whiznowisky led the armies on,
'The General's scarecrow name had foil'd each blow.'

However, who knows but reason, for once, may be stronger than prejudice? And many may forget my *scarecrow* name, and mind not who speaks, but what is spoken. I am pleading now, not for *Methodists* only, but for the whole body of Protestants: First, for the Church of England; then for the Protestants of every denomination: in doing which I shall first give the substance of each section of that Romish Tract; Secondly, answer, and retort it upon the members of the Church of Rome. O that this may incite some more skilful advocate, to supply *my lack of service!*

"'SECTION I.

"'The *Methodists* (Protestants) are not the People of 'God; they are not true Gospel Christians; nor is their '*new-raised* Society the true Church of Christ, nor any part of it,' p. 3.

"'This is demonstrated by the Word of God, marking 'out the people of God, the *true Church* of *Christ*, by 'such characters as cannot agree to the *Methodists*, or *any* '*other new-raised* sect or community.'—*ibid.*

"'The Old Testament is full of prophesies relating to the

'Church. And the New Testament makes glorious promises 'to it, and gives glorious characters of it.' p. 4.

"'Now all these prophecies, promises, and characters, 'point out a Society founded by Christ himself, and by his 'commission propagated *throughout the world*, which 'should flourish till time should end, *ever one*, ever *holy*, 'ever *orthodox;* secured against error, by the perpetual 'presence of Christ; ever directed by the Spirit of Truth; 'having a *perpetual succession* of Pastors and Teachers, 'divinely appointed, and divinely assisted; but no part of 'this character is applicable to any *new-raised* sect; who 'have no succession from, or connection with, that one, holy 'Society; therefore, *no modern* sect can be *any part* of the 'people of God.' p. 5.

"I answer, It is true, * *all these promises, prophecies, and characters, point out a Society founded by Christ himself, and, by his commission, propagated throughout the world, which should flourish till time should end.* And such is the *Catholic Church;* that is the *whole body* of men, endued with faith, working by love, dispersed over the whole earth, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America: and this Church is *ever one:* in all ages and nations it is the one body of Christ: it is *ever holy*, for no unholy man can possibly be a member of it. It is *ever orthodox:* so is every holy man, in all things necessary to salvation; *secured against error*, in things essential, by *the perpetual presence of Christ:* and *ever directed by the Spirit of Truth*, in the truth that is after godliness. This Church has a *perpetual succession of Pastors and Teachers, divinely appointed, and divinely assisted.* And there has never been wanting, in the reformed Churches, such a succession of Pastors and Teachers; men both divinely appointed, and divinely assisted; for they convert sinners to God; a work none can do, unless God himself doth appoint them thereto, and assist them therein; therefore *every part* of this character is *applicable* to them. Their teachers are the proper succes-

* The words of the *Caveat* are in *Italicks.*

sors of those who have delivered down, through all generations, the faith once delivered to the saints; and their members have true, spiritual communion, with the *one, holy* Society of *believers*: consequently, although they are not *the* whole *people of God*, yet are they an undeniable *part of his people.*

"On the contrary, the Church of Rome, in its present form, was not *founded by Christ himself.* All the doctrines and practices wherein she differs from us, were not instituted by Christ; they were unknown to the ancient Church of Christ; they are unscriptural, *novel* corruptions; neither is *that* Church *propagated throughout the world.* Therefore, if either antiquity, or universality, be essential thereto, the Church of Rome cannot be *the true Church of Christ.*

"Nor is the Church of Rome one: it is not in unity with itself: it is to this day torn with numberless divisions: and it is impossible it should be *the One Church*, unless a part can be the whole: seeing the Asiatic, the African, and the Muscovite Churches (to name no more) never were contained in it.

"Neither is it *holy.* The generality of its members are no holier than turks or heathens. You need not go far for proof of this. Look at the Romanists in London or Dublin. Are these the *holy*, the only *holy* Church? Just such holiness is in the bottomless pit.

"Nor is it *secured against error*, either *by Christ* or *his Spirit*; witness Pope against Pope; Council against Council; contradicting, anathematising each other; the instances are too numerous to be recited.

"Neither are the generality of her *Pastors and Teachers* either *divinely appointed*, or *divinely assisted.* If God had sent them, he would confirm the word of his messengers; but he does not; they convert no sinners to God; they convert many to their own opinion, but not to the knowledge or love of God. He that was a drunkard, is a drunkard still; therefore neither are they *assisted* by him; so they and their flocks wallow in sin together: consequently (what

ever may be the case of some particular souls) it must be said, if your own marks be true, the Roman Catholics, in general, are not the people of God."

It may be proper to add here the Second Section, which is all I had leisure to write, though it was not published till the following week.

"'SECTION II.

"'The Methodist (Protestant) Teachers are not the true 'Ministers of Christ: nor are they called or sent by him.' page 6.

"'This appears from what has already been demonstrated. 'For if Protestants are not the true people of Christ, their 'Ministers cannot be the true Ministers of Christ.' *Ibid.*

"Farther, 'The true Ministers came down by succession 'from the Apostles: but the Protestant Teachers do 'not; therefore, they are not true Ministers of Christ.' *Ibid.*

"'All power in the Church of Christ comes from him: so 'that whoever, without a commission from him, intrudes into 'the Pastoral Office, is a thief and a robber. Now the Com-'mission can be but conveyed two ways, either immediately 'from God himself, as it was to the Apostles, or from men 'who have the authority handed down to them from the 'Apostles.

"'But this Commission has not been conveyed to Protestant 'Preachers, either of these ways. Not immediately from 'God himself: for how do they prove it? By what mira-'cles? Neither by men deriving authority from the Apos-'tles, through the channel of the Church. And they stand 'divided in communion from all Churches that have any 'pretensions to antiquity. Their doctrine of Justification, 'by faith alone, was anathematized at its first appearance, 'by the *undoubted heirs of the Apostles, the Pastors of the* '*Apostolic Churches;* consequently they are sent by no 'other but him, who sent all the false prophets from the be-'ginning.' p. 8, 9.

"I answer, *from what has been already demonstrated,* no-

thing will follow; for you have demonstrated just nothing.

"Now for your *farther* proof: *The true Ministers came down by succession from the Apostles;* so do the Protestant Ministers, if the Romish do; the English in particular; as even one of yourselves, F. Courayer, has irrefragably proved.

"*All power in the Church of Christ comes from him; either immediately from himself, or from men who have the authority handed down to them from the Apostles: but this commission has not been conveyed to the Protestant Preachers, either of these ways: not immediately: for by what miracles do they prove it?* So said Cardinal Bellarmine long ago. Neither *by men deriving authority from the Apostles.* Read F. Courayer, and know better. Neither are the Protestants *divided from* any *Churches*, who have true *pretensions to Antiquity:* but *their doctrine of Justification by faith alone, was anathematized at its first appearance, by the undoubted heirs of the Apostles, the Pastors of the Apostolic Church.* By the Prelates at the Council of Trent it was: who thereby anathematized the Apostle Paul, to all intents and purposes. Here you throw off the mask; otherwise you might have passed for a Protestant a little longer. *Consequently they are sent by no other but him, who sent all the false Prophets from the beginning.* Sir, we thank you. This is really a very modest assertion for the subject of a Protestant king.

"But to turn the tables: I said, 'If the Romish Bishops do.' For this I absolutely deny. I deny that the Romish Bishops came down by *uninterrupted* succession from the Apostles. I never could see it proved; and, I am persuaded, I never shall: but unless this be proved, your own pastors, on *your* principles, are no pastors at all.

"But farther: It is a doctrine of *your* Church, That the intention of the administrator, is essential to the validity of the sacraments which are administered by him. Now, are you assured of the intention of every priest, from whom

you have received the host? If not, you do not know but what you received as the sacrament of the altar, was no sacrament at all. Are you assured of the intention of the priest who baptized you? If not, perhaps you are not baptized at all. To come close to the point in hand: if *you* pass for a Priest, are you sure of the intention of the Bishop that ordained you? If not, you may happen to be no Priest, and so all *your* ministry is nothing worth: nay, by the same rule, he may happen to be no Bishop. And who can tell how often this has been the case? But if there has been only one instance in a thousand years, what becomes of your *uninterrupted* succession?

"This *ad hominem*: but I have a word more, *ad rem*. Can a man teach what he does not know? Is it possible a man should teach others what he does not know himself? Certainly it is not. Can a Priest then teach his hearers the way to heaven, marked out in the Lord's Sermon on the Mount, if he do not know or understand the way himself? Nothing is more impossible. But how many of your Priests know nothing about it! What avails then their commission to teach what they cannot teach, because they know it not? Did God then *send* these men on a fool's errand: send them to do what they cannot do? O say not so! And what will be the event of their attempting to teach they know not what? Why, *if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the pit.*"

Saturday 21, I spent some hours with Mr. L. and Mr. I'Anson, in order to prevent another Chancery-Suit. And though the matter could not be then fully adjusted, yet the Suit did not go on.

Tuesday 24, I retired to Lewisham, and transcribed the list of the Society. About a hundred and sixty I left out, to which I can do no good at present. The number of those who now remain, is two thousand three hundred and seventy-five.

Friday 27, At twelve I met about thirty persons, who had experienced a deep work of God. And I appointed an hour for meeting them every week. Whether they are

saved from sin or not, they are certainly full of faith and love, and peculiarly helpful to my soul.

Sunday, March 1, We had a happy Love-feast at the Chapel. Many of our brethren spoke plainly and artlessly, what God had done for their souls. I think none were offended; but many were strengthened and comforted.

Wednesday 4, I was scarcely come into the room where a few believers were met together, when one began to tremble exceedingly, and soon after, sunk to the floor. After a violent struggle, she burst out into prayer, which was quickly changed into praise. She then declared, "The Lamb of God has taken away *all* my sins." She spoke many strange words to the same effect, rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

Friday 6, I met again with those who believe God has delivered them from the root of bitterness. Their number increases daily. I know not, if fifteen or sixteen have not received the blessing this week. Monday 9, I set out early, and about noon preached at High-Wycombe, where the dry bones began to shake again. In the afternoon I rode on to Oxford, and spent an agreeable evening with Mr. H. His openness and frankness of behaviour were both pleasing and profitable. Such conversation I want: but I do not wonder it is offensive to men of nice ears.

Tuesday 10, We rode to Evesham, where I found the poor, shattered Society almost sunk into nothing; and no wonder since they have been almost without help, till Mr. Mather came. In the evening I preached in the Town-hall. Both at this time and at five in the morning, God applied his word, and many found a desire to *strengthen the things that remained.* I designed to have rested on Wednesday; but finding that notice had been given of my preaching at Stanley, we got thither, through roads almost impassable, about noon, and found more people than the house could contain. So I stood in the yard, and proclaimed free salvation to a loving, simple people. Several were in tears, and all of them so thankful, that I could not repent of my labour.

The congregation at Evesham in the evening was thrice as large as the night before. Indeed many of them did not design to *hear*, or to let any one else hear: but they were overruled and behaved with tolerable decency, till the service was over. Then they roared amain: but I walked straight thro' them. And none offered the least rudeness.

Thursday 12, About one I preached at Red-ditch, to a deeply serious congregation: about seven, in the room at Birmingham, which is now far too small for the congregation. Friday 13, many flocked together at five: and far more than the room would contain in the evening. Perhaps the time is come for the Gospel to take root even in this barren soil.

Saturday 14, I rode to Wednesbury. Sunday 15, I made a shift to preach within, at eight in the morning: but in the afternoon I knew not what to do, having a pain in my side, and a sore throat. However, I resolved to speak as long as I could. I stood at one end of the house, and the people (supposed to be eight or ten thousand) in the field adjoining. I spoke from *I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord.* When I had done speaking, my complaints were gone. At the Love-Feast in the evening, many, both men and women, spoke their experience, in a manner which affected all that heard. One in particular said, "For seventeen or eighteen years I thought God had forgotten me. Neither I, nor any under my roof, could believe: but now, blessed be his name, he has taken me and all my house; and given me, and my wife, and our seven children, to rejoice together in God our Saviour."

Monday 16, I intended to rest two or three days: but being pressed to visit Shrewsbury, and having no other time, I rode over to-day, though upon a miserable beast. When I came in, my head ached as well as my side. I found the door of the place where I was to preach, surrounded by a numerous mob: but they seemed to be met only to stare. Yet part of them came in: almost all that did, (a large number) behaved quietly and seriously.

Tuesday 17, at five, the congregation was large, and appeared not a little affected. The difficulty now was, how to get back; for I could not ride the horse on which I came: but this too was provided for. We met in the street, with one who lent me his horse, which was so easy, that I grew better and better till I came to Wolverhampton. None had yet preached abroad in this furious town: but I was resolved, with God's help, to make a trial, and ordered a table to be set in the inn-yard. Such a number of wild men I have seldom seen; but they gave me no disturbance, either while I preached, or when I afterwards walked through the midst of them. About five I preached to a far larger congregation at Dudley, and all as quiet as at London. The scene is changed, since the dirt and stones of this town, were flying about me on every side!

Wednesday 18, By talking with several at Wednesbury, I found God is carrying on his work here as at London. We have ground to hope, one prisoner was set at full liberty, under the sermon on Saturday morning; another, under that on Saturday evening. One or more received remission of sins on Sunday. On Monday morning another, and on Wednesday, yet another believed *the blood of Jesus Christ* had *cleansed* him *from all sin.* In the evening I could scarcely think, but more than one heard him say, *I will: be thou clean!* Indeed so wonderfully was he present till near midnight, as if he would have healed the whole congregation.

Thursday 19, After preaching at Bilbrook, I rode on to Burslem, and preached at half an hour past five, in an open place on the top of the hill, to a large and attentive congregation, though it rained almost all the time, and the air was extremely cold. The next morning, being Good-Friday, I did not preach till eight: but even then, as well as in the evening, the cold considerably lessened the congregation. Such is human wisdom! So small are the things which divert mankind from what might be the means of their eternal salvation!

Saturday 21, About ten I preached at Biddulph, and

about six at Congleton. Sunday 22, about one I preached at Macclesfield, near the Preaching-house. The congregation was large, though the wind was sharp: but it was more than doubled after the evening service, while I opened and enforced the solemn declaration, *Him hath God exalted with his own right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour.* In the evening I rode on to Manchester.

Monday 23, After preaching at five, I hastened forward, and reached Leeds about five in the evening, where I had desired all the preachers in those parts to meet me; and a happy meeting we had both in the evening and morning. I afterwards enquired into the state of the Societies in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. I find the word of God increases on every side; but particularly in Lincolnshire; where there has been no work like this, since the time I preached at Epworth on my father's tomb. In the afternoon I talked with several of those who believe they are saved from sin: and after a close examination, I found reason to hope, that fourteen of them were not deceived. In the evening I expounded the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and exhorted all, to weigh themselves in that balance, and see if they were not *found wanting*.

Wednesday 25, I took horse early, breakfasted with Mr. Venn, and about four in the afternoon came to Stockport. Finding the congregation waiting, I preached immediately, and then rode on to Manchester: where I rested on Thursday. Friday 27, I rode to Bridgefield, in the midst of the Derbyshire mountains, and cried to a large congregation, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* And they did indeed drink in the word, as the thirsty earth the showers. About six I preached at Stockport. Here I enquired after a young man, who was some time since much in earnest for salvation: but it was not long before he grew quite cold, and left the Society. Within a few months after, he left the world, and that by his own hand! The next day I returned to Manchester.

Sunday 29, We had an uncommon blessing, both morning

and afternoon. In the evening I met the Believers, and strongly exhorted them *to go on to perfection.* To many of them it seemed a new doctrine. However they all received it in love: and a flame was kindled, which, I trust, neither men nor devils shall ever be able to quench.

Tuesday 31, I rode to Altringham. We had four rooms, which opened into each other: but they would not nearly contain the congregation, so that many were obliged to stand without. I believe many were wounded, and some much comforted. Perhaps this town will not be quite so furious as it has been. In the evening we had abundance of genteel people at Manchester, while I described *faith as the evidence of things not seen.* I left Manchester in the morning, April 1, in a better condition than ever I knew it before: such is the shaking not only among the dry bones, but likewise among the living souls.

About noon I preached at Little-Leigh, and at Chester in the evening. Thursday 2, I rode over to Tattenhall, eight or nine miles from Chester. When we came, the town seemed to be all in an uproar. Yet when I began preaching (in the open air, the house not being large enough to contain one quarter of the congregation) none opposed, or made the least disturbance, the fear of God falling upon them. I think Tattenhall will be less bitter for the time to come. Well may Satan be angry with field-preaching.

Friday 3, I preached about one at Mould in Flintshire, and was again obliged to preach abroad though the wind was exceedingly rough. All were deeply attentive. I preached in the evening at Chester, and in the morning set out for Liverpool, I came thither (preaching at Warrington by the way) in the evening. The election seemed to have driven the common sort of people out of their senses: but on Sunday they were tolerably recovered, and the town looked like itself. I heard two useful sermons at our parish Church: one upon, *Follow peace with all men, and holiness;* the other, on *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.* I pity those who "can learn nothing at Church.'

Monday 13, I left them at Liverpool, a little increased

in number, but very considerably in strength, being now entirely united together in judgment, as well as in affection.

About noon I preached to a serious congregation, at Downah-green, near Wigan: but to a far more serious one in the evening at Bolton. I find few places like this. All disputes are forgot: and the Christians do indeed love one another. When I visited the Classes, on Wednesday 15, I did not find a disorderly walker among them: no, nor a trifler. They appeared to be, one and all, seriously seeking salvation.

Thursday 16, After preaching at noon, I rode to Lower-darwen, near Blackburn, where a large congregation behaved with deep seriousness. Leaving honest Mr. Grimshaw to preach in the morning, I set out early, and in the evening reached a little quiet house a few miles beyond Kendal, to which, I believe, we did not come in vain. The man of the house, having been long ill, was thankful for advice, with regard to his bodily disorder: and his guests appeared right willing to receive some advice with respect to their souls.

Saturday 18, We were soon lost on the mountains: but in an hour we found a cottage, and a good woman, who bade her son "take the galloway, and guide them to the Fell-foot." There we met a poor man just coming from a doctor, who, I think, had quite mistaken his case. Perhaps his meeting us may save his life. He piloted us over the next mountain, the like to which I never beheld either in Wales or Germany. As we were climbing the third, a man overtook us, who was going the same road: so he accompanied us till we were in a plain, level way, which, in three hours, brought us to Whitehaven.

Sunday 19, I preached morning and evening at the Gins, to far more people than the house would have contained. At one I preached in the Assembly-room at Workington. The whole congregation behaved well: though I could not perceive, that the greater part understood any thing of the matter. Wednesday 22, about noon

I preached at Branthwayte, and in the evening at Lorton. Who would imagine, that Deism should find its way into the heart of these enormous mountains! Yet so it is. Yea, and one who once knew the love of God, is a strenuous advocate for it.

Saturday 25, As the people at Whitehaven are usually full of zeal, right or wrong, I this evening shewed them the nature of Christian zeal. Perhaps some of them may now distinguish the flame of love, from a fire kindled in hell. Sunday 26, I preached in the morning at the Gins, in the Room at one, and about five at Cockermouth, on the steps of the market-house. Even the genteel hearers were decent: many of the rest seemed deeply affected. The people of the town have never been uncivil. Surely they will not always be unfruitful.

Monday 27, I preached at eight in the Market-place at Wigton. The congregation, when I began, consisted of one woman, two boys, and three or four little girls: but in a quarter of an hour we had most of the town. I was a good deal moved at the exquisite self-sufficiency, which was visible in the countenance, air, and whole deportment, of a considerable part of them. This constrained me to use a very uncommon plainness of speech. They bore it well. Who knows but some may profit?

Before noon we came to Solway-firth. The guide told us, it was not passable: but I resolved to try, and got over well. Having lost ourselves, but twice or thrice, in one of the most difficult roads I ever saw, we came to Moffat in the evening. Tuesday 28, we rode partly over the mountains, partly with mountains on either hand, between which was a clear, winding river, and about four in the afternoon reached Edinburgh. Here I met Mr. Hopper, who had promised to preach in the evening, in a large room, lately an Episcopal meeting-house. Wednesday 29, it being extremely cold, I preached in the same room at seven. Some of the reputable hearers cried out in amaze, "Why, this is sound doctrine! Is this *he*, of whom Mr. Wh— used to *talk so?*" Talk as he will, I shall not retaliate.

I preached in the evening, and the next day rode round by the Queen's-ferry to Dundee. But the wind being high, the boat-men could not, at least, would not pass. Nor could we pass the next day till between nine and ten. We then rode on through Montrose to Stonehaven. Here Mr. Memis met us, and on Saturday morning brought us to his house at Aberdeen. In the afternoon I sent to the Principal and Regent, to desire leave to preach in the College-close. This was readily granted; but as it began to rain, I was desired to go into the Hall. I suppose this is full a hundred feet long, and seated all around. The congregation was large, notwithstanding the rain, and fully as large, at five in the morning. Sunday, May 3, I heard two useful sermons at the Kirk, one preached by the Principal of the College, the other by the Divinity Professor. A huge multitude afterwards gathered together, in the College-close: and all that could hear seemed to receive the truth in love. I then added about twenty to the little Society. Fair blossoms! But how many of these will bring forth fruit?

Monday 4, We had another large congregation at five. Before noon, twenty more came to me, desiring to cast in their lot with us, and appearing to be cut to the heart. About noon I took a walk to the King's-College in old Aberdeen. It has three sides of a square handsomely built, not unlike Queen's-College in Oxford. Going up to see the hall, we found a large company of ladies with several gentlemen. They looked, and spoke to one another, after which one of the gentlemen took courage and came to me. He said "We came last night to the College-close, but could not hear, and should be extremely obliged, if you would give us a short discourse here." I knew not what God might have to do, and so began without delay, on *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself*. I believe, the word was not lost. It fell as dew on the tender grass.

In the afternoon I was walking in the Library of the Mareshall-College, when the Principal, and the Divinity Professor came to me, and the latter invited me to his lodgings,

where I spent an hour very agreeably. In the evening the eagerness of the people made them ready to trample each other under foot. It was some time before they were still enough to hear; but then they devoured every word. After preaching, Sir Archibald Grant (whom business had called to town) sent and desired to speak to me. I could not then, but promised to wait upon him, with God's leave, in my return to Edinburgh.

Tuesday 5, I accepted the Principal's invitation, and spent an hour with him at his house. I observed no stiffness at all, but the easy good breeding of a man of sense and learning. I suppose both he and all the Professors, with some of the Magistrates, attended in the evening. I set all the windows open, but the hall, notwithstanding, was as hot as a bagnio: but this did not hinder either the attention of the people, or the blessing of God.

Wednesday 6, We dined at Mr. Ogilvey's, one of the Ministers, between whom the City is divided. A more open-hearted, friendly man, I know not that I ever saw. And, indeed, I have scarcely seen such a set of Ministers, in any town of Great-Britain or Ireland. At half an hour after six I stood in the College-close, and proclaimed *Christ crucified.* My voice was so strengthened that all could hear: and all were earnestly attentive. I have now *cast* my *bread upon the waters:* may I *find it again after many days.*

Thursday 7, Leaving nearly ninety members in the Society, I rode over to Sir A. Grant's, near Monymusk, about twenty miles north-west from Aberdeen. It lies in a fruitful and pleasant valley, much of which is owing to Sir Archibald's improvements, who has ploughed up abundance of waste ground, and planted some millions of trees. His stately old house is surrounded by gardens, and rows of trees, with a clear river on one side: and about a mile from his house, he has laid out a small valley into walks and gardens, on one side of which the river runs. On each side rises a steep mountain; one rocky and bare, the other covered with trees, row above row, to the very top. About six we went

to the Church. It was pretty well filled with such persons as we did not look for, so near the Highlands. But if we were surprised at their appearance, we were much more so at their singing. Thirty or forty sung an anthem after sermon, with such voices as well as judgment, that I doubt whether they could have been excelled at any Cathedral in England.

Friday 8, We rode to Glammiss, about sixty-four measured miles, and on Saturday 9, about sixty-six more, to Edinburgh. I was tired; however I would not disappoint the congregation; and God gave me strength according to my day. Sunday 10, I had designed to preach near the Infirmary: but some of the managers would not suffer it. So I preached in our Room, morning and evening, even to the rich and honourable. And I bear them witness, they will *endure* plain dealing, whether they *profit* by it, or not.

Monday 11, I took my leave of Edinburgh for the present. The situation of the City, on a hill shelving down on both sides, as well as to the east, with the stately Castle upon a craggy rock on the west, is inexpressibly fine: and the main street so broad and finely paved, with the lofty houses on either hand, (many of them seven or eight stories high) is far beyond any in Great Britain. But how can it be suffered, that all manner of filth should still be thrown even into this street continually? Where are the magistracy, the gentry, the nobility of the land? Have they no concern for the honour of their nation? How long shall the capital City of Scotland, yea, and the chief street of it, stink worse than a common sewer? Will no lover of his Country, or of decency and common sense, find a remedy for this?

Holyrood-house, at the entrance of Edinburgh, the ancient palace of the Scottish Kings, is a noble structure. It was re-built and furnished by King Charles the Second. One side of it is a picture-gallery, wherein are pictures of all the Scottish Kings, and an original one of the celebrated Queen Mary. It is scarcely possible for any who looks at this, to think her such a monster as some have painted her: nor in-

deed for any who considers the circumstances of her death, equal to that of an ancient martyr.

I preached in the evening at Musselborough, and at five in the morning. Then we rode on to Haddington, where (the rain driving me in) I preached between nine and ten in Provost Dickson's parlour. About one I preached at North-berwick, a pretty large town, close to the sea-shore; and at seven in the evening (the rain continuing) in the house at Dunbar.

Wednesday 13, It being a fair, mild evening, I preached near the quay, to most of the inhabitants of the town, and spoke full as plainly as the evening before. Every one seemed to receive it in love. Probably if there were regular preaching here, much good might be done.

Thursday 14, I set out early, and preached at noon on the Bowling-green at Berwick-upon-Tweed. In the evening I preached at Alnwick. Friday 15, abundance of soldiers came in, on their way to Germany. Many of these attended the preaching, to whom I could not but make a particular application. And who knows, but what they have now heard, may stand them in stead in a day of trial?

Saturday 16, One of our friends importuned me much to give them a sermon at Warksworth: and a post-chaise came for me to the door; in which I found one waiting for me, whom in the bloom of youth mere anguish of soul had brought to the gates of death. She told me the troubles which held her in on every side, from which she saw no way to escape. I told her, "The way lies straight before you. What you want is the pure love of God. I believe, God will give it you shortly. Perhaps it is his good pleasure, to make *you*, a poor, bruised reed, the first witness here of that great salvation. Look for it *just as you are*, unfit, unworthy, unholy, by simple faith, every day, every hour." She did feel the next day something she could not comprehend, and knew not what to call it. In one of the trials which used to sink her to the earth, she was all calm, all peace and love: enjoying so deep a communion with God, as nothing external could interrupt. Ah, thou child of

affliction, of sorrow and pain, hath Jesus found out thee also? And he is able to find and bring back thy husband, as far as he is wandered out of the way.

About noon I preached at Warksworth, to a congregation as quiet and attentive as that at Alnwick. How long shall we forget, that God can raise the dead? Were not *we* dead, till he quickened us? A little above the town, on one side of the river, stand the remains of a magnificent castle. On the other side, toward the bottom of a steep hill, covered with wood, is an ancient Chapel, with several apartments adjoining to it, hewn in the solid rock. The windows, the pillars, the communion-table, and several other parts are entire. But where are the inhabitants? Gathered to their fathers, some of them, I hope, in Abraham's bosom, till rocks, and rivers, and mountains flee away, and the dead, small and great, stand before God!

Sunday 17, I preached at eight in Alnwick, and about one at Alemouth, a poor, barren place, where, as yet, there is no fruit of the seed which has been sown: but there may be, since many are still willing to hear. In the evening a multitude of people, and a little army of soldiers were gathered in the Market-place at Alnwick. In the morning they were to march for Germany. I hope some of them have "put their armour on."

Monday 18, At nine I preached to a large and serious congregation at Widdrington. Thence we rode to Morpeth. As it was a rainy day, they expected me to preach in the Room: but observing a large, covered place in the Market-place, I went thither without delay. It was soon more than filled: and many, soldiers and others, stood on the outside, notwithstanding the rain. Why should we despair of doing good in any place, because we do not see present fruit? At five I preached to the honest, simple-hearted colliers at Placey, and before sun-set reached Newcastle.

Tuesday the 19th was a day of rest. In the evening God was with us of a truth; and many felt their hearts burn with fervent desire of being renewed in the whole image of God.

The same flame was kindled at Gateshead-fell, while I was opening and applying those words, *Every one that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he is pure.*

Thursday 21, I was much struck with a story told by Ephraim Syrus. I wonder it was never translated into English. It is as follows :—

"My beloved brethren, I have a desire to relate to you, what our brother Abraham did in his old age. This blessed man had a brother according to the flesh, who had an only child. When her father fell asleep; she remained an orphan. Her friends brought her to him, being six years old. He ordered her to be placed in the outer cell: he himself abode in the inner. A little door was between them. He taught her the Psalms and the other Scriptures, and watched and sang with her. And as he lived an austere life, so did she, willingly profiting in every exercise, and labouring to excel in all virtues. The holy man often besought God for her with tears, that her heart might be fixed on God, and not entangled with the care of worldly things; for her father had left her much wealth, which by his advice she gave to the poor. And she intreated him, saying, 'Pray for me, that I may be delivered from evil thoughts, and from all the wiles and snares of the devil.' The blessed man rejoiced, seeing her good conversation and forwardness, and tears, her lowliness, meekness, quietness of spirit, and earnest love to God. And for twenty years she thus exercised herself with him, as a fair lamb, a spotless dove.

"When the twentieth year was fulfilled, the devil was mad against her, and lay in wait to get her into his net. There was a man in name *religious*, but not in truth, who frequently came to consult Abraham. He saw the maid, and his heart burned within him. He lay in wait for her a whole year, till her heart was inflamed also; and opening the door of her cell, she went out to him, and consented to his will. But no sooner had she committed wickedness, than she rent her clothes, smote her breast, and thought of putting an end to her own life. For she said in herself, 'Now I am dead, and I have lost all my time, and all my

labour, and my austerity, and my tears are perished, and I have destroyed my own soul, and I have brought sorrow upon the man of God, and am become a laughing-stock to the devil. Why do I live any longer? Ah me, from whence, how low am I fallen! How shall I be hid? Where shall I go? Into what pit shall I cast myself? Where is the exhortation of the blessed man, 'Keep thy soul spotless for thy immortal bridegroom?' I dare no more look up to heaven. I am lost, both to God and men. I dare not approach that holy man, sinner as I am, and full of uncleanness. Were I to make such an attempt, surely fire would come out of that door, and consume me. It is better for me to go where none knows me; for I am undone, and there is no salvation for me.' And rising up, she went straight to another City, and became servant at an inn.

"A little before this, Abraham saw a vision:—A dragon, great and terrible, rising out of his place. And coming to his cell, he found a dove, and devoured it; and then returned to his place. The holy man coming to himself, was much troubled and wept bitterly, and said, 'Thou, Lord, knowest all things; and thou only knowest what this vision meaneth.' After two days, he saw the same dragon again. And he came out of his place, to the blessed man, and laying his head under Abraham's feet, burst asunder, and the dove was found alive in the dragon's belly.

"Coming to himself, he called once and again, saying, 'Child, where art thou? Behold, here are two days that thou hast not opened thy mouth in the praise of God.' Finding that none answered, and that she was not there, he perceived the vision related to her. And he groaned in spirit, and said, 'O Saviour of the world! bring back this lamb into thy fold, that my grey hairs come not down with sorrow to the grave. Lord, despise not my supplication; but send down thy hand, and take her out of the mouth of the dragon that hath devoured her.'

"After a season he heard where she was; and having learned all things concerning her, he called one of his friends, and said to him, 'Bring me a horse and the habit

of a soldier:' and having put it on, with a large cap upon his head, he left his cell, and rode away. Being come to the place, he alighted and went in; and, after a time, said to the inn-keeper, 'Friend, I have heard thou hast a beautiful damsel here: call her to me, that I may rejoice with her.' Being called, she came. When the holy man saw her, in her harlot's attire, he was melting into tears: but he refrained himself, that she might not perceive it. After they sat down, she embraced him, and kissed his neck. And she smelled the smell of his cell, and called to mind past things, and groaning deeply, said, 'Woe is me! What am I?' The inn-keeper, being astonished, said, 'Mary, thou hast now been with us two years, and I never heard thee groan before, or heard such a word from thee. What is come to thee?' She answered, 'Would I had died three years since; then I had been happy.'

"Immediately Abraham said to him, 'Prepare us a supper, that we may rejoice together; for I am come from far, for *her* sake.' After supper she said to him, 'Let us go into the chamber.' And when they were come in, he saw a bed made ready: and he sat upon it, and said, 'Make fast the door:' she made it fast, and came to him. Having taken hold of her, so that she could not run away, he took off his cap, and said to her weeping, 'My child, Mary, dost thou not know me? Am not I he that brought thee up? Mary, what is come to thee? Who hath destroyed thee, my daughter? Where are thy prayers and thy tears—thy watching and holy exercise? My child, when thou hadst sinned, why didst thou not tell *me*, that I might have humbled myself for thee? My daughter, why hast thou done this? Why hast thou forsaken thy father?' She remained in his hands as a lifeless stone; till he said to her, with tears, 'Dost thou not speak to me, my child, Mary? Dost thou not speak to me? Am I not come hither for thy sake? I have besought the Lord concerning thee.' Till midnight he continued exhorting and comforting her. Then coming a little to herself, she said to him

weeping, 'I cannot look at thee; for I am defiled with sin.' The blessed man replied, 'On me be thy sin; only come, let us go to our place.' She said to him, 'If it be possible for me to repent, and if God can accept my repentance, I come: and I fall down, and kiss thy steps, wetting them with my tears, that thou hast thus had compassion on me, a forlorn wretch, and art come hither, to draw me out of the mire of sin.' And laying her head at his feet, she wept bitterly all the night, saying, 'What shall I render thee for all thy benefits?'

"Early in the morning, he set her upon the horse, and went before her with great joy. And being come to his place, he put her in the inner cell; where she gladly resumed her former exercise, with sackcloth and ashes, and much humiliation, with mourning, and watching, and ceaseless calling upon God. And the merciful Lord gave her a sign that he accepted her repentance, healing many that were sick, through her prayers.

"Holy Abraham lived ten years after, beholding her good conversation, and blessing, and praising, and magnifying God. Then having lived seventy years, he slept in peace. Mary survived him thirty and five years, calling upon God night and day; insomuch that all who passed by, glorified God, who saveth them that were gone astray."

Among the believers, who met in the evening, God has kindled a vehement desire of his full salvation. Enquiring how it was, that in all these parts, we have scarcely one living witness of this, I constantly received from every person one and the same answer: "We see now, we sought it by our *works*. We thought it was to come *gradually*. We never expected to receive it *in a moment*, by *faith*, as we did *justification*." What wonder is it, then, that you have been fighting all these years, as one that beateth *the air*.

Friday 22, I earnestly exhorted all who were sensible of their wants, and athirst for holiness, to look unto Jesus: to come to him *just as they were*, and receive *all* his promises. And surely it will not be long, before some of these also are fully saved by simple faith.

Saturday 23, I rode over to Placey. I was wet through, both going and coming; but I did not repent of my journey: such a number gathered together, a great part of whom could rejoice in God. These were quite ripe for all the great and precious promises, which they received with all gladness.

Monday 25, I rode to Shields, and preached in an open place to a listening multitude. Many of them followed me to South-Shields, where I preached in the evening to almost double the congregation. How ripe for the Gospel are these also! What is wanting but more labourers?

"More! Why, is there not here (as in every parish in England) a particular Minister who takes care of all their souls?" There is one here, who *takes charge* of all their souls: What *care* of them he takes, is another question. It may be, he neither knows, nor cares, whether they are going to heaven or hell. Does he ask man, woman, or child, any question about it, from one Christmas to the next? O! what account will such a pastor give, to the great Shepherd in that day?

Tuesday 26, I went on to Sunderland, and in the evening preached in the new house. The next evening I preached at Monk-wear-mouth. Thursday 28, about noon I preached at Biddick, and the power of God was in the midst of his people: and more eminently at Sunderland in the evening. After preaching I met the believers, and exhorted them to *go on to perfection*. It pleased God to apply the plain words which were spoken, so that all were athirst for him. Objections vanished away: and a flame was kindled almost in every heart.

Sunday 31, I preached again, both morning and evening, in Monk-wear-mouth Church: but it would not nearly contain the people, many of whom were constrained to go away. After evening service I hastened to Newcastle, and exhorted a willing multitude, To *stand in the ways and see*, and *ask for the old paths*, and *walk therein*.

In the week following I preached at many little places round Newcastle. Friday, June 5, I went to Prudhoe,

where there had been some jar in the Society, occasioned by a few, who had lately espoused, and warmly defended a new opinion. I said not one word about it, but preached on *There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.* Afterwards, perceiving their hearts were much softened, I met the Society, and exhorted them to beware of bitter zeal, and to *walk in love, as Christ also loved us.* They were ashamed before God, and (for the present at least) their contentions were at an end. In the evening I preached at Nafferton; and the next morning rode to Winlington, where I had appointed to be between twelve and one. They placed the stand exactly fronting the sun, which shone very warm and very bright: but almost as soon as I began, the clouds rose and shadowed us till I concluded. I preached at Swalwell at five, to such a congregation as was never seen there before.

Monday 8, I rode to Hexham, and preached at noon in an open place near the Church. Some expected there would be much disturbance: but there was none at all. We rode thence over the mountains to Allendale, where I had not been for several years. After preaching, and meeting the Society, I took horse again, and crossing another chain of mountains, reached Weardale before eleven.

Tuesday 9, I preached at nine, but was obliged to stand abroad, because of the multitude of people. The sun shone fully in my face, but after having spent a short time in prayer, I regarded it not. I then met the Society, and came just in time, to prevent their all turning Dissenters, which they were on the point of doing, being quite disgusted at the Curate, whose life was no better than his doctrine. At noon I preached in Teesdale. Most of the men are lead-miners, who, a while ago, were turned out of their work for following *this way*. By this mean many of them got into far better work: and, some time after, their old master was glad to employ them again.

We had a long stage from hence to Swale-dale, where I found an earnest, loving, simple people, whom I likewise

exhorted, Not to leave the Church, though they had not the best of ministers. I then baptized a man and two women, who had been bred among the Anabaptists: and I believe all of them received such a blessing therein, as they were not able to express.

Wednesday 10, I took horse at half an hour past three, and reached Barnard-castle soon after six. I preached at eight in a ground adjoining to the town. Are these the people that, a few years ago, were like roaring lions? They were now quiet as lambs: nor could several showers drive them away till I concluded. In the evening I preached at Branspath, near Bishop-aukland. Most of the congregation, though I stood in the street, were deeply attentive. Only one, a kind of gentleman, seemed displeased: but he had no one to second him.

Friday 12, We had one of the most solemn Watch-nights at Newcastle, which we have had for several years. Saturday 13, I rode once more to Sunderland, and preached, as usual, to a numerous congregation. Sunday 14, after Mr. G. had read prayers, I spoke exceedingly plain to as many as could crowd into the Church: and out of so *many that are called*, will not some *be chosen?* About three I preached at Gateshead-Fell; about five, at the Garth-heads; at each place to a larger congregation, than I ever saw there before. What a change is wrought in this whole Country! And will it not be wrought in the whole kingdom?

Monday 15, I rode to Durham, having appointed to preach there at noon. The meadow, near the river side, was quite convenient, and the small rain neither disturbed me nor the congregation. In the afternoon I rode to Hartlepool; but I had much ado to preach: my strength was gone as well as my voice; and, indeed, they generally go together. Three days in a week I can preach thrice a day without hurting myself: but I had now far exceeded this, besides meeting Classes, and exhorting the Societies. I was obliged to lie down good part of Tuesday; however, in the afternoon I preached at Cherington, and in the

evening at Hartlepool again, though not without difficulty. Wednesday 17, I rode to Stockton, where a little before the time of preaching, my voice and strength were restored at once. The next evening it began to rain just as I began to preach: but it was suspended till the service was over. It then rained again till eight in the morning.

Friday 19, It was hard work to ride eight miles, so called, in two hours and a half: the rain beating hard upon us, and the by-road being exceedingly slippery: but we forgot all this, when we came to the Grange: so greatly was God present with his people. Thence we rode to Darlington. Here we were under a difficulty again. Not half the people could come in, and the rain forbade my preaching without: but at one (the hour of preaching) the rain stopped, and did not begin again till past two. So the people stood very conveniently in the yard: and many did not care to go away. When I went in, they crowded to the door and windows and stayed till I took horse. At seven I preached at Yarm, and desired one of our brethren to take my place in the morning.

Saturday 20, At noon I applied those words, *Now abide faith, hope, love: but the greatest of these is love.* This evening also it rained at Hutton-Rugby, till seven, the hour of preaching: but God heard the prayer, and from the time I began, we had only some scattering drops. After sermon, the Society alone filled the new preaching-house. So mightily has the word of God prevailed, since Alexander Mather laboured here!

Sunday 21, I preached to a larger congregation than in the evening, on *Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God!* I then rode to Osmotherly, where the minister read prayers seriously, and preached an useful sermon. After service I began in the Church-yard: I believe many were wounded, and many comforted. After dinner I called on Mr. Adams, who first invited me to Osmotherly. He was reading the strange account of the two Missionaries, who have lately made such a figure in the News-papers.

I suppose the whole account is just such another gross imposition upon the public, as the man's gathering the people together to see him go into the quart bottle. 'Men seven hundred years old!' And why not seven yards high? He that *can* believe it, let him believe it.

At five I preached at Potto, a mile from Hutton. When I began, I was extremely weak: but God renewed my strength and so applied his word, that it seemed as if *every one must* believe it: but the Scripture cannot be broken. Some seed will still fall *by the way-side*, and some *on stony ground!*

Monday 22, I spoke one by one to the Society at Hutton-Rugby. They were about eighty in number; of whom nearly seventy were believers, and sixteen (probably) renewed in love. Here were two bands of children, one of boys, and one of girls, most of whom were walking in the light. Four of those who seemed to be saved from sin, were of one family: and all of them walked holy and unblamably, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour.

At eleven I preached once more, though in great weakness of body, and met the stewards of all the Societies. I then rode to Stokesley, and having examined the little Society, went on for Gisborough. The sun was burning hot, but in a quarter of an hour, a cloud interposed, and he troubled us no more. I was desired by a gentleman of the town, to preach in the Market-place: and there a table was placed for me: but it was in a bad neighbourhood: for there was so vehement a stench of stinking fish, as was ready to suffocate me; and the people roared like the waves of the sea: but the voice of the Lord was mightier: and in a few minutes the whole multitude was still, and seriously attended, while I proclaimed *Jesus Christ, made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*

Tuesday 23, I began about five, near the same place, and had a great part of the same audience. Yet they were not the same: the change might easily be read in their countenances. When we took horse, and just faced the

sun, it was hard work for man and beast: but about eight the wind shifted, and blowing in our faces, kept us cool, till we came to Whitby. In the evening I preached on the top of the hill, to which you ascend by a hundred ninety and one steps. The congregation was exceedingly large, and ninety nine in a hundred were attentive. When I began, the sun shone fully in my face: but he was soon clouded, and shone no more till I had done.

After meeting the Society, I talked with a sensible woman, whose experience seemed peculiar. She said, "A few days before Easter last, I was deeply convinced of sin: and in Easter-week, I knew my sins were forgiven, and was filled with *joy and peace in believing*: but in about eighteen days, I was convinced, in a dream, of the necessity of a higher salvation: and I mourned day and night, in agony of desire to be thoroughly sanctified: till on the 23d day after my justification, I found a total change, together with a clear witness, that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all unrighteousness."

Wednesday 24, I walked round the Old Abbey, which both with regard to its size, (being, I judge, a hundred yards long) and the workmanship of it, is one of the finest (if not the finest) ruins in the kingdom. Hence we rode to Robinhood's-bay, where I preached at six in the Lower-street, near the Key. In the midst of the sermon a large cat, frighted out of a chamber, leaped down upon a woman's head, and ran over the heads or shoulders of many more: but none of them moved, or cried out, any more than if it had been a butterfly.

Thursday 25, I had a pleasant ride to Scarborough, the wind tempering the heat of the sun. I had designed to preach abroad in the evening; but the thunder, lightning, and rain, prevented. However, I stood on a balcony, and several hundreds of people stood below; and, notwithstanding the heavy rain, would not stir, till I concluded.

Friday 26, I rode to Hull, and had there also the comfort of finding some witnesses of the great salvation. I was constrained to leave them early in the morning, on Saturday 27,

At seven, I preached in Beverley, about one, in Pocklington, and at York in the evening, to far the genteelest audience I have had since I left Edinburgh.

Monday 29, I met the Classes, and found many therein who were much alive to God: but many others were utterly dead, which sufficiently accounts for the Society's not increasing. Wednesday, July 1, the Stewards met, from the Societies in the Country. In the evening we all wrestled with God, for the revival of his work. Many found their hearts much enlarged herein, and had confidence he would answer the prayer.

Thursday 2, I set out early for North Cave, twenty computed miles from York. I preached there at nine to a deeply serious congregation, and was much refreshed. At two, I preached to such another congregation at Thorpe, and concluded the day, by preaching and meeting the Society at Pocklington.

Friday 3, We returned to York, where I was desired to call upon a poor prisoner in the Castle. I had formerly occasion to take notice of a hideous monster, called, *a Chancery Bill*, I now saw the fellow to it, called *a Declaration*. The plain fact was this: Some time since, a man who lived near Yarm, assisted others in running some brandy. His share was worth nearly four pounds. After he had wholly left off that bad work, and was following his own business, that of a weaver, he was arrested, and sent to York goal. And not long after comes down *a Declaration*, "that Jac. Wh— had landed a vessel laden with brandy and geneva, at the port of London, and sold them there, whereby he was indebted to his Majesty 577*l.* and upwards." And to tell this worthy story, the Lawyer takes up thirteen or fourteen sheets of trebly stamped paper.

O England! England! Will this reproach never be rolled away from thee? Is there any thing like this to be found, either among Papists, Turks, or Heathens? In the name of truth, justice, mercy, and common sense, I ask, 1, Why do men lie, for lying's sake? Is it only to keep their hands in? What need else of saying, it was the port

of London? When every one knew the brandy was landed, above three hundred miles from thence. What a monstrous *contempt* of *truth* does this shew, or rather *hatred* to it? 2, Where is the *justice* of swelling four pounds into five hundred and seventy seven? 3, Where is the *common sense*, of taking up fourteen sheets to tell a story, that may be told in ten lines? 4, Where is the *mercy*, of thus grinding the face of the poor? Thus sucking the blood of a poor, beggared prisoner? Would not this be execrable villany, if the paper and writing together were only six-pence a sheet, when they have stripped him already of his little all, and not left him fourteen groats in the world?

Sunday 5, Believing one hinderance of the work of God in York, was the neglect of field-preaching, I preached this morning at eight, in an open place, near the City walls. Abundance of people ran together, most of whom were deeply attentive. One or two only were angry, and threw a few stones: but it was labour lost; for none regarded them.

Monday 6, I rode to Tadcaster, and preached within, the rain not suffering us to be abroad, as I intended. In the evening, I preached at Otley, and afterward talked with many of the Society. There is reason to believe, that ten or twelve of these, are filled with the love of God. I found one or two more, the next day, at Fewston, a few miles north of Otley (where I preached at noon) whom God had raised up, to witness the same good confession: and, indeed, the whole congregation seemed just ripe, for receiving all the promises.

Wednesday 8, I rode to Knaresborough, where it was expected we should not meet with so friendly a reception: but the Lord is King. Our own house being too small, I preached in the Assembly-room. Most of the people looked wild enough when they came in: but they were tame before they went out; and behaved as decently and seriously as the congregation at Otley. Indeed the mob never was so furious here, as they were formerly at Otley: where the

magistrate *directed*, "Do what you will, then, so you *break no bones*." But may not a man cut his neighbour's throat, without breaking his bones?

The remaining part of this week I preached at Guiseley, Bingley, and Keighley. Sunday 12, I had appointed to be at Haworth: but the Church would not nearly contain the people, who came from all sides. However, Mr. Grimshaw had provided for this, by fixing a scaffold on the outside of some of the windows, through which I went after prayers, and the people likewise all went out into the Church-yard. The afternoon congregation was larger still. What has God wrought in the midst of these rough mountains!

Monday 13, At five I preached on the manner of waiting for *perfect love:* the rather to satisfy Mr. Grimshaw, whom many had laboured to puzzle and perplex about it. So once more their bad labour was lost, and we were more united both in heart and judgment than ever. At noon I preached in Colne, once inaccessible to the Gospel; but now the yard I was in, would not contain the people. I believe, I might have preached at the Cross without the least interruption. About five, I preached at Paddiham, another place eminent for all manner of wickedness. The multitude of people obliged me to stand in the yard of the preaching-house. Over against me, at a little distance, sat some of the most impudent women I ever saw. Yet I am not sure, that God did not reach their hearts. For

"They roar'd, and would have blush'd, if capable of shame."

In the morning I preached at Bentleywood-green, on *Be ye perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.* Mr. G. afterwards told me, That *this perfection* he firmly believed, and daily prayed for, namely, The love of God and man, producing all those fruits which are described in our Lord's Sermon upon the Mount.

About noon I preached at Baycup, a village in Rosendale. The new preaching-house is large, but not large enough to contain the congregation. Soon after five, I preached at Heptonstall. The Society here had been greatly hurt by two leaders, getting into new opinions. One of them fell

upon me directly, for "denying the righteousness of Christ." On this we discoursed about an hour. The issue was, one of them was quite convinced: and the other (to my no small satisfaction) desired me to put a new leader in his place.

Wednesday 15, About seven I preached at Ewood, and about noon at Halifax. New opinions had done harm here also: but at this time all was quiet. I rode over to Bradford in the afternoon, where I found an Anabaptist teacher had perplexed and unsettled the minds of several: but they are now less ignorant of Satan's devices. Friday 17, I rode to Birstal, and was much comforted, to find many of our first children in this county, who are not yet weary of the good old way. May they continue therein unto the day of the Lord Jesus!

Saturday 18, At one I preached at South-Royd. The good people had placed the stand, so that the sun, which was very hot, shone upon my head, and the wind, which was very cold, blew in my neck: but it was all one: I was on my Master's business: and great was our rejoicing in him.

Sunday 19, I preached in Birstal room at eight. At one we had thousands, the greatest part of whom were persons *fearing God and working righteousness.* I rode thence to Leeds, in order to preach a funeral sermon for Mary Shent, who, after many severe conflicts, died in great peace. It was one of the largest congregations, which has been seen at Leeds, to whom I spoke very plainly from part of the Gospel for the day, *Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.* I hastened back to the Love-feast at Birstal. It was the first of the kind which had been there. Many were surprised when I told them, "The very design of a Love-feast is a free and familiar conversation, in which every man, yea, and woman, has liberty to speak whatever may be to the glory of God." Several then did speak; and not in vain: The flame ran from heart to heart. Especially while one was declaring with all simplicity, the manner wherein God, during the morning

sermon, (on those words, *I will: be thou clean)* had set her soul at full liberty. Two men also spoke to the same effect: and two others, who had found peace with God. We then joyfully poured out our souls before God, and praised him for his marvellous works.

Monday 20, I came to a full explanation, with that good man, Mr. V——. Lord, if I *must* dispute, let it be with the children of the devil. Let me be at peace with *thy* children!

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I preached at the neighbouring towns. Friday 24, in speaking from those words, *In many things we offend all*, I observed, 1, As long as we live, our soul is connected with the body. 2, As long as it is thus connected, it cannot think but by the help of bodily organs. 3, As long as these organs are imperfect, we are liable to mistakes, both speculative and practical. 4, Yea, and a mistake may occasion my loving a good man less than I ought; which is a defective, that is, a wrong temper. 5, For all these we need the atoning blood, as indeed for every defect or omission. Therefore, 6, All men have need to say daily, *Forgive us our trespasses.*

About one, I preached at Bramley, where Jonas Rushford, about fourteen years old, gave me the following relation:

"About this time last year I was desired by two of our neighbours, to go with them to Mr. Crowther's, at Skipton, who would not speak to *them*, about a man that had been missing twenty weeks, but bid them bring a boy twelve or thirteen years old. When we came in, he stood reading a book. He put me into a bed, with a looking-glass in my hand, and covered me all over. Then he asked me, whom I had a mind to see; and I said, 'my mother.' I presently saw her with a lock of wool in her hand, standing just in the place, and the clothes she was in, as she told me afterwards. Then he bid me look again, for the man that was missing, who was one of our neighbours: and I looked and saw him riding towards Idle; but he was very drunk: and he stopped at the alehouse, and drank two pints more;

and he pulled out a guinea to change. Two men stood by, a big man and a little man: and they went on before him, and got two hedge-stakes. And when he came up, on Windhill-common, at the top of the hill, they pulled him off his horse, and killed him, and threw him into a coal-pit. And I saw it all as plainly, as if I were close to them: and if I saw the men, I should know them again. We went back to Bradford that night, and the next day I went with our neighbours, and shewed them the spot where he was killed, and the pit into which he was thrown. And a man went down, and brought him up; and it was as I had told them: his handkerchief was tied about his mouth, and fastened behind his neck."

Is it improbable only, or flatly impossible, when all the circumstances are considered, that this should all be pure fiction? They that can believe this, may believe a man's getting into a bottle.

From Bramley I rode to Kippax. Mr. Venn came a little after we were gone into the Church. Mr. Romaine read prayers. I preached on *Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness.* O why should they who agree in this great point, fall out about smaller things!

Saturday 25, About one, I preached at Seacroft, and found several who believed God had saved them from sin. In the evening I talked with twelve or fourteen of these particularly: but I found not one, who presumed to say, that he did not need the atoning blood. Nor could I hear of any more than two persons, that ever spoke in this manner; and these were soon after, *for that reason*, expelled out of Otley Society. Sunday 26, I preached at seven, on *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.* And, oh! what a flame did God kindle! Many were "on fire, to be dissolved in love."

About one I preached to the usual congregation at Birstal. What a work is God working here also! Six in one Class have, within this week, found peace with God: two, this

morning, in meeting the Class. While I was praying on Sunday evening, that God would give us a token for good, James Eastwood was set at full liberty: as were William Wilson, and Elizabeth his wife before, and Martha his daughter, with Agnes Gooddel on the Wednesday after. To these were added Joseph Newsham, and Richard Hallewell, sixteen years of age. So that the oldest of our believers now cry out, *We never saw it before on this fashion.*

Monday 27, I preached at Staincross about eleven; about five, at Barley-hall; the next morning at Sheffield. In the afternoon I rode on to Matlock-bath. The valley which reaches from the town to the bath, is pleasant beyond expression. In the bottom of this runs a little river; close to which a mountain rises, almost perpendicular, to an enormous height, part covered with green, part with ragged and naked rocks. On the other side the mountain rises gradually, with tufts of trees here and there. The brow on both sides is fringed with trees, which seem to answer each other. Many of our friends were come from various parts. At six I preached standing under the hollow of a rock, on one side of a small plain, on the other side of which was a tall mountain. There were many well-dressed hearers, this being the high season; and all of them behaved well: but as I walked back, a gentleman-like man asked me, "Why do you talk thus of *faith, stuff, nonsense?*" Upon enquiry, I found he was an eminent deist. What, has the plague crept into the Peak of Derbyshire?

Wednesday 29, I preached at five, near the Bath, in Woodseats at two, and in the evening, at the end of the house in Sheffield, to thrice as many people as it would have contained. Thursday and Friday I preached at Rotherham, in the shell of the new house, which is an octagon. The congregation was larger than ever: the Society well united, and much alive to God.

Saturday, August 1, I rode to Clayworth, and after preaching, laboured all I could to reconcile two brothers, who had long been quarrelling about their inheritance: but it was labour lost. Indeed the reason of the thing was clear:

but passion is ever too hard for reason. Hence I went on to Misterton, and both in the evening and morning, spoke to a lifeless, money-getting people, in a sharper manner than ever I did before: and (I heard afterward) with good effect.

Sunday 2, I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Madan preach an excellent sermon at Haxey. At two I preached at Westwood-side, to the largest congregation I ever saw, in the Isle of Axholme: and to nearly the same at Epworth Cross, as soon as the Church-service was ended. After spending two days here, on Wednesday 5, I preached about nine at Ferry, and then rode on to Gainsborough. I preached in the old hall to a mixed multitude, part civil, part rude as bears. We rode home through heavy rain, joined with much thunder and lightning, part of which was just over our heads. But *the Lord sitteth above the water floods*. So we came safe, only very wet, to Epworth.

Thursday 6, I preached about nine, at Hatfield-wood-house, and about one, at Syke-house, to far the largest congregation that has been seen there for many years. Boast who will, that "*Methodism* (the revival of true religion) is just coming to nothing,"—we know better things, and are thankful to God for its continual increase.

Saturday 8, I preached at Winterton, to such a congregation, as I suppose, never met there before. From thence we rode on to Barrow, where the mob was in readiness to receive us. But their hearts failed: so they only gave two or three huzzas, and let us pass by unmolested.

As soon as I came out to preach, we had another huzza. But as more and more of the angry ones came within hearing, they lost all their fierceness, and sunk into calmness and attention. So I concluded my discourse with quietness and satisfaction. In the evening I preached at Grimsby, where I spent Sunday and Monday. Tuesday 11, I preached at two in Lorborough, in the evening, at Elkington. The next morning we rode to Horncastle, where Satan's children had threatened terrible things. But they could go no farther, than to give one feeble shout, as we entered the town.

As the house would not contain the congregation, I preached on the outside of it. And there was no disturbance. Indeed a silly, pert man spoke twice or thrice; but none regarded him.

About one I preached at Sibsey, on the edge of the Fens. There were a few wild colts here also: but all the rest, (and they were not a few) were serious and deeply attentive. So were most of the congregation, even at Boston, though much astonished, as not being used to field-preaching. Thursday 13, I took a walk through the town. I think it is not much smaller than Leeds; but, in general, it is far better built. The Church is, indeed, a fine building. It is larger, loftier, nay, and rather more lightsome than even St. Peter's, at Norwich. And the steeple is, I suppose, the highest tower in England, nor less remarkable for the architecture, than the height. The congregation in the evening, was far more numerous than the day before. And I trust, God fixed the arrows of conviction in not a few of their hearts.

We went forward, after preaching at a friend's house, about nine miles from Boston. Friday 14, we rode to Bellingford, and on Saturday, to Norwich. After spending a few days here, and a few more at Yarmouth and Colchester, on Saturday 22, I returned to London.

I found the work of God swiftly increasing here. The congregations in every place, were larger than they had been for several years. Many were, from day to day, convinced of sin. Many found peace with God. Many backsliders were healed, yea, filled with joy unspeakable. And many believers entered into such a rest, as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. Mean time, the enemy was not wanting in his endeavours, to sow tares among the good seed. I saw this clearly, but durst not use violence; lest, in plucking up the tares, I should root up the wheat also.

Tuesday, September 1, Our Conference began, and ended on Saturday. After spending a fortnight more in London, and guarding both the preachers and people against run-

ning into extremes, on the one hand, or the other, on Sunday 20, at night, I took the Machine, and on Monday 21, came to Bristol.

Here likewise I had the satisfaction to observe a considerable increase of the work of God. The Congregations were exceedingly large, and the people hungering and thirsting after righteousness. And every day afforded us fresh instances, of persons convinced of sin, or converted to God. So that it seems God was pleased to pour out his Spirit this year, on every part both of England and Ireland: perhaps in a manner we had never seen before: certainly, not for twenty years. O what pity, that so many, even of the children of God, did not know the day of their visitation!

Sunday, October 4, I preached at Kingswood; morning and afternoon, but not as I designed, under the sycamore-tree, because of the rain. In the ensuing week I visited the Societies in Somersetshire. Sunday 11, I observed God is reviving his work in Kingswood. The Society which had much decreased, being now increased again, to nearly three hundred members: many of whom are now athirst for full redemption, which for some years they had almost forgotten.

Tuesday 13, I preached at Newgate; at Kingswood in the afternoon, and in the evening, at North-Common. Here a people are sprung up, as it were, out of the earth; most of them employed in the neighbouring brass-works. We took a view of these the next day: and one thing I learned here, the propriety of that expression, Rom. i. 15, *His feet were as fine brass, burning in a furnace.* The brightness of this cannot easily be conceived. I have seen nothing like it, but clear, white lightning.

Monday 19, I desired all those to meet me, who believed they were saved from sin. There were seventeen or eighteen. I examined them severally, as exactly as I could. And I could not find any thing in their tempers, (supposing they spoke true) any way contrary to their profession.

Wednesday 21, I was desired by the condemned prisoners to give them one sermon more. And on Thursday, Patrick Ward, who was to die that day, sent to request, I

would administer the sacrament to him. He was one and twenty years of age, and had scarcely ever a serious thought, till he shot the man, who came to take away his gun. From that instant he felt a turn within, and never swore an oath more. His whole behaviour in prison was serious and composed. He read, prayed, and wept much: especially after one of his fellow-prisoners had found peace with God. His hope gradually increased till this day, and was much strengthened at the Lord's Supper. But still he complained, "I am not *afraid*, but I am not *desirous* to die. I do not find that *warmth* in my heart: I am not *sure* my sins are forgiven." He went into the cart about twelve, in calmness, but mixed with sadness. But in a quarter of an hour, while he was wrestling with God in prayer, (not seeming to know that any one was near him) "The Holy Ghost," said he, "came upon me, and I knew that Christ was mine." From that moment his whole deportment breathed a peace and joy beyond all utterance; till, after having spent about ten minutes in private prayer, he gave the sign.

Sunday 25, I took a comfortable leave of Kingswood, leaving both the Society and school in a flourishing state: and the next morning, of Bristol, leaving the Society larger than it had been for many years. Now let zeal, as well as *brotherly love*, *continue*, and it will not decrease any more. Having travelled slowly through the intermediate Societies, on Saturday 31, I came to London.

Sunday, November 1, I found the same spirit which I left here, both in the morning and evening service. Monday 2, at five, I began a course of sermons on Christian Perfection. At seven, I began meeting the Classes. Tuesday 10, I found the Society at Deptford, more alive than ever: a sure consequence of which was, their increasing in number. Thursday 12, I rode to Brentford. Here likewise God is at work, and sinners are converted to him. Saturday 14, I spent an hour with a little company near Grosvenor-square. For many years this has been the darkest, driest spot, of all

in or near London. But God has now watered the barren wilderness, and it is become a fruitful field.

Monday 16, I retired to Lewisham, having many things to write. Friday 20, I spent an hour at St. George's Hospital. The behaviour of two or three patients there had done unspeakable good. Deep prejudice was torn up by the roots, and much good-will to the truth had succeeded it. O what may not a single believer do, who seeks nothing but the glory of God!

Monday 23, I went to Canterbury. The congregations were larger than I ever remember. And many found a deeper work of God in their hearts, than ever they had known before. Thursday 26, I was desired to read part of Bishop Pontopidan's natural history of Norway. I soon found he was a man of sense, yet credulous to an extreme. And therefore I was the less surprised, when I came to his *craken* and *sea-serpent*. Of the former, (an animal a mile round, to which a poor whale is no more than a gudgeon) he gives no proof or shadow of proof, nothing but vague, uncertain hearsays. "Two sailors" he says, "made oath of seeing part of the latter, seven or eight folds of his back. But I did not talk with them myself: so I can lay little stress on their evidence. They might be *weak* men; they might be *frighted:*" yea, they were, by their own confession. Or they might be men of *no conscience:* on any of which suppositions their testimony is nothing worth.

Saturday 28, We returned to London. Sunday 29, we had a comfortable love-feast, at which several declared the blessings they had found lately. We need not be careful, by what *name* to call them, while *the thing* is beyond dispute. Many have, and many do, daily experience an unspeakable change. After being deeply convinced of inbred sin, particularly of pride, anger, self-will, and unbelief, in a moment they *feel* all faith and love; no pride, no self-will, or anger. And from that moment they have continual fellowship with God, always rejoicing, praying, and giving thanks. Whoever ascribes such a change to the devil, I ascribe it to the Spirit of God. And I say, let whoever feels it wrought, cry to God, that it may continue:

which it will, if he walk closely with God: otherwise it will not.

Preaching at Deptford, Welling, and Sevenoaks, in my way, on Thursday, December 3, I came to Shoreham. There I read the Life of St. Katherine, of Genoa. Mr. Lesley calls one, *a devil of a saint:* I am sure this was *a fool of a saint.* That is, if it be not the folly of her historian, who has aggrandized her into a mere idiot. Indeed we seldom find a saint of God's making, sainted by the Bishop of Rome. I preached at five, to a small, serious company, and the next day returned to London.

Monday 7, I rode to Colchester, and had the satisfaction to find many of our brethren much alive to God. After confirming them as I could, in the ways of God, on Thursday I returned home. Sunday the 13th, was a comfortable day, wherein several prisoners were set at liberty. Saturday 19, I visited many near Oxford-market and Grosvenor-square, and found God was still enlarging his work. More and more were convinced, converted to God, and built up day by day: and that, notwithstanding the weakness of the instruments by whom God was pleased to work.

Monday 21, I retired again to Lewisham, and wrote *Farther Thoughts on Christian Perfection.* Had the cautions given herein been observed, how much scandal had been prevented! And why were they not? Because my own familiar friend was even now forming a party against me.

Friday 25, We began as usual at four. A few days since, one who lived in known sin, finding heavy conviction, broke away, and ran out she knew not whither. She met one, who offered her a shilling a week, to come and take care of a child. She went gladly. The woman's husband, hearing her stir between three and four, began cursing and swearing bitterly. His wife said, "I wish thou wouldst go with her, and see if any thing will do *thee* good." He did so. In the first hymn God broke his heart, and he was in tears all the rest of the service. How soon did God recompense this poor woman, for taking the stranger in.

Saturday 26, I made a particular enquiry into the case of

Mary Special, a young woman then in Tottenham Court-road. She said, "Four years since, I found much pain in my breasts, and afterward, hard lumps. Four months ago, my left breast broke, and kept running continually. Growing worse and worse, after some time, I was recommended to St. George's Hospital. I was let blood many times, and took hemlock thrice a day; but I was no better, the pain and the lumps were the same, and both my breasts were quite hard, and black as soot: when yesterday se'n-night I went to Mr. Owen's, where there was a meeting for prayer. Mr. Bell saw me and asked, 'Have you faith to be healed?' I said, 'Yes.' He prayed for me, and in a moment all my pain was gone. But the next day, I felt a little pain again, I clapped my hands on my breasts, and cried out, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me whole.' It was gone: and from that hour I have had no pain, no soreness, no lumps, no swelling, but both my breasts were perfectly well, and I have been so ever since."

Now here are plain facts. 1, She *was* ill. 2, She *is* well. 3, She became so in a moment. Which of these can, with any modesty, be denied?

Tuesday 29, In order to remove some misunderstandings, I desired all the parties concerned to meet me. They did so; all but T——M——d, who flatly refused to come. Is this only the first step toward a *separation?* Alas for the man! alas for the * people!

Thursday 31, We concluded the year as usual, with a solemn watch-night. O may we conclude our lives in the same manner, blessing and praising God!

Friday, January 1, 1762. We had, I believe, pretty nearly two thousand of the Society at Spitalfields, in the evening, where Mr. Berridge, Maxfield, and Colley assisted me And we found God was in the midst, while we devoted ourselves to him in the most solemn and explicit manner.

Saturday 2, I set out for Everton, in order to supply Mr. Berridge's Church in his absence. In my way I preached

* N. B. These were the words I wrote at the time.

at Rood Farm, five and forty miles from London. Afterward, the moon shining bright, we had a pleasant ride to Everton. Sunday 3, I read prayers and preached morning and evening to a numerous and lively congregation. I found the people in general were more settled, than when I was here before. But they were in danger of running from East to West. Instead of thinking as many then did, that none possibly have true faith, but those that have trances or visions, they were now ready to think, that whoever had any thing of this kind, had no faith.

Monday 4, After preaching to a large congregation at Wrestlingworth, we rode on to Harston. I never preached a whole sermon by moon-light before. However, it was a solemn season of holy mourning to some; to others of joy unspeakable.

Tuesday 5, I preached at Harston at nine, and about eleven at Wiltstow, three miles farther, to a people just ripe for, *Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden.* In the afternoon, we set out for Stoke, on the edge of Suffolk. As we rode through Haverhill, we were saluted with one huzza, the mob of that town having no kindness for Methodists. But all was quiet at Stoke: for Sir H. A— will suffer no disturbance there. The congregation came from many miles round: and God was in the midst of them. Their hearty prayers went up on every side, and many felt the answer to them.

Wednesday 6, The largeness of the congregation at five, shewed they were not forgetful hearers. I preached longer than I am accustomed to do: but still they were not satisfied. Many crowded after me into the dwelling-house. After speaking a few words, I went to prayer. A cry began, and soon spread through the whole company, so that my voice was lost. Two seemed to be distressed above all the rest. We continued wrestling with God, till one of them had a good hope, and the other was *filled with joy and peace in believing.*

In the afternoon it blew a storm, by the favour of which we came into Haverhill quite unmolested. But notwithstanding wind and rain, the people crowded so fast into the

preaching-house, that I judged it best to begin half an hour before the time, by which means it contained the greater part of them. Although they that could not come in made a little noise, it was a solemn and a happy season.

Thursday 7, Abundance of them came again at five, and drank in every word. Here also many followed me into the house, and hardly knew how to part. At nine, I preached at Steeple-Bumstead, three miles from Haverhill, to a considerably larger congregation: and all were serious. Hence we rode for Barkway, four miles from Royston. The preaching-place was exceedingly large; yet it was well filled, and the people were wedged in as closely as possible. And many of them found, that God was there, to their unspeakable comfort.

Hence we rode to Barley, where I preached at one. A middle-aged woman dropped down at my side, and cried aloud for mercy. It was not long before God put a new song in her mouth. At six in the evening I preached at Melbourn. Here, too, God both wounded and healed. I laid hold, after preaching, on a poor backslider, who quickly melted into tears, and determined to return once more to him, from whom she had deeply revolted. Here I talked at large with one who thinks he is renewed in love. Perhaps he is: but his understanding is so small, his experience so peculiar, and his expressions so uncouth, that, I doubt, very few will receive his testimony.

Saturday 9, I rode to Potton. What has God wrought here, since I saw this town, twenty years ago! I could not then find a living Christian therein; but wild beasts in abundance. Now here are many who know in whom they have believed: and no one gives us an uncivil word! I preached at six to a very numerous and serious congregation. What have we to do to despair of any person or people?

Sunday 10, I preached at six in the morning to nearly the same congregation. I read prayers and preached, morning and afternoon, at Everton, and gave the sacrament to a large number of communicants. At four we took horse, and

reached Grandchester, a little before seven. Finding a little company met together, I spent half an hour with them exceeding comfortably: and, through the blessing of God, I was no more tired when I went to bed, than when I arose in the morning. Monday 11, the house was thoroughly filled at five, and that with serious and sensible hearers. I was sorry I had no more time at this place: especially as it was so near Cambridge, from whence many gentlemen used to come, when any clergyman preached: but my work was fixed: so I took horse soon after preaching, and rode to a village called Botsam-lode, seven miles from Cambridge. Here a large congregation was soon assembled: and I had no sooner named my text, *When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both*, then a murmur ran through the whole people, and many of them were in tears. This concern increased as I went on, so that none appeared to be unmoved. One just by me cried with a bitter cry: but in a short time she shouted for joy: so did several others; so that it was not easy to tell, whether more were wounded or comforted.

Hence we rode to Lakenheath, and passed a comfortable night. Tuesday 12, just as we set out, the storm, which had been very high all night, brought on impetuous rain. It was a good providence, 1, That we had now a firm, sandy road, not clay and miry fields, as yesterday. 2, That the wind was behind us: otherwise I believe it would have been impossible to go on. It was often ready to bear away man and beast. However, in the afternoon we came safe to Norwich.

Wednesday 10, We rested from our labour. How can they who never labour, taste the sweetness of rest? Friday 15, I preached at Yarmouth. Saturday 16, I transcribed the Society at Norwich. But two hundred of them I made no account of, as they met in no Class. About four hundred remained: half of whom appeared to be in earnest. Tuesday 19, I rode to Bury, and was glad to find a little, serious company still: but there cannot be much done here, till we preach abroad, or at least in the heart of the town.

We are now quite at one end; and the people will not come from the other till they have first *tasted the good word.* Thursday 21, I rode to Colchester, and found a quiet, loving, regular Society. After spending a day with them, on Saturday 22, I cheerfully returned to London.

Wednesday 27, I had a striking proof, that God *can* teach by whom he *will* teach. A man full of words, but not of understanding, convinced me of what I could never see before, that *anima est ex traduce:* that all the souls of his posterity, as well as their bodies, were in our first parent.

Friday, Feb. 5, I met at noon, as usual, those who believe they are saved from sin, and warned them of the *enthusiasm* which was breaking in, by means of two or three weak, though good men, who, from a misconstrued text in the *Revelation*, inferred, that they should not die. They received the warning in much love. However, this gave great occasion of triumph, to those who sought occasion, so that they rejoiced, as though they had found great spoil.

After preaching at Deptford, Welling, and Sevenoaks, on Tuesday and Wednesday I rode on to Sir Tho. I'Anson's, near Tunbridge, and between six and seven preached in his large parlour, which opens likewise into the hall. The plain people were all attention: if the seed be watered, surely there will be some fruit.

Sunday 14, I buried the remains of Thomas Salmon, a good and useful man. What was peculiar in his experience was, he did not know when he was justified: but he did know, when he was renewed in love, that work being wrought in a most distinct manner. After this he continued about a year, in constant love, joy, and peace. Then, after an illness of a few days, he cheerfully went to God. Monday 15, and the following days, I spent in transcribing the list of the Society. It never came up before to 2,400: Now it contains about 2,700 members.

Sunday 28, We had a peculiar blessing at Spitalfields, while I was enforcing, *Now is the day of salvation.*

Indeed there is always a blessing, when we cut off all delay, and come to God *now* by simple faith.

Friday, March 5, I had a long conversation with Joseph Rule, commonly called *the White Quaker*. He appeared to be a calm, loving, sensible man, and much devoted to God. Monday 8, I retired to Lewisham, to answer Dr. Horne's ingenious sermon on Justification by Works. O that I might dispute with no man! but if I *must* dispute, let it be with men of sense!

Thursday 11, I buried the remains of Mary Ramsey, a true daughter of affliction, worn out by a cancer in her breast, with a variety of other disorders. To these were added, for a time, great darkness of mind, the body pressing down the soul: yet she did not murmur or repine; much less charge God foolishly. It was not long before he restored the light of his countenance: and shortly after, she fell asleep.

Friday 12, The national fast, was observed all over London with great solemnity. Surely God is well pleased even with this acknowledgment, that he governs the world: and even the outward humiliation of a nation, may be rewarded with outward blessings.

Monday 15, I left London, though not without regret, and went slowly through the Societies to Bristol. Saturday 27, I heard a large account of the children near Lawford's-gate, which has made so much noise here. The facts are too glaring to be denied: but how are they to be accounted for? By natural, or supernatural agency? Contend who list about this.

Monday 22, I came to the New-Passage a little before nine. The rain and wind increased much while we were on the water: however, we were safe on shore at ten. I preached about twelve, in the New Room at Chepstow. One of the congregation was a neighbouring clergyman, who lived in the same stair-case with me at Christ-Church, and was then far more serious than I. Blessed be God, who has looked upon me at last! *Now* let me redeem the time!

In the afternoon we had such a storm of hail, as I

scarcely ever saw in my life. The roads likewise were so extremely bad, that we did not reach Hereford till past eight. Having been well battered both by hail, rain, and wind, I got to bed as soon as I could, but was waked many times by the clattering of the curtains: In the morning, I found the casement wide open: but I was never the worse. I took horse at six, with William Crane, and Francis Walker. The wind was piercingly cold, and we had many showers of snow and rain: but the worst was, part of the road was scarcely passable. So that at Church-Stretton, one of our horses lay down, and would go no farther. However, William Crane and I pushed on, and before seven reached Shrewsbury. A large company quickly gathered together, many of them were wild enough: but the far greater part were calm and attentive, and came again at five in the morning.

Wednesday 30, Having been invited to preach at Wem, Mrs. Glynne desired she might take me thither in a post-chaise: but in little more than an hour, we were fast enough. However, the horses pulled, till the traces broke. I should then have walked on, had I been alone, tho' the mud was deep, and the snow drove impetuously: but I could not leave my friend. So I waited patiently, till the man had made shift to mend the traces. And the horses pulled amain: so that with much ado, not long after the time appointed, I came to Wem.

I came: but the person who invited me was gone: gone out of town at four in the morning. And I could find no one who seemed either to expect or desire my company. I enquired after the place where Mr. Mather preached: but it was filled with hemp. It remained only to go into the market-house: but neither any man, woman, nor child cared to follow us; the north-wind roared so loud on every side, and poured in from every quarter: however, before I had done singing, two or three crept in, and after them, two or three hundred. And the power of God was so present among them, that, I believe, many forgot the storm. The wind grew still higher in the afternoon, so that it was difficult to sit our horses. And it blew full in our faces, but

could not prevent our reaching Chester in the evening. Though the warning was short, the room was full: and full of serious, earnest hearers; many of whom expressed a longing desire for the whole salvation of God.

Here I rested on Thursday. Friday, April 1, I rode to Park-gate, and found several ships: but the wind was contrary. I preached at five in the small house they have just built: and the hearers were remarkably serious. I gave notice of preaching at five in the morning. But at half an hour after four, one brought us word that the wind was come fair, and Captain Jordan would sail in less than an hour. We were soon in the ship, wherein we found about threescore passengers. The sun shone bright, the wind was moderate, the sea smooth, and we wanted nothing but room to stir ourselves: the cabin being filled with hops, so that we could not get into it, but by climbing over them, on our hands and knees. In the afternoon we were abreast of Holyhead: but the scene was quickly changed: the wind rose higher and higher, and by seven o'clock blew a storm. The sea broke over us continually, and sometimes covered the ship, which both pitched and rolled in an uncommon manner: so I was informed; for being a little sick, I lay down at six, and slept with little intermission, till nearly six in the morning. We were then near Dublin-Bay, where we went into a boat, which carried us to Dunlary. There we met with a chaise just ready, in which we went to Dublin.

I found much liberty of spirit in the evening while I was enforcing, *Now is the day of salvation.* The congregation was uncommonly large in the morning; and seemed to be much alive. Many children, I find, are *brought to the birth.* And shall there not be strength to bring forth?

It was at this time that Mr. Grimshaw fell asleep. He was born, September 3, 1708, at Brindle, six miles south of Preston in Lancashire, and educated at the schools of Blackburn and Heskin, in the same county. Even then the thoughts of death and judgment made some impression upon him. At eighteen he was admitted at Christ's-College in Cambridge. Here bad example so carried him away, that for more than

two years he seemed utterly to have lost all sense of seriousness: which did not revive till the day he was ordained deacon, in the year 1731. On that day he was much affected with the sense of the importance of the ministerial office. And this was increased by his conversing with some at Rochdale, who met once a week to read, and sing, and pray. But on his removal to Todmorden soon after, he quite dropped his pious acquaintance, conformed to the world, followed all its diversions, and contented himself with "doing his *duty*" on Sundays.

But about the year 1734, he began to think seriously again. He left off all his diversions: he began to catechise the young people, to preach the absolute necessity of a devout life; and to visit his people, not in order to be merry with them as before, but to press them to seek the salvation of their souls.

At this period also, he began himself to pray in secret four times a day. And the God of all grace, who prepared his heart to pray, soon gave the answer to his prayer: not indeed as he expected; not in joy or peace, but by bringing upon him very strong and painful convictions of his own guilt, and helplessness, and misery: by discovering to him what he did not suspect before, that his heart was deceitful and desperately wicked; and what was more afflicting still, that all his duties and labours could not procure him pardon, or gain him a title to eternal life. In this trouble he continued more than three years, not acquainting any one with the distress he suffered; till one day, (in 1742) being in the utmost agony of mind, there was clearly represented to him, Jesus Christ pleading for him with God the Father, and gaining a free pardon for him. In that moment all his fears vanished away, and he was filled with joy unspeakable. "I was now," says he, "willing to renounce myself, and to embrace Christ for my all in all. O what light and comfort did I enjoy in my own soul, and what a taste of the pardoning love of God!"

All this time he was an entire stranger to the people called *Methodists*, whom afterwards he thought it his duty to coun-

tenance, and to labour with them in his neighbourhood. He was an entire stranger also to all their writings; till he came to Haworth, May 26, of the same year. And the good effects of his preaching soon became visible. Many of his flock were brought into deep concern for salvation, and were, in a little time after, filled with peace and joy through believing. And, as in ancient times, the whole congregation have been often seen in tears, on account of their provocations against God, and under a sense of his goodness in yet sparing them.

His lively manner of representing the truths of God could not fail of being much talked of, and bringing many hundreds out of curiosity to Haworth Church: who received so much benefit by what they heard, that when the novelty was long over, the Church continued to be full of people, many of whom came from far, and this for twenty years together.

Mr. Grimshaw was now too happy himself in the knowledge of Christ, to rest satisfied, without taking every method, he thought likely to spread the knowledge of his God and Saviour. And as the very indigent constantly make their want of better clothes to appear in, an excuse for not coming to Church in the day time, he contrived, for them chiefly, a lecture on Sunday evenings, though he had preached twice in the day before. God was pleased to give great success to these attempts, which animated him still more to spend and be spent for Christ. So the next year he began a method, which was continued by him for ever after; of preaching in each of the four hamlets he had under his care, three times every month. By this means the old and infirm, who could not attend the Church, had the truth of God brought to their houses; and many, who were so profane as to make the distance from the house of God a reason for scarcely ever coming to it, were allured to hear. By this time, the great labour with which he instructed his own people; the holiness of his conversation, and the benefit, which very many from the neighbouring parishes had obtained by attending his ministry, concurred to bring upon him many earnest intreaties to come to their houses, who

lived in neighbouring parishes, and expound the word of God to souls as ignorant as they had been themselves. This request he did not dare to refuse: so that while he provided abundantly for his own flock, he annually found opportunity of preaching nearly three hundred times, to congregations in other parts. And for a course of fifteen years, or upwards, he used to preach every week, fifteen, twenty, and sometimes thirty times, besides visiting the sick, and other occasional duties of his function. It is not easy to ascribe such unwearied diligence, chiefly among the poor, to any motive but the real one. He thought he would never keep silence, while he could speak to the honour of that God, who had done so much for his soul. And while he saw sinners perishing for lack of knowledge, and no one breaking to them the bread of life, he was constrained, notwithstanding the reluctance he felt within, to give up his name to still greater reproach, as well as all his time and strength, to the work of the ministry.

During this intense application to what was the delight of his heart, God was exceedingly favourable to him. In sixteen years he was only once suspended from his labour by sickness, though he dared all weathers, upon the bleak mountains, and used his body with less compassion, than a merciful man would use his beast. His soul at various times enjoyed large manifestations of God's love; and he drank deep into his spirit. His cup ran over, and at some seasons, his faith was so strong, and his hope so abundant, that higher degrees of spiritual delight would have overpowered his mortal frame.

In this manner Mr. Grimshaw employed all his powers and talents even to his last illness. And his labours were not in vain in the Lord. He saw an effectual change take place in many of his flock; and a restraint from the commission of sin brought upon the parish in general. He saw the name of Jesus exalted, and many souls happy in the knowledge of him, and walking as became the Gospel. Happy he was himself, in being kept by the power of God, unblamable in his conversation. Happy in being beloved in several of the

last years of his life, by every one in his parish; who, whether they would be persuaded by him to forsake the evil of their ways, or not, had no doubt that Mr. Grimshaw was their cordial friend. Hence, at his departure, a general concern was visible through his parish. Hence his body was interred with what is more ennobling than all the pomp of a royal funeral: for he was followed to the grave by a great multitude, with affectionate sighs, and many tears; who cannot still hear his much-loved name, without weeping for the guide of their souls, to whom each of them was as dear as children to their father.

His behaviour, throughout his last sickness, was of a piece with the last twenty years of his life; from the very first attack of his fever, he welcomed its approach. His intimate knowledge of Christ, abolished all the reluctance nature feels to a dissolution, and triumphing in him, who is the resurrection and the life, he departed April 7, in the 55th year of his age, and the 21st of eminent usefulness.

It may not be unacceptable to subjoin here one of his plain, rough letters, to the Society in London.

"My dear Brethren, *Haworth, Jan.* 9, 1760.

"Grace, mercy, and peace be to you, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus.——It is well with four sorts of people, that you have had, or now have, to do with. ——It is well with those of you *in Christ, who are gone to God.*——It is well with those of you *in Christ, who are not gone to God.*——It is well with those, who earnestly *long to be in Christ*, that they may go to God.——It is well for those, who *neither desire to be in Christ, nor go to God.* ——And it is only bad with such, who, being out of Christ, are gone to the devil.——These it is best to let alone, and say no more about them.

"But to be sure, it is well with the other four.—It is well with those of you, who, being *in Christ, are gone to God.*—You, ministers and members of Christ, have no more doubt, or pain about them.—They are now, and for ever, out of the reach of the world, flesh, and devil.—They are

gone, *where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.*—They are sweetly reposed in *Abraham's* bosom.—They dwell in his presence, who hath redeemed them, where *there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.*—They are waiting the joyful morning of the resurrection, when their vile bodies shall be made like unto his glorious body, shall be re-united to their souls, shall receive the joyful sentence, and *inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.*

"It is well also with those of you, who are *in Christ, though not gone to God.*—You live next door to them.—Heaven is begun with you too.—The kingdom of God is within you.—You feel it.—This is a kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—It is begun in grace and shall terminate in glory.—Yea, it is Christ within you the hope of glory.—Christ the rock, the foundation, laid in your hearts.—Hope in the middle, and glory at the top. Christ, hope, glory; Christ, hope, glory.—You are washed in the blood of the Lamb, justified, sanctified; and shall shortly be glorified.—Yea, your lives are already *hid with Christ in God.*—You have your conversation already in heaven.—Already you *sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.*—What heavenly sentences are these!—What can come nearer paradise?—Bless the Lord, O ye happy souls, and let all that is within you bless his holy name.—Sing unto the Lord, so long as you live, and praise your God, while you have your being.—And how long will that be? Through the endless ages of a glorious eternity.

"O my dear brothers and sisters, this is my hope, and this is my purpose.—But to whom and to what are we indebted for all this, and infinitely more than all the tongues and hearts of men or angels can tell or conceive?—To our Redeemer only, and to his merits.—Christ within us is Jesus to us.—We were poor, lost, helpless sinners, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and children of wrath.—But Jesus lived, and Jesus died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to the enjoyment of it.

"And what does all this require at our hands? Why,

infinitely more than we can render him to all eternity.—However, let us praise and glorify God in the best manner, and with the best member that we have.—Let us do it constantly, cordially, cheerfully, so long as we live; and then no doubt we shall do it in heaven for ever.

"Keep close, I beseech you, to every means of grace. Strive to walk in all the ordinances and commandments of God blameless, giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure: add to your faith virtue; to virtue knowledge; to knowledge temperance; to temperance patience; to patience godliness; to godliness brotherly kindness; to brotherly kindness charity.—For *if these things*, says St. *Peter, be in you, and abound, they make you that you shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.*—Thus you will give the best token of your thankfulness to him, for what he hath done for your souls; and you shall not long hence in heaven, sing his praise with your happy brethren, gone thither before you.

"It is well likewise with all those of you, who do truly *desire to be in Christ*, that you may go to God.—Surely he owns you.—Your desires are from him: you shall enjoy his favour. By and by you shall have peace with him through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Go forth by the footsteps of the flock: and feed ye by the shepherd's tents.—Be constant in every means of grace. He will be found of them that diligently seek him.—Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.—Though your sins be ever so many, ever so monstrous, all shall be forgiven.—He will have mercy upon you, and will abundantly pardon. For where sin hath abounded, grace doth much more abound.—He who hath begun this good work in you will accomplish it to your eternal good, and his eternal glory.—Therefore doubt not, fear not. A broken and a contrite heart God will not despise. The deeper is your sorrow, the nearer is your joy. Your extremity is God's opportunity.—It is usually darkest before day-break.—You shall shortly find pardon, peace, and plenteous redemption, and at last rejoice in the common and glorious salvation of his saints.

"And lastly; it is well for you, who *neither truly desire to be in Christ*, nor to go to God.—For it is well for you that you are out of hell.—It is well your day of grace is not utterly past.—Behold, now is your accepted time: Behold, now is the day of your salvation! O that you may employ the remainder of it in working out your salvation with fear and trembling. Now is faith to be had, saving faith.—Now you may be washed from all your sins in the Redeemer's blood, justified, sanctified, and prepared for heaven.—Take, I beseech you, the time while the time is.—You have now the means of grace to use;—the ordinances of God to enjoy;—his word to read and hear;—his ministers to instruct you, and his members to converse with.—You know not what a day may bring forth.—You may die suddenly.—As death leaves you, judgment will find you.—And if you die as you are, *out of Christ*, void of true faith, unregenerate, unsanctified, snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest God will rain upon you, Ps. xi. 6, as your eternal, intolerable portion to drink.

"Suffer me therefore thus far, one and all of you. God's glory and your everlasting welfare is all I aim at.—What I look for in return from you, is, I confess much more than I deserve, your prayers. Pray for me and I will pray for you, who am,

"Your affectionate brother,

"W. GRIMSHAW."

Friday 9, (being Good-Friday) I had almost lost my voice by a cold. However, I spoke as I could, till before twelve, (it being a watch-night) I could speak nearly as well as ever. On Easter-day we had uncommon congregations, as indeed we have had all the week. And I observed a more stayed and solid behaviour in most, than is usual in this kingdom. Monday and Tuesday I was employed in visiting the Classes: and I was much comforted among them: there was such a hunger and thirst in all who had tasted of the grace of God, after a full renewal in his image. Sunday 18, As often as I have been here, I never saw the

house thoroughly filled before. And the multitude did not come together in vain. I think, many will remember this day.

Monday 19, I left Dublin. And I could look back with satisfaction on the days I had spent therein. I had reason to believe, that God had been at work in a very uncommon manner. Many of those who once contradicted and blasphemed, were now convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus. Many who had long revolted from God, had returned to him with full purpose of heart. Several mourners had found peace with God, and some believe, he has saved them from all sin. Many more are all on fire for this salvation: and a spirit of love runs through the whole people.

I came in the evening to Newry, where I found a far different face of things. Offences had broken the Society in pieces, only two and thirty being left of nearly a hundred: but God has a few names left here also. Let these stand firm, and God will maintain his own cause. Wednesday 21, I rode to Carrickfergus. The violent rain kept away the delicate and curious hearers. For the sake of these I delayed the morning preaching until a quarter before nine. But it was too early still for a great part of the town, who could not possibly rise before ten. I added a few members to the Society, and left them in peace and love.

Where to preach in Belfast, I did not know. It was too wet to preach abroad. And a dancing-master was busily employed in the upper part of the market-house; till at twelve, the sovereign drove him out, by holding his court there. While he was above, I began below, to a very serious and attentive audience. But they were all poor: the rich of Belfast *cared for none of these things*. After dinner we rode to New-town, and found another poor, shattered Society, reduced from fifty to eighteen members, and most of those cold enough. In the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-house, on *I will heal their backsliding*. God fulfilled his word. Many were healed, and many more deeply wounded. I had full employment among them the next day. And on Saturday 24, I left between

thirty and forty members, full of desire and hope, and earnest resolutions, not to be *almost, but altogether Christians.*

About ten I preached at Comber, and then rode to Lisburn, where in the evening I had many rich and genteel hearers. Sunday 25, the congregation was larger in the morning than the evening before. And many appeared to be deeply wounded: O may none heal their wound slightly. But far the largest congregation of all met in the evening: and yet I saw not a scoffer, no, nor a trifler among them.

Monday 26, In the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-house at Lurgan. I now embraced the opportunity which I had long desired, of talking with Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue, which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man, standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock, which stood on the other side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round on the company, and then said, with a clear, loud, articulate voice, "Past one, two, three," and so on. But so many came to see this (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend his own business. So, as none offered to purchase it, or to reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine in pieces: nor has he any thought of ever making any thing of the kind again.

Tuesday 27, I preached in Lurgan at five, in Terryhugan at ten, and at two in the market-house at Rich-hill. I have rarely seen so serious a congregation at a new place. At six I preached in the new preaching house at Clanmain, the largest in the north of Ireland. And the people were all alive, being stirred up by Mr. Ryan, once an attorney, but now living upon his own estate.

Wednesday 28, The rain kept off the curious hearers, so that we had few in the evening, but earnest souls: after ser-

mon we had a love-feast, it was a wonderful time. God poured out his Spirit abundantly. Many were filled with consolation, particularly two, who had come from Lisburn, (three and twenty Irish miles) one a lifeless backslider, the other a girl of sixteen, who had been some time slightly convinced of sin. God restored him to the light of his countenance, and gave her a clear evidence of his love: and indeed in so uncommon a manner, that it seemed, her soul was all love. One of our brethren was constrained openly to declare, he believed God had wrought *this change* in him. I trust he will not lightly cast away the gift which God has given him. In the morning I left them rejoicing and praising God, and rode to Monaghan.

The commotions in Munster having now alarmed all Ireland, we had hardly alighted, when some wise persons informed the Provost, there were three strange sort of men come to the King's Arms. So the Provost, with his officers, came without delay, to secure the north from so imminent a danger. I was just come out, when I was required to return into the house. The Provost asked me many questions, and perhaps the affair might have turned serious, had I not had two letters with me, which I had lately received, one from the Bishop of Londonderry, the other from the Earl of Moira. Upon reading these, he excused himself for the trouble he had given, and wished me a good journey.

Between six and seven I preached at Coot-hill, and in the morning rode on to Enniskillen: the situation of which is both pleasant and strong, as it is surrounded by a deep and broad river. But fortifications it has none; no, nor so much as an old castle. The inhabitants glory that they have no Papist in the town.

After riding round and round, we came in the evening to a lone house, called Carrick-a-biggan. It lay in the midst of horrid mountains; and had no very promising appearance. However it afforded corn for our horses, and potatoes for ourselves. So we made a hearty supper, called in as many as pleased of the family to prayers, and though we

had no fastening either for our door or our windows, slept in peace.

Saturday, May 1, We took horse at five. The north-east wind would have suited the first of January. And we had soaking rain on the black mountains. However, before noon we came well to Sligo.

None in Sligo, when I was there last, professed so much love to me as Mr. K——'s family. They would willingly have had me with them morning, noon, and night, and omitted no possible mark of affection. But what a change! Mrs. K—— went into the Country, the day before I came. Her brother and his wife set out for Dublin, at the same time. He himself, and the rest of his family saw me, that is, at Church, because they could not help it;

> "But wonder'd at the strange man's face,
> "As one they ne'er had known."

I am sorry for *their* sake, not my own. Perhaps they may wish to see me, when it is too late. Sunday 2, I preached in the market-house, morning and evening. Abundance of the dragoons were there: so were many of the officers, who behaved with uncommon seriousness.

Monday 3, In the evening a company of players began acting in the upper part of the market-house, just as we began singing in the lower. The case of these is remarkable. The Presbyterians for a long time had their public worship here. But when the strollers came to town, they were turned out: and from that time had no public worship at all. On Tuesday evening the lower part too was occupied by buyers and sellers of oatmeal. But as soon as I began, the people quitted their sacks, and listened to business of greater importance.

On the following days, I preached at Carrick on Shannon, Drummersnave, Cleg-hill, Longford, and Abidarrig. Saturday 8, calling on a friend in our way, we had not sat down, before several of the neighbours, Papists as well as Protestants, came in, supposing I was to preach. I was not

willing to disappoint them: and they all listened with deep attention.

Hence I rode to Athlone. I intended on Sunday 9, to preach abroad as usual: but the sharp wind made it impracticable, and obliged me to keep in the house. The congregations however were large, both morning and evening; and I found a little fruit of my labour. Thursday 13, I was in hopes even the Papists here had at length a shepherd who cared for their souls. He was stricter than any of his predecessors, and was esteemed a man of piety as well as learning. Accordingly he had given them strict orders, not to *work* on the Lord's day. But I found he allowed them to *play*, as much as they pleased, at cards in particular: nay, and averred, "It was their *duty* so to do," to "refresh both their bodies and minds." Alas, for the blind leader of the blind! Has not *he* the greater sin?

Sunday 16, I had observed to the Society last week, that I had not seen one congregation ever in Ireland, behave so ill at Church as that at Athlone, laughing, talking, and staring about during the whole service. I had added, "This is *your* fault: for if you had attended the Church as you ought to have done, *your* presence and example would not have failed to influence the whole congregation." And so it appeared. I saw not one to-day either laughing, talking, or staring about: but a remarkable seriousness was spread, from the one end of the Church to the other.

Monday 17, I preached at Ahaskra, to all the Protestants in or near the town. But their priests would not suffer the Papists to come. What could a magistrate do in this case? Doubtless he might tell the priest, "Sir, as you *enjoy* liberty of conscience, you shall *allow* it to others. You are not persecuted yourself. You shall not persecute them." Tuesday 18, I preached at Ballinasloʼ, about ten in the morning, and in the evening at Aughrim. Thursday 20, I rode on to Hollymount. The sun was extremely hot, so that I was much exhausted. But after a little rest, I preached in the Church-yard, without any weariness.

Friday 21, I preached at Balcarrow Church at ten, to a

deeply serious congregation, and in the Court-house at Castlebar in the evening. Sunday 23, the chief family in the town made a part of our congregation. And whether they received any benefit thereby or not, their example may bring others, who *will* receive it.

Monday 24, I went with two friends, to see one of the greatest natural wonders in Ireland, Mount Eagle, vulgarly called Crow-Patrick. The foot of it is fourteen miles from Castlebar. There we left our horses, and procured a guide. It was just twelve when we alighted; the sun was burning hot, and we had not a breath of wind. Part of the ascent was a good deal steeper than an ordinary pair of stairs. About two we gained the top, which is an oval, grassy plain, about a hundred and fifty yards in length, and seventy or eighty in breadth. The upper part of the mountain much resembles the Peak of Teneriff. I think, it cannot rise much less than a mile perpendicular from the plain below. There is an immense prospect, on one side toward the sea, and on the other over the land. But as most of it is waste and uncultivated, the prospect is not very pleasing.

At seven in the evening I preached at Newport, and at six in the morning. I then returned to Newport, and began reading prayers at ten. After sermon I had a little conversation with Lord Westport, an extremely sensible man, and would gladly have stayed with him longer, but that I had promised to be at Castlebar. Where in the evening I preached my farewel sermon, to a numerous congregation.

Wednesday 26, We took horse at four, to enjoy the cool of the morning. At seven the sun was warm enough. I verily think as warm as in Georgia. We could not have borne it, but the wind was in our faces. However, in the afternoon we got well to Galway. There was a small Society here, and (what is not common) all of them were young women. Between seven and eight I began preaching in the Court-house, to a mixed multitude of Papists and Protestants, rich and poor, who appeared to be utterly astonished. At five in the morning I preached again, and spoke as plainly as

I possibly could. But to the far greater part it seemed to be only *as the sound of many waters.*

Thursday 27, We had another Georgian day. But having the wind again full in our faces, after riding about fifty English miles, we got well to Ennis in the afternoon. Many being ready to make a disturbance at the Court-house, I left them to themselves, and preached over against Mr. Bindon's house, in great quietness.

Friday 28, I was informed, that a few days before, two of Mr. B—'s maids went to bathe, (as the women here frequently do) in the river near his house. The water was not above a yard deep; but there was a deep hole at a little distance. As one of them dashed water at the other, she endeavouring to avoid it, slipped into the hole, and the first striving to help her, slipped in too: nor was either of them seen any more, till their bodies floated upon the water. Yet after some hours, one of them was brought to life: but the other could not be recovered.

The violent heat, which had continued for eight days, was now at an end, the wind turning north. So on Saturday 29, we had a pleasant ride to Limerick. Sunday 30, I preached in the old camp. The pleasantness of the place, the calmness of the evening, and the convenient distance from the town, all conspired to draw the people together, who flocked from every quarter. Many officers, as well as abundance of soldiers were among them, and behaved with the utmost decency. I preached the following evenings at the same place, and that in great measure for the sake of the soldiers, it being within a musket-shot of the place where they were exercising. Nay, two evenings an officer ordered a large body to exercise on the very spot. But the moment I began, they laid down their arms, and joined the rest of the congregation.

Friday, June 5, I preached at noon in Balligarane, to a large congregation, chiefly of Palatines. And so at Newmarket in the evening, and the morning following. These have quite a different look from the natives of the Country, as well as a different temper. They are a serious, thinking

people. And their diligence turns all their land into a garden.

Monday 7, I met a large number of children, just as much acquainted with God, and with the things of God, as *a wild ass's colt*, and just as much concerned about them. And yet, who can believe, that these pretty little creatures, have *the wrath of God abiding on them?* Numberless crowds ran together about this time, to see the execution of the poor deserter. And I believe some of them retained serious impressions, for nearly four and twenty hours! But it was not so with the soldiers: although they walked one by one, close to the bleeding, mangled carcase, most of them were as merry within six hours, as if they had only seen a puppet-shew.

Tuesday 8, I visited the Classes, and wondered to find no witness of the great salvation. Surely the flame which is kindled in Dublin, will not stop there: the next evening God did indeed kindle it here: a cry went up on every side: and the lively believers seemed all on fire, to be *cleansed from all unrighteousness*. On Friday and Saturday I had much conversation with a very noted person. But I found none in town who expected, that any good could be done, to such a sinner as he! *Such a sinner?* Why, were we not all *such?* We were *dead in sin*. And is he more than dead?

Sunday 13, Being informed I had shot over the heads of the soldiers, who did not "understand any thing but hell and damnation," I took my leave of them this evening, by strongly applying the story of Dives and Lazarus. They seemed to understand this: and all, but two or three boy-officers, behaved as men fearing God.

Monday 14, I rode to Cork. Here I procured an exact account of the late commotions. About the beginning of December last, a few men met by night near Nenagh, in the county of Limerick, and threw down the fences of some commons, which had been lately inclosed. Near the same time others met, in the county of Tipperary, of Waterford, and of Cork. As no one offered to suppress or hinder them,

they increased in number continually, and called themselves White-boys, wearing white cockades, and white linen frocks. In February there were five or six parties of them, two or three hundred men in each, who moved up and down, chiefly in the night; but for what end did not appear. Only they levelled a few fences, dug up some grounds, and hamstrung some cattle, perhaps fifty or sixty in all. One body of them came into Cloheen, of about five hundred foot, and two hundred horse. They moved as exactly as regular troops, and appeared to be thoroughly disciplined. They now sent letters to several gentlemen, threatning to pull down their houses. They compelled every one they met to take an oath, "to be true to Queen Sive (whatever that meant) and the White-boys: not to reveal their secrets, and to join them when called upon." It was supposed, eight or ten thousand were now actually risen, many of them well-armed: and that a far greater number were ready to rise, whenever they should be called upon. Those who refused to swear, they threatened to bury alive. Two or three they did bury up to the neck and left them; where they must quickly have perished, had they not been found in time by some travelling by. At length, toward Easter, a body of troops, chiefly light horse, were sent against them. Many were apprehended and committed to gaol: the rest of them disappeared. This is the plain, naked fact, which has been so variously represented.

Thursday 17, I rode about thirty English miles, through a pleasant and well-cultivated Country to Youghall. It is finely situated on the side of a hill, so as to command a wide sea-prospect. I preached in the evening at the Exchange. Abundance of people attended: as did the far greater part of them, at five o'clock in the morning. I returned to Cork on Friday. Sunday 20, at the desire of Captain Taylor, I went to Passage, and preached to many of the town's people, and as many of the sailors as could attend. On Monday and Tuesday I visited the Classes, and observed what was very uncommon; in two years there was neither any increase, nor any decrease in this Society. Two

hundred and thirty three members I left, and two hundred and thirty three I find.

Thursday 24, I rode to Kingsale and preached in the Exchange, to a considerable number of attentive hearers. In the afternoon I rode to Bandon, and found the Society much lessened, and dead enough. Yet the congregation in the main-street was remarkably large, as well as deeply attentive: so it was on Friday. Saturday 26, I visited the Classes, and exhorted them to *be zealous and repent.* The word sunk into their hearts: so that when we met in the evening, they did not seem to be the same persons. They appeared to breathe quite another spirit, every one stirring up his neighbour. I know not when I have seen so deep and general an impression made in so short a time.

Sunday 27, I returned to Cork, and in the afternoon preached on the Barrack-hill. The congregation was such, as I had not seen at Cork, for at least twelve years. One soldier made some noise: but the commanding officer soon ordered him into custody. The top of the walls, being covered with soldiers, made a solemn appearance. Let this preaching be continued, and the work of God will quickly revive at Cork.

On Monday and Tuesday the congregation at the house was far larger than on any week-day before: and there was much life among the people, who perhaps were increased by the epidemic disorder. This generally attacked first the head; afterward the throat and the breast. Mr. Jones, who had been drooping for some time, was seized with this three weeks since. While I was at Youghal, he sent for a physician, who applied a blister to his head. In two or three days a second physician was called in: who told his relations, he was better and better. Returning from Bandon, and observing what was prescribed, I could not help saying, "When a fever neither intermits, nor remits, the bark is no better than poison." At hearing this, the doctors were much displeased, and declared again, "He was a great deal better." On Wednssday morning a little before two, his spirit returned to God.

So died honest Thomas Jones, *secundum artem!* A man whom God raised from nothing, by a blessing on his unwearied diligence, to a plentiful fortune. Yet, when riches increased on every side, he did not set his heart upon them. Some years since he retired from business, but was still fully employed in building and in doing good. His natural temper was rough, and so was his speech, which occasioned him many trials: but notwithstanding this, he was generous and compassionate, and never weary of well-doing. From the beginning of his illness, he was continually in prayer: for some time with much fear and distress: but I saw no signs of this, after I came from Bandon: I believe his fears were then all scattered; and he waited with calm, though earnest desire, for the salvation of God.

Wednesday 30, I rode to Limerick. I had promised to come again, if our brethren found a convenient place in which to build a preaching-house. One now offered, proper in all respects. Saturday, July 3, I met the Society, and enquired, what each was willing to subscribe; a considerable sum was subscribed immediately.

Sunday 4, Was a day of solemn joy, equal to any I had seen in Dublin. At the love-feast in the evening it appeared, that God had now visited Limerick also. Five persons desired to return thanks to God, for a clear sense of his pardoning love: several others, for an increase of faith, and for deliverance from doubts and fears: and two gave a plain, simple account, of the manner wherein God had cleansed their hearts, so that they now felt no anger, pride, or self-will, but continual love, and prayer, and peace.

Monday 5, I rode to Clonmell, and preached in the evening, near the Barrack-gate, to a wild, staring multitude, many of whom would have been rude enough; but they stood in awe of the soldiers. Tuesday 6, I rode to Carrick-on-Suir. Having been informed, there was one family here also, wherein both the man and his wife feared God, I immediately sent to the house. The woman presently came; from whom I learned, that her husband died the Saturday

before, and left her with nothing but four little children, and an unshaken confidence in God. Her words, her look, her whole carriage were of a piece, and shewed the dignity of Christian sorrow. I could not but admire, that God should send *me* just at such a time! and her tears were turned into tears of joy.

In the evening I preached at Waterford, in a court, adjoining to the main street. Wednesday 7, four of the White-boys, lately condemned for breaking open houses, were executed. They were all, notwithstanding the absolution of their priest, ready to die for fear of death. Two or three of them laid fast hold on the ladder, and could not be *persuaded* to let it go. One in particular gave such violent shrieks, as might be heard nearly a mile off. O what but love can cast out the fear of death: and how inexpressibly miserable is that bondage!

On this and the two following days, God remembered poor Waterford also. Several backsliders were healed; many awoke out of sleep: and some mightily rejoiced in God their Saviour.

Saturday 10, We rode to Kilkenny, one of the pleasantest, and the most antient cities in the kingdom: and not inferior to any at all in wickedness, or in hatred to *this way*. I was therefore glad of a permission to preach in the town-hall; where a small, serious company attended in the evening. Sunday 11, I went to the Cathedral, one of the best built which I have seen in Ireland. The pillars are all of black marble. But the late Bishop ordered them to be white-washed! Indeed marble is so plentiful near this town, that the very streets are paved with it.

At six in the evening I began preaching in the old bowling-green near the castle. Abundance of people, protestants and papists, gathered from all parts. They were very still during the former part of the sermon. Then the Papists ran together, set up a shout, and would have gone further: but they were restrained, they knew not how. I turned to them and said, "Be silent, or be gone!" Their noise ceased, and we heard them no more. So I resumed

and went on with my discourse, and concluded without interruption. When I came out of the Green, they gathered again and gnashed upon me with their teeth. One cried out, "O what is Kilkenny come to!" But they could go no farther. Only two or three large stones were thrown: but none was hurt, save he that threw them. For as he was going to throw again, one seized him by the neck, and gave him a kick and a cuff, which spoiled his diversion.

Monday 12, I went to Dunmore cave, three or four miles from Kilkenny. It is full as remarkable as Poole's hole, or any other in the Peak. The opening is round, parallel to the horizon, and 70 or 80 yards across. In the midst of this, there is a kind of arch, 20 or 30 feet high: by this you enter into the first cave, nearly round, and 40 or 50 feet in diameter. It is encompassed with spar stones, just like those on the sides of Poole's hole. On one side of the cave is a narrow passage, which goes under the rock two or three hundred yards: on the other, an hollow, which no one has ever been able to find an end of. I suppose this hole too, as well as many others, was formed by the waters of the deluge, retreating into the great abyss, with which probably it communicates.

Tuesday 13, I rode to Birr: about forty persons attended in the evening, and half as many in the morning. I saw there was but one way to do any good; so in the evening I preached abroad. I had then hundreds of hearers, and God himself spoke to many a cold heart. The next morning at five, the room was full, and light sprung out of darkness: so that many poor, withered souls, began to revive, and rejoice again in God their Saviour.

Thursday 15, I took my old standing in the Market-place at Mountmellick: but the next evening the rain drove us into the Market-house. Afterward we had a joyful love-feast. Indeed hitherto God has been pleased, to mark all our way with blessings.

Saturday 17, I went on to poor dead Portarlington: and

no wonder it should be so, while the preachers coop themselves up in a room with twenty or thirty hearers. I went straight to the Market-place, and cried aloud, *Hearken! Behold, a sower went forth to sow;* God made his word *quick and powerful, and sharp as a two-edged sword.* Abundantly more than the room could contain were present, at five in the morning. At eight I began in the Market-place again, on *How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?* Solemn attention sat on every face, and God repeated his call to many hearts.

In the evening I preached in the Market-place at Tullamore. Monday 19, between two and three in the morning, was such thunder and lightning as I never knew in Europe. The crack and the flash were in the same instant. Most of the houses shook: and yet no hurt was done in the whole town: but some good was done; for at five o'clock, the preaching-house was quite filled: and the *inward voice of the Lord* was *mighty in operation:* This also was *a glorious voice!*

Tuesday 20, We had our quarterly meeting at Coolylough. On Wednesday, I preached at Clara: Thursday 22, at Tyrrel's-pass, and on Friday went on to Eden-derry. Here I found some who had been long labouring in the fire, and toiling to *work themselves* into holiness. To shew them a more excellent way, I preached on Rom. x. 6, 7, 8. They found this was the very thing they wanted: and at the meeting of the Society, God confirmed the word of his grace in so powerful a manner, that many wondered, how they could help believing.

Saturday 24, I rode to Dublin, and found the flame not only continuing, but increasing. The congregation used to be small on Saturday night; but it was as large now, as formerly on Sunday. Monday 26, at five in the morning, the congregation was larger than it used to be in the evening: and in these two days and a half, four persons gave thanks, for a sense of God's pardoning mercy: and seven (among whom were a mother and her daughter) for being *perfected in love.*

The person by whom chiefly it had pleased God, to work this wonderful work, was John Manners, a plain man, of middling sense, and not eloquent, but rather rude in speech: one who had never before been remarkably useful, but seemed to be raised up for this single work: and as soon as it was done, he fell into a consumption, languished a while, and died.

I now found he had not at all exceeded the truth, in the accounts he had sent me from time to time. In one of his first letters, after I left the town, he says, "The work here is such as I never expected to see. Some are justified or sanctified almost every day. This week three or four were justified, and as many, if not more, renewed in love. The people are all on fire. Such a day as last Sunday I never saw. While I was at prayer in the Society, the power of the Lord overshadowed us, and some cried out, 'Lord, I *can* believe.' The cry soon became general, with strong prayers. Twice I attempted to sing; but my voice could not be heard. I then desired them to restrain themselves, and in stillness and composure to wait for the blessing: on which all but two or three, who could not refrain, came into a solemn silence. I prayed again, and the softening power of grace was felt in many hearts. Our congregations increase much, and I have no doubt, but we shall see greater things than these."

Four days after he writes, "The work of God increases every day. There is hardly a day, but some are justified, or sanctified, or both. On Thursday, three came and told me, that *the blood of Jesus Christ* had *cleansed* them *from all sin*. One of them said, she had been justified seven years, and had been five years convinced of the necessity of sanctification: but this *easy* conviction availed not. A fortnight since she was seized with so *keen* a conviction, as gave her no rest, till God had sanctified her, and witnessed it to her heart."

Three days after (May 11) he writes thus: "God still continues his marvellous loving kindness to us. On Sunday last Dor. King entered into *the rest*. She had been seeking

it for some time: but her convictions and desires grew stronger and stronger, as the hour approached. A while ago she told me, she grew worse and worse, and her inward conflicts were greater than ever: but on the Lord's day she felt an entire change, while these words were spoken to her heart, *Thou art all fair, my love: there is no spot in thee.* She now walks in sweet peace and rejoices evermore. Her father received the blessing a few days before her, and is exceedingly happy.

"The fire catches all that come near. An old soldier, in his return from Germany to the north of Ireland, fell in one night with these wrestling Jacobs, to his great astonishment. He was justified seventeen years ago, but afterward fell from it for five years. As he was going to Germany, in the beginning of the war, the Lord healed him in Dublin: and in spite of all the distresses of a severe campaign, he walked in the light continually. On his return through London he was convinced of the necessity of sanctification: and soon after he came hither, his heart was broken in pieces, while he was with a little company, who meet daily for prayer. One evening, as they were going away, he stopped them, and begged they would not go till the Lord had blessed him. They kneeled down again, and did not cease wrestling with God, till he had a witness, that he was saved from all sin.

"The case of Mr. Timmins is no less remarkable. He had been a notorious sinner. He was deeply wounded two months since. Ten days ago, on a Friday, God spake peace to his soul. The Sunday following, after a violent struggle, he sunk down as dead. He was cold as clay. After about ten minutes he came to himself, and cried, 'A new heart, a new heart.' He said, he felt himself in an instant entirely emptied of sin and filled with God. Brother Barry likewise had been justified but a few days, before God gave him purity of heart."

May 15, he writes, "God still makes me a messenger of good tidings. His work goes on. Our last night's meeting was remarkable for the presence and power of God, while

several were relating what he had done. One said, 'All that day in which God delivered me, I felt the blessing just at hand, but could not open my heart to receive it. I was fast shut up, till under the sermon in the evening, I felt God open my heart, remove the bar of unbelief, and he gave me power to receive the blessing freely.

"There are now three places in the City, wherein as many as have opportunity assemble day and night, to pour out their souls before God, for the continuance and enlargement of his work."

"May 29, Since my last account many have been sanctified and several justified. One of the former is William Moore. He was a long time struggling for the blessing: and one night he was resolved, not to go to bed without it. He continued wrestling with God for two hours, when he felt a glorious change, and the Spirit of God witnessing that the work was done.

"We begin now to meet with opposition from every quarter. Some say, 'This is rank enthusiasm:' others, that it is 'either a cheat, or mere pride:' others, that it is 'a new thing,' and that they 'can find no such thing in the Bible.'

"June 3, The Lord increases his work, in proportion to the opposition it meets with. Between Monday morning and Tuesday night, I have had eight bills of thanksgiving: for two justified, three renewed in love, and three backsliders healed."

June 15, "There is no end to the mercies of God. Three days of this week are gone, in which God has justified five sinners. On Sunday in the afternoon, I preached at three in the Barrack-square: and a more solemn time I have not seen. The hearers were as many as my voice could reach, and all remarkably attentive.

"In the evening a cry ran through the Society, and four were justified that night. Two of these, Alexander Tate and his wife, were but lately joined. The power of God first seized her, and constrained her to cry aloud, till she heard the still, small voice. He continued calling upon

God, and would not cease, before God answered him also in the joy of his heart.

"Saturday, June 19, We had eight this week, whose sins are blotted out, and two more have entered into that rest. One of them says, She has enjoyed the love of God nine years; but feels as great a difference between that state, and the state she is now in, as if her soul were taken into heaven!

"June 26, Last week eleven were justified, or sanctified, and this week eleven more; eight of whom have received remission of sins, and three a clean heart: and a troop are waiting for the moving of the water. Among them whom the power of God has seized lately, are two eminent sinners, each of whom lived with a woman, to whom he was never married. One of them already rejoices in God; the other mourns and will not be comforted: but the women are gone: they put away the accursed thing immediately.

"I had much fear about the children, lest our labour should be lost upon them: but I find we shall reap, if we faint not. Margaret Roper, about eight years old, has been thoughtful for some time. The other day, while they were at family-prayer, she burst into tears, and wept bitterly. They asked, what was the matter; she said, 'She was a great sinner, and durst not pray.' They bade her go to bed. She no sooner came into the chamber, than she began crying, and clapping her hands, so that they heard her across the street: but God soon bound up her broken heart. Being asked, how she felt herself; she said, 'Ten times better. Now I can love God. I wish you would sit up and sing with me all night.' She has been happy ever since, and as serious as one of forty."

"July 3, Our joy is now quite full. The flame rises higher and higher. Since Saturday last, eight sinners more are freely justified, and two more renewed in love. Our house was once large enough: now it is scarcely able to contain us: and we have not many in the Society, who are not either wrestling with God for his love or rejoicing therein."

Thus far the account of John Manners, quite unadorned, but plain and sensible.

Upon farther examination, I found three or four and forty in Dublin, who seemed to enjoy the pure love of God. At least forty of these had been set at liberty within four months. Some others, who had received the same blessing, were removed out of the city. The same, if not a larger number, had found remission of sins. Nor was the hand of the Lord shortened yet: he still wrought as swiftly as ever.

In some respects the work of God in this place was more remarkable than even that in London. 1, It is far greater, in proportion to the time, and to the number of people. That Society had above seven and twenty hundred members: this, not a fifth part of the number. Six months after the flame broke out there, we had about thirty witnesses of the great salvation. In Dublin there were above forty, in less than four months. 2, The work was more pure. In all this time, while they were mildly and tenderly treated, there were none of them headstrong or unadvisable, none that were wiser than their teachers: none who dreamed of being immortal, or infallible, or incapable of temptation: in short, no whimsical or enthusiastic persons. All were calm and sober-minded.

I know several of these were, in process of time, *moved from their steadfastness*; I am nothing surprised at this: it was no more than might be expected: I rather wonder, that more were not moved. Nor does this, in any degree, alter my judgment, concerning the great work which God then wrought.

Tuesday 27, I received a comfortable letter from Edenderry. "When you came hither, Satan had gained such an advantage over us, that few even of the Society would read your sermons, saying, they were nothing but the law. But God has now taught us better. His power fell upon us first in the preaching, but abundantly more when the Society met. At that time, many who were in heaviness, were filled with consolation. And two of the old believers were con-

strained to declare, they believed God had cleansed them from all sin."

Wednesday 18, I received farther accounts from Limerick: one letter ran thus.

"*July* 20, 1762.

"There is a glorious work going on at Limerick. Twelve or fourteen have a clear sense of being renewed. Several have been justified this week: and on Sunday night, at the meeting of the Society, there was such a cry as I scarcely ever heard before; such confession of sins, such pleading with the Lord, and such a spirit of prayer, as if the Lord himself had been visibly present among us. Some received remission of sins, and several were just brought to the birth. All were in floods of tears: they trembled, they cried, they prayed, they roared aloud; all of them lying on the ground. I began to sing; yet they could not rise, but sang as they lay along. When we concluded, some of them could not go away, but stayed in the house all night. And blessed be our Lord, they all hitherto walk worthy of their calling."

Another writes,

"I will just tell you, the Lord has made your last visit to us a great blessing. Such times were never before in Limerick. The fire which broke out before you left us, is now spreading on every side. Four were happy before you left us: several others can now rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing. And this certainly they could not do, did they not love God with all their heart."

A third letter, dated *July* 25, says,

"Blessed be God, his word runs swiftly. Last night his power was present indeed: and another was assured, that God, who had before forgiven his sins, had now *cleansed* him *from all unrighteousness*. There are now ten women and thirteen men, who witness the same confession. And their lives agree thereto. Eight have lately received the remission of their sins. And many are on the full stretch for God, and just ready to step into the pool." Hence it appears, that in proportion to the time, which was only three or four

weeks, and the number of hearers, (not one half, if a third part,) the work of God was greater in Limerick, than even in Dublin itself.

Thursday 29, I was informed of a remarkable instance of divine mercy. An harmless, unawakened young woman came to one of the meetings for prayer in Dublin. While they were praying, she felt herself a sinner, and began crying aloud for mercy. And when they rose to go away, she cried with a bitter cry, "What, must I go without Christ?" They began praying again; and, in a short time, she was as loud in praising God for his pardoning mercy.

No less remarkable was the case of Alexander Tate. He and his wife were present, where a few were met for prayer. Her sorrow was quickly turned into joy. Her husband, who was before little awakened, was just then cut to the heart, and felt the wrath of God abiding on him. Nor did he cease crying to God, till his prayers and tears were swallowed up in thanksgiving. So here are two instances of persons both convinced and converted in the same hour.

Saturday 31, Although I never before felt such an union of heart with the people of Dublin, yet believing my present work in Ireland was ended, I cheerfully commended them to God, and embarked on board the Dorset for Park-gate. We weighed anchor at eight in the evening. Between nine and ten on Sunday morning, the Captain asked me, if I would not go to prayers with them; all who were able to creep out were willingly present. After prayers I preached on Prov. iii. 17. We had scarcely any wind when I began. But while I was preaching it sprung up, and brought us to Park-gate between six and seven.

Monday, Aug. 2, I rode on to Chester. Never was the Society in such a state before. Their jars and contentions were at an end, and I found nothing but peace and love among them. About twelve of them believed they were saved from sin, and their lives did not contradict their profession. Most of the rest were strongly athirst for God, and looking for him continually.

Tuesday 3, I was desired to preach at Northwich. And one had stuck up notices in all parts of the town. But what place had they for me to preach in? Only a little room, which would hold about fifty people. Between twelve and one they gathered from all parts, noisy and rude enough. I could not stand in the yard, without just facing the sun. So I stood at the casement, that those without might hear, that is, if they had a mind to it. But a great part of them had no such intention. They came only either for sport or mischief. However they were pretty quiet till I had done. Our friends would then have persuaded me to stay, till the mob was dispersed. But as they grew louder and louder, I judged it best, to walk immediately through the midst of them. Many things were thrown, but nothing touched me. I then took horse, and rode to Manchester.

Here I received letters from Congleton in Cheshire, and Burslem in Staffordshire: part of the former ran thus.

"*August* 1, 1762.

"The work of God, for some time, stood still here. But at the love-feast, on the 21st of March last, (glory for ever be to God!) there was an out-pouring of his Spirit among us. Five persons were assured of their acceptance with God, of whom, by his free grace, I was one: Four believed, he had not only *forgiven* their *sins*, but likewise *cleansed them from all unrighteousness*. Many more have since found him gracious and merciful: nor is his hand yet stayed at all."

Part of the other is as follows:

"Before Mr. Furz came into these parts, we were biting and devouring one another. And many who once had known God, were *in their works denying him*. The Society in general, was cold and dead, and only two were converted to God in a whole year. But, glory be to God, the case is now altered. Those grievances are removed. The power of God is present with us, and the fire of his love is kindled among us. We are very weak, but, blessed be God, we are all alive. Many are crying out in the bitterness of their souls, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.' Sometimes we have had

two, at other times, six or seven justified in one week. Others find the very remains of sin destroyed, and wait to be *filled with all the fulness of God.*"

Wednesday 4, I rode to Liverpool, where also was such a work of God, as had never been known there before. We had a surprising congregation in the evening, and, as it seemed, all athirst for God. This, I found, had begun here likewise, in the latter end of March. And from that time it had continually increased till a little before I came, nine were justified in one hour. The next morning I spoke severally with those who believed they were sanctified. They were fifty-one in all, twenty-one men, twenty-one widows or married women, and nine young women or children. In one of these the change was wrought, three weeks after she was justified; in three, seven days after it; in one, five days; and in Sus. Lutwich, aged fourteen, two days only. I asked Hannah Blakeley, aged eleven, "What do you want now?" She said, with amazing energy, the tears running down her cheeks, "Nothing in this world—nothing but more of my Jesus." How often *out of the mouth of babes and sucklings dost thou perfect praise!*

Friday 6, I was informed of the flame, which had broken out at Bolton. One writing to Mr. Furz, described a little of it in the following words: "Glory be to God, he is doing wonders among us. Since you left us, there have been seven (if not more) justified, and six sanctified at one Meeting. Two of these were (I think) justified and sanctified, in less than three days. O what a meeting was our last Class-meeting! In three minutes or less, God, quite unexpectedly, convinced an old opposer of the truth, and wounded many. I never felt the abiding presence of God so exceedingly powerful before."

I preached at Macclesfield in the evening, to a people ready prepared for the Lord. An impetuous shower began, just as we came into the town: but it did us no hurt. Enquiring how the revival here began, I received the following account. In March last, after a long season of dryness and barrenness, one Monday night John Oldham preached,

When he had done, and was going away, a man fell down, and cried aloud for mercy. In a short time, so did several others. He came back, and wrestled with God in prayer for them. About twelve he retired, leaving some of the brethren, who resolved to wrestle on, till they had an answer of peace. They continued in prayer till six in the morning, and nine prisoners were set at liberty.

They met again the next night, and six or seven more were filled with peace and joy in believing. So were one or two more every night till the Monday following, when there was another general shower of grace. And many believed that *the blood of Christ hath cleansed them from all sin.*

I spoke to these (forty in all) one by one. Some of them said, they received that blessing, ten days, some seven, some four, some three days after they found peace with God. And two of them the next day. What marvel? Since one day is with God as a thousand years.

The case of Ann Hooly was peculiar. She had often declared, "The *Methodists'* God shall not be my God. I will sooner go to hell, than I will go to heaven in their way." She was standing in the street with two young women, when John Oldham passing by, spoke to one and the other, and went on. She burst into tears, and said, "What, am I so great a sinner, that he will not speak to me?" About twelve, he was sent for in all haste. He found her in deep distress, but continued in prayer, till all her trouble was gone, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour. Yet three nights after she was in much distress again, crying, "I have a wicked heart, and I cannot rest till God takes it away." He did so in a few hours. Ever since she has been a pattern to all the young people in the town. She was thirteen years old. In about a year, her spirit returned to God.

Saturday 7, I made one more trial at Northwich, preaching in Mr. Page's yard. Abundance of people flocked together, nor did any one oppose, or make the least disturbance. And when I afterward rode quite through the town, I had not one uncivil word. In the evening I spoke with those at Manchester, who believed God had cleansed their hearts.

They were sixty-three in number; to about sixty of whom I could not find any reasonable objection.

Monday 9, I preached at Eland and Birstal, in my way to Leeds, where our Conference began on Tuesday morning. And we had great reason to praise God for his gracious presence, from the beginning to the end.

Sunday 15, I preached about one at Birstal, and in the morning and evening at Leeds. I then rode about eighteen miles: on Monday morning I preached at Sheffield, and in the evening came to Derby. I had sent word, that I did not intend to preach. But after I had rested a while in my chamber, coming down and finding the house full of people, I spoke to them half an hour in a familiar manner, and then spent some time in prayer. I believe, God touched some of their hearts. Indeed it seemed none were unmoved.

Tuesday 17, We rode to Northampton, the next day to Sundon, and on Thursday 19, to London. Friday 20, as I expected, the sower of tares had not been idle, during my five months absence. But I believe great part of his work was undone in one hour, when we met at West-street. I pointed out to those who had more heat than light, the snares which they had well nigh fallen into. And hitherto they were of a humble, teachable spirit. So for the present the snare was broken.

Saturday 21, My brother and I had a long conversation with Mr. Maxfield, and freely told him whatever we disliked. In some things we found he had been blamed without cause: others he promised to alter: so we were thoroughly satisfied with the conversation, believing all misunderstandings were now removed.

Monday 23, I set out, and on Tuesday reached Bristol. After spending two days there, on Friday 27, I set out for the West, and having preached at Shepton and Middlesey in the way, came on Saturday to Exeter. When I began the service there, the congregation, (beside ourselves) were two women and one man. Before I had done, the room was about *half full*. This comes of omitting field-preaching.

Sunday 29, I preached at eight on Southney-Green, to

an extremely quiet congregation. At the cathedral we had an useful sermon, and the whole service was performed with great seriousness and decency. Such an organ I never saw or heard before, so beautiful and so finely toned. And the music of "Glory be to God in the highest," I think exceeded the Messiah itself. I was well pleased to partake of the Lord's Supper, with my old opponent, Bishop Lavington. O may we sit down together, in the kingdom of our Father!

At five I went to Southney-Green again, and found a multitude of people. But a lewd, profane, drunken vagabond had so stirred up many of the baser sort, that there was much noise, hurry, and confusion. While I was preaching, several things were thrown, and much pains taken to overturn the table. And after I concluded, many endeavoured to throw me down; but I walked through the midst and left them.

Monday 30, We rode to Plymouth-dock. Wednesday, September 1, I came about two to Poleperrow, a little village, four hours ride from Plymouth-passage, surrounded with huge mountains. However, abundance of people had found the way thither. And so had Satan too. For an old, grey-headed sinner, was bitterly cursing *all the Methodists*, just as we came into the town. However God gave his blessing, both to us and the congregation.

In the evening I preached at Medras, the next evening in St. Austle, and on Friday 3, at Mevagizzy. Saturday 4, after preaching in Grampond, I rode on to Truro. I almost expected, there would be some disturbance, as it was market-day, and I stood in the street at a small distance from the market: but all was quiet. Indeed both persecution and popular tumult seem to be forgotten in Cornwall.

Sunday 5, As I was enforcing in the same place those solemn words, *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ*, a poor man began to make some tumult. But many cried out, "Constables, take him away." They did so, and the hurry was over. At one I preached in the main street at Redruth, where rich and poor

were equally attentive. The wind was so high at five, that I could not stand in the usual place at Gwenap. But at a small distance was a hollow, capable of containing many thousands of people. I stood on one side of this amphitheatre toward the top, with the people beneath and on all sides, and enlarged on those words in the Gospel for the day, Luke x. 23, *Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see, and which hear the things that ye hear.*

Monday 6, I preached at Penryn; Tuesday 7, at Portkellis about one o'clock. Thence I rode on to Mullion, near the Lizard-point. A man who *was* a sinner, gladly received us. For he knew God had received him; having been deeply convinced of sin, the last time I preached near Helston, and not long after filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. A flame was kindled almost as soon as I began to speak, which increased more and more, all the time I was preaching, as well as during the meeting of the Society. How tender are the hearts of the people! Such is the advantage of true, Christian simplicity!

Wednesday 8, The congregation at St. John's, near Helston, was thrice as large as when I was there before. The next day, I preached at Coowan at noon, and at Penhale (in Breag) in the evening. Friday 10, I preached on St. Hilary Downs, to a congregation gathered from all parts. Abundance of them were athirst for God: and he did not deceive their hope. The cry of the mourners went up before him. And he sent down an answer of peace.

Saturday 11, I preached at one on the Cliff, near Penzance, and in the evening at Newlin. Sunday 12, at eight, God was in the midst, and many hearts were broken in pieces. Between one and two I preached at St. Creet, where I never was before. Abundance of strangers came from every side; and I believe not many went empty away. Hence we rode to St. Just, where I spent two comfortable nights, the congregations being very large, evening and morning. Tuesday 14, I preached in Lelant about one; and in the evening, near the Key at St. Ives. Two or three pretty butterflies came, and looked, and smiled, and went

away: but all the rest of the numerous congregation, behaved with the utmost seriousness.

Wednesday 15, We had our Quarterly Meeting. The next day I appointed the children to meet. I expected twenty, but I suppose we had fourscore: all of them wanting, many desiring instruction.

The more I converse with the Believers in Cornwall, the more I am convinced, that they have sustained great loss, for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian Perfection clearly and strongly enforced. I see, wherever this is not done, the Believers grow dead and cold. Nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of being perfected in love. I say, an *hourly expectation:* for to expect it *at Death*, or *some time hence*, is much the same as not expecting it at all.

Friday 17, At one I preached in Illuggan; at six near Redruth, at a gentleman's house, in a large court, shaded with trees. It was so calm that hardly a leaf moved. Saturday 18, I preached once more in the street at Redruth, and in St. Agnes in the evening. I preached again at eight in the morning, and afterwards heard an excellent sermon at Church, preached by the Rector, Mr. Walker, elder brother to the late Mr. Walker of Truro. He likewise gave notice of his design to preach in the afternoon, a funeral sermon for Mr. Phelps, his late Curate, a man eminently humble, serious, and zealous for God. He was snatched away by a fever three weeks since, as was his predecessor, Mr. Vowler, three or four years before: another upright, zealous servant of God, and indefatigable in his labour. How strange a providence is this! Who can account for it? Did the God of love take them away, that they might not out of zeal for him, continue to oppose their fellow-labourers in the Gospel? Mr. Walker gave him his due praise, in a strong and pathetic sermon, well written and well pronounced. Concluding with, "God grant *me*, (and I believe you will all join in the petition) like him to live, like him to die."

Just as the service was ended, it began to rain. The wind also was exceedingly high; this created some difficulty. No

house could contain the people, neither could I preach, as before, on the top of the hill; I therefore made a halt at the bottom. The congregation gathered round me in a few minutes. We were tolerably sheltered from the wind, and the rain ceased till I had done. I particularly advised all that fear God, to confirm their love to each other; and to provoke each other, not to doubtful disputations, but to love, and to do good works.

The night came on soon after we were on horseback, and we had eight miles to ride. In about half an hour, it was so dark I could not see my hand; and it rained incessantly. However, a little after eight, God brought us safe to St. Cuthbert. I preached at the Church-town the next day, and on Tuesday 21, rode on to Port-Isaac. Here the Stewards of the Eastern Circuit met. What a change is wrought in one year's time! That detestable practice of cheating the King is no more found in our Societies. And since that accursed thing has been put away, the work of God has every where increased. This Society, in particular, is more than doubled; and they are all alive to God. Friday 24, about two, I preached at Trewalder, and found God was there also: but more abundantly at Camelford, in the evening, as well as at five on Saturday morning. In the afternoon, the rain intermitting, I preached in the Market-place; and it was a solemn season.

Sunday 26, After preaching at eight, I left Camelford, now one of the liveliest places in Cornwall. About noon I preached at Trewint. It was fifteen years since I preached there before. Hence I rode to Launceston, to a people as dead as those at Camelford were once. Yet how soon may these also be quickened, by the voice that raiseth the dead!

Monday 27, I rode to Mary-Week. It was a kind of fair-day; and the people were come far and near, for wrestling and other diversions. But they found a better way of employing their time, for young and old flocked to Church from all quarters. The next day I preached at Mill-House: on Wednesday, at Collumpton; and on Thursday 30, in the Market-house at Tiverton.

About midnight I was waked by loud thunder, which continued about a quarter of an hour, at Tiverton. In other places, we were afterwards informed, it continued great part of the night. Yet by comparing various accounts, I found the main shock was at the same time for nearly a hundred miles. So it seems there was a train of clouds, for at least that space, which by an electrical touch, were all discharged at once.

Friday, October 1, I preached at Taunton and Shepton-Mallet, and on Saturday 2, rode on to Bristol. In the two following weeks I visited as many as I could of the Societies in the Country, as well as regulated those of Bristol and Kingswood. Saturday 19, being informed that James Oddie, coming to Bristol, was stopped at Newport by a pleuritic fever, I went to him directly. He recovered from that hour, and in two or three days followed me to Bristol.

The next week I went to many of the Societies in Somersetshire. Monday 25, I preached at one in the shell of the new house at Shepton-Mallet. In digging the foundation, they found a quarry of stone, which was more than sufficient for the house. Thence I rode to Wincanton. The rain prevented my preaching abroad, so I willingly accepted the offer of a large Meeting-house, where I preached to a crowded audience with much satisfaction; and again at seven in the morning.

Abundance of rain fell in the night, so that in the morning we were blocked up; the river which runs by the side of the town, not being fordable: at length we made a shift to lead our horses over the foot-bridge. I preached at Coleford about noon, and at Bristol in the evening.

Thursday 28, One who had adorned the Gospel in life and in death, having desired that I should preach her funeral sermon, I went with a few friends to the house, and sang before the body to the Room. I did this the rather, to shew my approbation of that solemn custom, and to encourage others to follow it. As we walked, our company swiftly increased, so that we had a very numerous congregation at the Room. And who can tell, but some of these may bless God for it to all eternity?

Many years ago my brother frequently said, "Your day of Pentecost is not fully come; but I doubt not, it will. And you will then hear of persons sanctified as frequently as you do now of persons justified." Any unprejudiced reader may observe, that it was now fully come. And accordingly we did hear of persons sanctified, in London, and most other parts of England, and in Dublin, and many other parts of Ireland, as frequently as of persons justified: although instances of the latter were far more frequent than they had been for twenty years before. That many of these did not retain the gift of God, is no proof that it was not given them. That many do retain it at this day, is matter of praise and thanksgiving. And many of them are gone to him whom they loved, praising him with their latest breath: just in the spirit of Ann Steed, the first witness in Bristol of the great salvation: who, being worn out with sickness and racking pain, after she had commended to God all that were round her, lifted up her eyes, cried aloud, "Glory! Hallelujah!" and died.

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. XIII.

FROM OCTOBER 29, 1762, TO MAY 25, 1765.

FRIDAY, October 29, 1762, I left Bristol, and the next day came to London. Monday, November 1, I went down to Canterbury. Here I seriously reflected on some late occurrences, and after weighing the matter thoroughly, wrote as follows:

"Without any preface or ceremony, which is needless between you and me, I will simply and plainly tell you what I dislike, in your doctrine, spirit, or outward behaviour. When I say *your's*, I include brother Bell and Owen, and those who are most closely connected with them.

"1, I like your doctrine of *Perfection*, or Pure Love: Love excluding sin. Your insisting that it is merely by *faith:* That consequently it is *instantaneous*, (though preceded and followed by a gradual work) and that it may be *now*, at this instant.

"But I dislike your supposing man may be as perfect *as an angel:* That he can be *absolutely* perfect: That he can be *infallible*, or above being *tempted:* Or, that the moment he is pure in heart, he *cannot fall* from it.

"I dislike the saying, This was not known or taught among us, till within two or three years. I grant, *you* did not know it. You have over and over denied instantaneous sanctification to *me*. But I have known and taught it, (and so has my brother, as our writings shew) above these twenty years.

"I dislike your directly or indirectly depreciating Justification: saying, a justified person is not *in Christ*, is not *born of God*, is not *a new creature*, has not a *new heart*, is not *sanctified*, not a *temple of the Holy Ghost*; or that he *cannot please God*, or cannot *grow in grace*.

"I dislike your saying, that one saved from sin, needs nothing more than *looking to Jesus*, needs not to hear or think of any thing else: *Believe, believe*, is enough: That he needs no *self-examination*, no times *of private prayer*; needs not mind *little*, or *outward* things: and that he *cannot be taught* by any person who is not in the same state.

"I dislike your affirming, that justified persons in general persecute them that are saved from sin: that *they* have persecuted *you* on *this* account: and that for *two years* past, *you* have been more persecuted by *the two Brothers*, than ever you were by the world in all your life.

"2, As to your Spirit, I like your confidence in God, and your zeal for the salvation of souls.

"But I dislike something which has the appearance of *pride*, of overvaluing yourselves and undervaluing others: particularly the Preachers, thinking not only that they are *blind*, and that they are not sent of God; but even that they are *dead*; dead to God, and walking in the way to hell: That they are going *one* way, you *another*; that they have *no life* in them! Your speaking of *yourselves*, as though *you* were the *only men* who knew and taught the Gospel; and as if, not only *all the Clergy*, but *all the Methodists* besides, were in utter darkness.

"I dislike something that has the appearance of *enthusiasm*: overvaluing *feelings* and inward *impressions*;

mistaking the mere work of *imagination*, for the voice of the Spirit: expecting the end without the means, and undervaluing *reason*, *knowledge*, and *wisdom*, in general.

"I dislike something that has the appearance of *Antinomianism*; not magnifying the law and making it honourable: not enough valuing *tenderness of conscience*, and exact *watchfulness* in order thereto: using *faith* rather as contradistinguished from *holiness* than as productive of it.

"But what I most of all dislike is, your *littleness of love* to your Brethren, to your own Society: your want of *union of heart* with them, and *bowels of mercies* towards them: your want of *meekness*, *gentleness*, *long-suffering*; your *impatience of contradiction*: your counting every man your enemy that reproves, or admonishes you in love: your *bigotry* and *narrowness* of spirit, loving in a manner only those that love *you*: your *censoriousness*, proneness to *think hardly* of all, who do not exactly agree with you: in one word, your *divisive spirit*. Indeed I do not believe, that any of you either design or desire a separation: but you do not enough *fear*, *abhor*, and *detest* it, shuddering at the very thought: and all the preceding tempers tend to it, and gradually prepare you for it. Observe, I tell you before; God grant you may immediately and affectionately take the warning!

"3, As to your outward behaviour, I like the general tenor of your life, devoted to God, and spent in doing good.

"But I dislike your slighting any, the very least rules of the Bands or Society; and your doing any thing that tends to hinder others, from exactly observing them. Therefore,

"I dislike your appointing such meetings, as hinder others from attending either the public preaching, or their Class or Band; or any other meeting, which the Rules of the Society, or their office requires them to attend.

"I dislike your spending so *much time* in several meetings, as many that attend can ill spare, from the

other duties of their calling, unless they omit either the preaching, or their Class or Band. This naturally tends to dissolve our Society, by cutting the sinews of it.

"As to your more public meetings, I like the praying fervently and largely, for all the blessings of God: and I know much good has been done hereby, and hope much more will be done.

"But I dislike several things therein: 1, The singing, or speaking, or praying, of several at once: 2, The praying to the Son of God only, or more than to the Father: 3, The using improper expressions in prayer: sometimes too bold, if not irreverent; sometimes too pompous and magnificent, extolling yourselves rather than God, and telling him what you *are*, not what you *want*: 4, Using poor, flat, bald hymns: 5, The never kneeling at prayer: 6, Your using postures or gestures highly indecent: 7, Your screaming, even so as to make the words unintelligible: 8, Your affirming, people *will* be justified or sanctified just now: 9, The affirming *they are*, when they are not: 10, The bidding them say, I believe: 11, The bitterly condemning any that oppose, calling them wolves, &c. and pronouncing them hypocrites, or not justified.

"Read this calmly and impartially before the Lord in prayer. So shall the evil cease and the good remain. And you will then be more than ever united to

"*Your affectionate Brother*,

"*Canterbury, Nov.* 2, 1762. J. WESLEY."

Saturday 6, Having had more satisfaction here, than I had for many years, I cheerfully commended the little flock to God. In the way to London I read *the Death of Abel*. That manner of writing, in *prose run mad*, I cordially dislike. Yet with all that disadvantage, it is excellent in its kind: as much above most modern poems, as it is below *Paradise Lost*. I had hopes of seeing a friend at Lewisham in my way, and so I did; but it was in her coffin. It is well, since she finished her course with joy. In due time I shall see her in glory.

Monday 8, I began visiting the Classes; in many of which, we had hot spirits to deal with. Some were vehement for, some against the meetings for prayer, which were in several parts of the town. I said little; being afraid of taking any step, which I might afterwards repent of. One I heard of on Friday, and five on Saturday, who, if I did not act as *they* thought best, "would leave the Society." I cannot help it. I must still be guided by *my* conscience.

Tuesday 16, I preached at Deptford and Welling, and Wednesday 17, rode on to Sevenoaks: but it was with much difficulty; for it was a sharp frost, and our horses could very hardly keep their feet. Here likewise I found several who believed, that God had *cleansed* them *from all sin:* and all of them (except one) "lived so, that one might believe them."

Friday 19, I called upon Jane Cooper, praising God in the fires. The next day I saw her for the last time, *in every thing giving thanks*, and overcoming all by the blood of the Lamb. A day or two after she fell asleep.

From Monday the 22d, to Friday 26, I was employed in answering the Bishop of Gloucester's book. Wednesday 24, being determined to hear for myself, I stood where I could hear and see, without being seen. George Bell prayed, in the whole, pretty nearly an hour. His fervour of spirit I could not but admire. I aferwards told him what I did not admire: namely, 1, His screaming every now and then in so strange a manner, that one could scarcely tell what he said: 2, His thinking, he had the miraculous discernment of spirits, and, 3, His sharply condemning his opposers.

Thursday 25, I buried the remains of Jane Cooper, a pattern of all holiness, and of the wisdom which is from above, who was snatched hence before she had lived five and twenty years. In good time! God, who knew the tenderness of her spirit, took her *away from the evil to come.*

Monday 29, I retired to transcribe my Answer to Bishop

Warburton. My fragments of time I employed in reading, and carefully considering the lives of Magdalen de Pazzi, and some other eminent Romish Saints. I could not but observe, 1, That many things related therein are highly improbable. I fear the relators did not scruple lying *for the Church*, or for the credit of their Order. 2, That many of their reputed virtues were really no virtues at all; being no fruits of the love of God or man, and no part of the mind which was in Christ Jesus: 3, That many of their applauded actions were neither commendable nor imitable. 4, That what was really good in their tempers or lives, was so deeply tinctured with enthusiasm, that most readers would be far more likely to receive hurt than good from these accounts of them.

Saturday, Dec. 4, At the desire of Mr. M. and *the seeming* desire of themselves, I baptized two foreigners (one of them in a Turkish habit) who professed themselves to have been Turks. On this I then remarked, "They *may be* what they profess; but I wait for farther evidence. Their story is extremely plausible: It may be true, or it may not."

Sunday 5, To take away one ground of contention from many well-meaning people, in preaching on *The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed*, I endeavoured to shew at large, in what sense sanctification is gradual, and in what sense it is instantaneous. And (for the present at least) many were delivered from vain reasonings and disputings.

Monday 6, and the following days, I corrected the Notes upon the Revelation. O how little do we *know* of this deep book! At least, how little do *I* know! I can barely conjecture, not affirm any one point, concerning that part of it which is yet unfulfilled.

Wednesday 8, I had a second opportunity of hearing George Bell. "I believe part of what he said was from God (this was my reflection *at that time*), part from a heated imagination. But as he did not *scream*, and there was nothing dangerously wrong, I did not yet see cause to hinder him." All this time, I observed a few of our brethren were diligently propagating that principle, "That no one can teach those

who are renewed in love, unless he be in the state himself." I saw the tendency of this; but I saw, that violent remedies would not avail.

Monday 13, I mentioned this to some of my friends, and told them what would be the consequence: but they could not believe it. So I let it rest; only desiring them to remember, I had told them before.

Sunday 19, From Matt. xviii. 3, I endeavoured to shew those who use the Word without understanding it, what *Christian Simplicity* properly is; and what it is not. It is not ignorance or folly: it is not enthusiasm, or credulity. It is faith, humility, willingness to be taught, and freedom from evil reasonings.

Tuesday 21, I had an opportunity of looking over the register of St. Luke's hospital. And I was surprised to observe, that three in four (at least) of those who are admitted, receive a cure. I doubt this is not the case of any other lunatic hospital either in Great Britain or Ireland.

Wednesday 22, I heard George Bell once more, and was convinced he must not continue to pray at the Foundery. The reproach of Christ I am willing to bear; but not the reproach of enthusiasm, if I can help it.

Saturday 25, We met at the Chapel in Spital-fields, to renew our covenant with God. And he did indeed appear in the midst of the congregation, and answer, as it were, by fire.

Sunday 26, That I might do nothing hastily, I permitted G. Bell to be once more (this evening) at the Chapel in West-street, and once more (on Wednesday evening) at the Foundery: but it was worse and worse. He now spoke as from God, what I knew God had not spoken. I therefore desired, that he would come thither no more. I much hoped this would a little repress the impetuosity of a few good, but mistaken men: especially considering the case of Benjamin Harris, the most impetuous of them all. A week or two ago, as he was working in his garden, he was struck raving mad. He continued so till Tuesday, December 21,

when he lay still and sensible: but could not speak; till, on Wednesday morning, his spirit returned to God.

Friday 21, I now stood and looked back on the past year: A year of uncommon trials and uncommon blessings. Abundance have been convinced of sin: very many have found peace with God. And in London only, I believe full two hundred have been brought into glorious liberty. And yet I have had more care and trouble in six months, than in several years preceding. What the end will be, I know not. But it is enough that God knoweth.

Saturday, Jan. 1, 1763, A woman told me, "Sir, I employ several men. Now if one of my servants will not follow my direction, is it not right for me to discard him at once? Pray, do *you* apply this to Mr. Bell." I answered, "It is right to discard such a *servant*. But what would you do, if he were your *son?*"

Wednesday 3, Having procured one who understood Spanish to interpret, I had a long conversation with the supposed Turks. One account they gave of themselves then. A second they soon after gave to Mrs. G. I observed the account now given, which I read over to them, in some particulars differed from both. This increased my fear; though I still hoped the best; till Mr. B. procured a Jew to talk with them, who understood both Turkish and Spanish: upon whose questioning them thoroughly, they contradicted all the accounts given before. And upon the elder of them mentioning Solomon Selim, a Jewish merchant of Amsterdam, one who knew him, wrote to Solomon about him, who answered, "He had known him upwards of fourteen years; that he was a Spanish Jew; a Physician by profession; that some years since he had cured him of a dangerous illness, in gratitude for which he had given him ten pounds, to carry him over to England."

Friday 7, I desired George Bell, with two or three of his friends, to meet me with one or two others. We took much pains to convince him of his mistakes, particularly that which he had lately adopted, "That the end of the world was to be on February the 28th," which at first he had

earnestly withstood. But we could make no impression upon him at all. He was as unmoved as a rock.

Sunday 9, I endeavoured (from 1 Cor. xii. 11, and the following verses) to guard the sincere against all thoughts of separating from their brethren, by shewing what need all the members of the body have of each other. But those who wanted the caution most, turned all into poison.

Monday 10, I rode to Shoreham, and paid the last office of love to Mrs. Perronet. Wednesday 12, I returned to London, and the next day strongly enforced on a large congregation at the Foundery, the words of Isaiah, (never more needful) *He that believeth shall not make haste.*

Monday 17, I rode to Lewisham, and wrote my sermon, to be preached before the Society for Reformation of Manners. Sunday 23, in order to check, if not stop, a growing evil, I preached on *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* But it had just the contrary effect on many, who construed it into a satire upon G. Bell, one of whose friends said, "If the devil himself had been in the pulpit, he would not have preached such a sermon."

All this time, I did not want information from all quarters, "that Mr. Maxfield was at the bottom of all this; that he was the life of the cause; that he was continually spiriting up all with whom he was intimate, against me; that he told them, I was not capable of teaching them, and insinuated, that none was but himself; and that the inevitable consequence must be a division in the Society."

Yet I was not without hope, that, by bearing all things, I should overcome evil with good, till on Tuesday 25, while I was sitting with many of our brethren, Mrs. Coventry (then quite intimate with Mr. M.) came in, threw down her ticket, with those of her husband, daughters, and servants, and said, "they would hear *two doctrines* no longer." They had often said before, "Mr. M. preached *perfection;* but Mr. W. pulled it down." So I did, that perfection of Benjamin Harris, G. Bell, and all who abetted them. So the breach is made. The water is let out. Let those who can, gather it up.

I think it was on Friday the 28th, that I received a letter from John Fox, and another from John and Elizabeth Dixon, declaring the same thing. Friday, February 4, Daniel Owens and G. Bell told me, "they should stay in the Society no longer." The next day Robert Lee, with five or six of his friends, spake to the same effect.

I now seriously considered, whether it was in my power to have prevented this: I did not see that it was; for though I had heard, from time to time, many objections to Mr. M.'s conduct, there was no possibility of clearing them up. Above a year ago, I desired him to meet me with some that accused him, that I might hear them face to face. But his answer was as follows:

Dec. 28, 1761.

"I have considered the thing, since you spoke to me, about meeting at Mrs. March's. And I do not think to be there, or to meet them at any time. It is enough that I was arraigned at the Conference [at which I earnestly defended him, and silenced all his accusers.] I am not convinced, that it is my duty to make James Morgan, &c. my judges. If you, Sir, or any one of them, have any thing to say to me *alone*, I will answer as far as I see good."

The next month, I wrote him a long letter, telling him mildly all I heard or feared concerning him. He took it as a deep affront; and in consequence thereof wrote as follows.

Jan. 14, 1762.

—— "If you call me proud or humble, angry or meek, it seems to sit much the same on my heart. If you call me John or Judas, Moses or Korah, I am content.—As to a separation, I have no such thought, if you have, and now (as it were) squeeze blood out of a stone, be it to yourself."——

Several months after, hearing some rumours, I again wrote to him freely. In his answer were the following words.

Sept. 23, 1762.

—— "Experience teaches me daily, that they that preach *salvation from the nature of sin*, will have the same

treatment from the others as they had and have from the world. But I am willing to bear it."

"Your brother is gone out of town. Had he stayed much longer, and continued, Sunday after Sunday, to hinder me from preaching, he would have forced me to have got a place to preach in, where I should not have heard what I think the highest truths contradicted."——

In his next letter, he explained himself a little farther.

Oct. 16, 1762.

—— "We have great opposition on every side. Nature, the world, and the devil, will never be reconciled to Christian Perfection. But the great wonder is, that Christians will not be reconciled to it. All, almost every one who call themselves ministers of Christ, or preachers of Christ, contend for sin to remain in the heart as long as we live, as though it were the only thing Christ delighted to behold in his members.

"I long to have *your* heart set at full liberty. I know you will *then see things* in a wonderfully different light, from what it is *possible* to *see them before*."—

The day after the first separation, viz. Jan. 26, I wrote him the following note.

"My dear brother,

"For many years, I, and all the preachers in connection with me, have taught, that every believer may and ought to grow in grace. Lately you have taught, or seemed to teach, the contrary. The effect of this is, when I speak as I have done from the beginning, those who believe what *you* say will not bear it. Nay, they will renounce connection with us; as Mr. and Mrs. Coventry did last night. This breach lies wholly upon *you*. You have contradicted what I taught from the beginning. Hence it is, that many cannot bear it; but when I speak as I always have done, they separate from the Society. Is this for *your* honour, or to the glory of God?

"O Tommy, seek counsel, not from man but God; not from Brother B——, but Jesus Christ.

"I am your affectionate brother,

"J. W."

Things now ripened apace for a farther separation: to prevent which, (if it were possible) I desired all our Preachers, as they had time, to be present at all Meetings, when I could not myself, particularly at the Friday Meeting, in the Chapel, at West-street. At this Mr. Maxfield was highly offended, and wrote to me as follows:

"*February* 5, 1763.

"I wrote to you, to ask if those who before met at brother Guilford's might not meet in the Chapel. Soon after you came to town, the Preachers were brought into the Meeting, though you told me again and again they should not come." (True; but since I said this, there has been an entire change in the situation of things.) "Had I known this, I would rather have paid for a room, out of my own pocket. I am not speaking of the people that met at the Foundery before: though I let some of them come to that Meeting. If you intend to have the Preachers there to watch, and others that *I think very unfit*, and will not give me liberty to give leave, to some that *I think fit* to be there, I shall not think it my duty to meet them." So from this time, he kept a separate Meeting elsewhere.

Sunday 6, Knowing many were greatly tempted on occasion of these occurrences, I preached on 1 Cor. x. 13, *God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with every temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.* In the evening we had a Love-feast, at which many spoke with all simplicity: and their words were like fire. I hardly know when we have had so refreshing a season.

Monday 7, One who is very intimate with them that had left us, told me in plain terms, "Sir, the case lies here: they say, you are only an hypocrite, and therefore they can have no fellowship with you." So now the wonder is over. First, it was *revealed* to them, that *all the people* were dead to God. Then they *saw*, that *all the Preachers* were so too: only for a time they excepted *me*. At last they *discern* me to be *blind and dead* too. Now let him help them that can!

Thursday 10, I rode to Brentford, expecting to find disagreeable work there also; but I was happily disappointed. Not one seemed inclined to leave the Society, and some were added to it. And the congregation was not only quiet, but more deeply attentive than is usual in this place. Hence I rode on, Friday 11, to Shoreham, and buried the remains of Mrs. Perronet, who after a long, distressing illness, on Saturday the 5th instant, fell asleep.

Saturday 12, I visited the Classes at Snows-fields; where I was told many would go away: but the time is not come. As yet we have lost none; though some are held as by a single hair.

Tuesday 15, I rode to Deptford, and found the Society there united in faith and love. During the sermon in the afternoon, one poor mourner found peace with God. In the evening I preached at Welling, and on Thursday 17, rode on to Sevenoaks. Here I was grieved to find one who *did run well*, quite hardened by the deceitfulness of sin. But in the evening, God looked upon him once more, and melted him into tears of love.

Thursday 17, Light from above broke into the heart of another hard-hearted sinner. At the same time many were delivered from doubts and fears, and *knew the things which were freely given them of God.* On Friday I returned to London.

Monday 21, Observing the terror occasioned by that wonderful Prophecy to spread far and wide, I endeavoured to draw some good therefrom, by strongly exhorting the congregation at Wapping, to *seek the Lord while he might be found.* But at the same time I thought it incumbent upon me to declare, (as indeed I had done from the hour I heard it) that "it *must* be false, if the Bible be true."

The three next days I spent in the tedious work of transcribing the names of the Society. I found, about thirty of those who thought they were saved from sin, had separated from their brethren. But above four hundred, who witnessed the same confession seemed more united than ever.

Monday 28, Preaching in the evening at Spital-fields, on

Prepare to meet thy God: I largely shewed the utter absurdity of the supposition, that the world was to end that night. But, notwithstanding all I could say, many were afraid to go to bed; and some wandered about in the fields, being persuaded, that if the world did not end, at least London would be swallowed up by an earthquake. I went to bed at my usual time, and was fast asleep about ten o'clock.

Monday, March 8, I took the Machine for Norwich, and after spending a few quiet, comfortable days, in Norwich, Yarmouth, and Colchester, without any jar or contention, on Saturday the 20th returned to London.

Monday 22, I retired to Lewisham, and wrote the sermon on *Sin in Believers*, in order to remove a mistake, which some were labouring to propagate, that there is no sin in any that are justified.

Monday, April 11, Leaving things, as I thought, tolerably well settled in London, I took the Machine for Bristol, where, on Tuesday 19, I paid the last office of love to Nicholas Gilbert, who was a good man, and an excellent preacher; and likely to have been of great use: but God saw it best, to snatch him hence by a fever, in the dawn of his usefulness.

Saturday 23, I returned to London. On Thursday 28, I was at Westminster, where I had appointed to preach, when word was brought me, about five in the afternoon, "that Mr. Maxfield *would not* preach at the Foundery." So the breach is made: but I am clear: I have done all I possibly could to prevent it. I walked immediately away, and preached myself, on *If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*

That I may conclude this melancholy subject at once, and have no need to resume it any more, I add a letter, which I wrote some time after, for the information of a friend.

"At your instance I undertake the irksome task of looking back upon things, which I wish to forget for ever. I have had innumerable proofs, (though such as it would now

be an endless task to collect together) of all the facts which I recite: and I recite them as briefly as possible, because I do not desire to aggravate any thing, but barely to place it in a true light.

"1, Mr. Maxfield was justified, while I was praying with him, in Baldwin-street, Bristol.

"2, Not long after, he was employed by me, as a preacher, in London.

"3, Hereby he had access to Mrs. Maxfield, whom otherwise he was never likely to have seen, much less to have married; from whence all his outward prosperity had its rise.

"4, He was by *me* (by those who did it at *my* instance) recommended to the Bishop of Derry, to be ordained Priest, who told him then, (I had it from his own mouth) 'Mr. Maxfield, I ordain *you*, to assist that good man, that he may not work himself to death.'

"5, When a few years ago many censured him much, I continually and strenuously defended him; though to the disgusting of several of the preachers, and a great number of the people.

"6, I disgusted them, not barely by defending him, but by commending him in strong terms, from time to time, both in public and private, with regard to his uprightness, as well as usefulness.

"7, All this time Mr. M. was complaining (of which I was frequently informed by those to whom he spoke) that 'he was never so ill persecuted by the rabble in Cornwall, as by me and my brother.'

"8, Four or five years since, a few persons were appointed to meet weekly at the Foundery. When I left London, I left these under Mr. M.'s care, desiring them, 'to regard *him* just as they did *me*.'

"9, Not long after I was gone, some of these had dreams, visions, or impressions, as they thought, from God. Mr. M. did not put a stop to these; he rather encouraged them.

"10, When I returned I opposed them with my might, and in a short time heard no more of them. Meanwhile I

defended and commended Mr. M. as before, and when I left the town again, left them again under his care.

"11, Presently, visions and revelations returned, and Mr. M. did not discourage them. Herewith was now joined a contempt of such as had them not, with a belief, that they were proofs of the highest grace.

"12, Some of our preachers opposed them roughly. At this they took fire, and refused to hear them preach, but crowded after Mr. M. He took no pains to quench the fire; but rather availed himself of it, to disunite them from other preachers, and attach them to himself. He likewise continually told them, 'They were not to be *taught by man*, especially by those who had *less grace than themselves*.' I was told of this likewise from time to time. But he denied it. And I would not believe evil of *my friend*.

"13, When I returned in October, 1763, I found the Society in an uproar, and several of Mr. M's most intimate friends, formed into a detached body. Enthusiasm, pride, and great uncharitableness appeared in many who once had much grace. I very tenderly reproved them; they would not bear it. One of them, Mrs. C., cried out, 'We will not be brow-beaten any longer: we will *throw off the mask*.' Accordingly a few days after she came, and before a hundred persons brought me her's and her husband's tickets, and said, 'Sir, we will have no more to do with *you*: Mr. M. is our Teacher.' Soon after, several more left the Society, (one of whom was George Bell) saying, '*Blind John* is not capable of teaching *us*: we will keep to Mr. M.'

"14, From the time that I heard of George Bell's Prophecy, I explicitly declared against it, both in private, in the Society, in preaching, over and over; and at length in the public papers. Mr. M. made no such declaration: I have reason to think, he believed it. I know, many of his friends did, and several of them sat up the last night of February, at the house of his most intimate friend, Mr. Biggs, in full expectation of the accomplishment.

"15, About this time, one of our Stewards, who at *my desire*, took the Chapel in Snows-fields *for my use*, sent me

word, 'the Chapel was *his*, and Mr. Bell should exhort there, whether I would or not.' Upon this, I desired the next Preacher there, to inform the congregation, 'that while things stood thus, neither I nor our Preachers could in conscience preach there any more.'

"16, Nevertheless, Mr. M. did preach there. On this I sent him a note, desiring him not to do it: and adding, 'if you do, you thereby renounce connexion with *me*.'

"17, Receiving this, he said, 'I *will* preach at Snowsfields.' He did so, and *thereby* renounced connexion. On *this* point, and no other, we divided. By *this* act the knot was cut. Resolving to do this, he told Mr. Clementson, 'I am to preach at the Foundery no more.'

"18, From this time he has spoken all manner of evil of *me*, his father, his friend, his greatest earthly benefactor. I cite Mr. F. for one witness of this, and Mr. M—n for another. Did he speak evil of me to Mr. F. one day only? Nay, but every day, for six weeks together. To Mr. M—n he said, (among a thousand other things, which he had been twenty years raking together) 'Mr. W. *believed and countenanced all* which Mr. Bell said. And the *reason* of our parting was *this*. He said to me one day, 'Tommy, I will tell the people, you are the greatest Gospel Preacher in England. And you shall tell them, I am the greatest. *For refusing to do this*, Mr. W. put me away!'

"Now with perfect calmness, and I verily think, without the least touch of prejudice, I refer it to your own judgment, what connexion I ought to have with Mr. M., either till I am satisfied, these things are not so; or till he is thoroughly sensible of his fault."

Monday, May 2, and the following days, I was fully employed in visiting the Society, and settling the minds of those who had been confused and distressed by a thousand misrepresentations. Indeed a flood of calumny and evil-speaking; (as was easily foreseen) was poured out on every side. My point was still, to go straight forward in the work whereto I am called.

Monday 16, Setting out a month later than usual, I

judged it needful to make the more haste. So I took post-chaises, and by that means easily reached Newcastle, on Wednesday 18. Thence I went on at leisure, and came to Edinburgh, on Saturday 21. The next day I had the satisfaction of spending a little time with Mr. Whitefield. Humanly speaking, he is worne out. But we have to do with him, who hath all power in heaven and earth.

Monday 23, I rode to Forfar; and on Tuesday the 24th rode on to Aberdeen.

Wednesday 25, I enquired into the state of things here. Surely never was there a more open door. The four Ministers of Aberdeen, the Minister of the adjoining town, and the three Ministers of Old-Aberdeen, hitherto seem to have no dislike, but rather to *wish* us *good luck in the name of the Lord.* Most of the town's people as yet seem to wish us well, so that there is no open opposition of any kind. O what spirit ought a Preacher to be of, that he may be able to bear all this sun-shine!

About noon I went to Gordon's Hospital, built near the town for poor children. It is an exceedingly handsome building, and (what is not common) kept exceedingly clean. The gardens are pleasant, well laid out, and in extremely good order. But the old batchelor who founded it, has expressly provided, that no woman should ever be there.

At seven, the evening being fair and mild, I preached to a multitude of people, in the College-Close, on *Stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths.* But the next evening the weather being raw and cold, I preached in the College-hall. What an amazing willingness to hear, runs through this whole kingdom! There wants only a few zealous, active labourers, who desire nothing but God, and they might soon carry the Gospel through all this Country, even as high as the Orkneys.

Friday 27, I set out for Edinburgh again. About one I preached at Brechin: all were deeply attentive: perhaps a few may not be forgetful hearers. Afterwards we rode on to Broughty-Castle, two or three miles below Dundee. We were in hopes of passing the river here, though we could

not at the town. But we found our horses could not pass till eleven or twelve at night. So we judged, it would be best to go over ourselves, and leave them behind. In a little time we procured a kind of a boat, about half as long as a London wherry, and three or four feet broad. Soon after we had put off, I perceived it leaked on all sides, nor had we any thing to lade out the water. When we came toward the middle of the river, which was three miles over, the wind being high, and the water rough, our boatmen seemed a little surprised; but we encouraged them to pull away, and in less than half an hour, we landed safe. Our horses were brought after us. And the next day we rode on to Kinghorn-Ferry, and had a pleasant passage to Leith.

Sunday 29, I preached at seven in the High-School-Yard, at Edinburgh. It being the time of the General Assembly, which drew together, not the Ministers only, but abundance of the nobility and gentry, many of both sorts were present; but abundantly more at five in the afternoon. I spake as plainly as ever I did in my life. But I never knew any in Scotland offended at *plain dealing*. In this respect the North-Britons are a pattern to all mankind! Monday 30, I rode to Dunbar. In the evening it was very cold, and the wind was exceedingly high. Nevertheless I would not pen myself up in the Room, but resolved to preach in the open air. We saw the fruit: many attended, notwithstanding the cold, who never set foot in the Room. And I am still persuaded, much good will be done here, if we have zeal and patience.

Tuesday 31, I rode to Alnwick, and was much refreshed, among a people who have not the form only, but the spirit of religion, fellowship with God, the living power of Faith divine. Wednesday, June 1, I went on to Morpeth, and preached in a ground near the town, to far the most serious congregation which I had ever seen there. At one I preached to the loving colliers in Placey, and in the evening at Newcastle.

Saturday 3, I rode, though much out of order, to Sunderland, and preached in the evening at the Room. I was

much worse in the night, but toward morning fell into a sound sleep, and was refreshed. Sunday 4, I designed to preach abroad this morning, but the wind and rain hindered. So at eight I preached in the Room again, purposing to preach in the street at noon. But Mr. Goodday sent me word, "he was taken ill in the night, and begged I would supply his Church. So at ten I began reading Prayers; though I was so exceedingly weak, that my voice could scarcely be heard. But as I went on, I grew stronger; and before I had half done preaching, I suppose all in the Church could hear.

The wind drove us into the House at Newcastle likewise, that is, as many as the House would contain: but great numbers were constrained to stand in the yard; however, I suppose all could hear. For my weakness was entirely gone, while I was enforcing these important words, *If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*

Monday 5, I rode to Barnard-Castle, and preached in the evening, but to such a congregation, not only with respect to number, but to seriousness and composure, as I never saw there before. I intended after preaching to meet the Society: but the bulk of the people were so eager to hear more, that I could not forbear letting in almost as many as the room would hold. And it was a day of God's power. They all seemed to take the kingdom by violence, while they besieged Heaven with vehement prayer.

Tuesday 6, So deep and general was the impression now made upon the people, that even at five in the morning I was obliged to preach abroad, by the numbers who flocked to hear, although the northerly wind made the air exceedingly sharp. A little after preaching, one came to me, who believed God had just set her soul at full liberty. She had been clearly justified long before; but said, "the change she now experienced, was extremely different from what she experienced then, as different as the noonday-light from that of day-break. That she now felt her soul all love, and quite swallowed up in God." Now suppose, ten weeks or ten months hence, this person should be cold or dead: shall I

say, "she *deceived* herself; this was merely the work of her own *imagination?*" Not at all: I have no right so to judge, nor authority so to speak. I will rather say, she was *unfaithful* to the grace of God, and so *cast away* what was *really given.*

Therefore that way of talking which has been very common, of "staying to see, if the gift be really given," which some take to be exceedingly wise, I take to be exceedingly foolish. If a man say, "I now feel nothing but love," and I know him to be an honest man, I believe him. What then should I "stay to see?" Not whether he *has* such a blessing, but whether he will *keep* it.

There is something remarkable in the manner wherein God revived his work in these parts. A few months ago, the generality of people in this Circuit were exceedingly lifeless. Samuel Meggot perceiving this, advised the Society at Barnard-Castle, to observe every Friday with fasting and prayer. The very first Friday they met together, God broke in upon them in a wonderful manner. And his work has been increasing among them ever since. The neighbouring Societies heard of this: agreed to follow the same rule, and soon experienced the same blessing. Is not the neglect of this plain duty, I mean, fasting, ranked by our Lord with alms-giving and prayer, one general occasion of deadness among Christians? Can any one willingly neglect it, and be guiltless?

In the evening I preached at Yarm. But I found the good doctrine of Christian Perfection, had not been heard of there for some time. The wildness of our poor brethren in London, has put it out of countenance above two hundred miles off. So these strange advocates for Perfection have given it a deeper wound, than all its enemies together could do!

Wednesday 8, Just as I began preaching, (in the open air, the room being too small even for the morning congregation) the rain began. But it stopped in two or three minutes, I am persuaded, in answer to the prayer of faith. Incidents of the same kind I have seen abundance of times,

and particularly in this journey. And they are nothing strange to them who seriously believe, *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

After preaching at Potto about noon, I rode to Thirsk, intending to preach near the house where I alighted. But several gentlemen of the town, sent to desire I would preach in the Market-place. I did so, to a numerous congregation, most of whom were deeply attentive. I hastened away after preaching, and between nine and ten came to York.

Saturday 11, I rode to Epworth, and preached at seven in the Market-place. Sunday 12, I preached at the Room in the morning; in the afternoon, at the Market-place; and about one, to the congregation gathered from all parts, in Haxey Parish, near Westwood-side. At every place I endeavoured to settle the minds of the poor people, who had been not a little harrassed, by a new doctrine, which honest Jonathan Catlow and his converts, had industriously propagated among them, "that there is *no sin* in Believers, but the moment we believe, sin is destroyed, root and branch." I trust, this plague also is stayed. But how ought those unstable ones to be ashamed, who are so easily *tost about with every wind of doctrine?*

I had desired Samuel Meggot to give me some farther account of the late work of God at Barnard-Castle. Part of his answer was as follows:

"*June* 7, 1763.

"Within ten weeks, at least twenty persons in this town have found peace with God, and twenty-eight the pure love of God. This morning, before you left us, one found peace, and one the second blessing: and after you were gone, two more received it. One of these had belonged to the Society before: but after he turned back, had bitterly persecuted his wife, particularly after she professed being saved from sin. May 29, he came, in a furious rage, to drag her out of the Society. One cried out, 'Let us go to prayer for him.' Presently he ran away, and his wife went home. Not long after, he came in, like a madman, and swore, he

would be the death of her. One said, 'Are you not afraid, lest God should smite you?' He answered, 'No, let God do his worst, I will make an end of her, and the brats, and myself too, and we will all go to hell together.' His wife and children fell down, and broke out into prayer. His countenance changed, and he was quiet as a lamb. But it was not long, before a horrible dread overwhelmed him; he was sore distressed: the hand of God was upon him, and gave him no rest, day or night. On Tuesday in the afternoon he went to her who prayed for him when he came to drag his wife out, begging her, with a shower of tears, to pray for his deliverance. On Thursday he wrestled with God, till he was as wet all over with sweat, as if he had been dipped in water. But that evening God wiped away his tears, and filled him with joy unspeakable.

"This morning, while brother Story was at prayer, God gave him a witness in himself, that he had purified his heart. When he was risen from his knees, he could not help declaring it. He now ran to his wife, not to kill her, but to catch her in his arms, that they might praise God, and weep over one another with tears of joy and love."

Monday 13, Even in Epworth a few faithful servants of Satan were left, who would not leave any stone unturned, to support his tottering kingdom. A kind of gentleman got a little party together, and took great pains to disturb the congregation. He hired a company of boys to shout, and made a poor man exceedingly drunk, who bawled out much ribaldry and nonsense, while he himself played the French-horn. But he had little fruit of his labour. I spoke a few words to their champion, and he disappeared. The congregation was not at all disturbed, but quietly attended to the end.

Wednesday 15, I rode to Doncaster, and at ten, standing in an open place, exhorted a wild, yet civil multitude, *to seek the Lord, while he might be found.* Thence I went on to Leeds, and declared to a large congregation, *Now is the day of salvation.* Thursday 16, at five in the evening, I preached at Dewsbury, and on Friday 17, reached Man-

chester. Here I received a particular account of a remarkable incident. An eminent drunkard of Congleton, used to divert himself, whenever there was preaching there, by standing over against the house, cursing and swearing at the Preacher. One evening he had a fancy to step in, and "hear what the man had to say." He did so; but it made him so uneasy, that he could not sleep all night. In the morning he was more uneasy still: he walked in the fields, but all in vain, till it came into his mind, to go to one of his merry companions, who was always ready to abuse the Methodists. He told him how he was, and asked, what he should do: "Do? said Samuel: Go and join the Society." "I will; for I was never so uneasy in my life." They did so without delay. But presently David cried out, "I am sorry I joined: for I shall get drunk again, and they will turn me out." However, he stood firm for four days: on the fifth, he was persuaded by his old companions, to "take one pint," and then another and another, till one of them said, "See, here is a Methodist drunk!" David started up, and knocked him over, chair and all. He then drove the rest out of the house, caught up the landlady, carried her out, threw her in the kennel; went back to the house, broke down the door, threw it into the street, and then ran into the fields, tore his hair, and rolled up and down on the ground. In a day or two was a Love-feast: he stole in, getting behind, that none might see him. While Mr. Furz was at prayer, he was seized with a dreadful agony both of body and mind: this caused many to wrestle with God for him. In a while he sprung up on his feet, stretched out his hands, and cried aloud, "All my sins are forgiven!" At the same instant, one on the other side of the room cried out, "Jesus is mine! and he has taken away all my sins." This was Samuel H. David burst through the people, caught him in his arms, and said, "Come, let us sing the Virgin Mary's song: I *never could sing it before.*" *My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.* And their following behaviour plainly shewed the reality of their profession.

Sunday 18, I found the work of God was still greatly increasing here: although many stumbling-blocks had been thrown in the way, and some by those who were once strong in grace: but this is no wonder: I rather wonder, that there are not abundantly more. And so there would be, but that Satan is not able to go beyond his chain.

Monday 20, I preached at Macclesfield about noon. As I had not been well, and was not quite recovered, our brethren insisted on sending me in a chaise to Burslem. Between four and five I quitted the chaise, and took my horse. Presently after, hearing a cry, I looked back, and saw the chaise upside-down (the wheel having violently struck against a stone) and well nigh dashed it to pieces. About seven I preached to a large congregation at Burslem: These poor potters four years ago, were as wild and ignorant as any of the Colliers in Kingswood. Lord, thou hast *power over thine own clay!*

Tuesday 21, I rode to Birmingham, and on Thursday to Towcester. I would willingly have rested there: but our brethren desiring me to go a little farther I walked on, (about three miles) to Whittlebury. Here I found a truly loving and simple people. I preached at the side of the new Preaching-house: I suppose most of the town were present. Friday 24, I took horse early, and in the afternoon came once more safe to London.

About this time I received the following letter:

"God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! He was, is, and will be *all in all!* Being a *minute* part of the *whole*, let me consider myself *alone*. Where was I before my parents were born? In the *mind* of him who is *all in all*. It was God alone that gave me a being, amongst the *human* race. He appointed the *country* in which I should begin my existence. My *parents* were also his choice. Their *situation* in mind, body, and estate, was fully known to him. My parents are answerable for my education in infancy. My *capacity* was from above. That I improved so little was mostly owing to my connexions; but partly to my own inattention or idleness. In most things, whilst an infant,

whether good or evil, I was certainly *passive*, i. e. I was instructed or led by others, and so acted right or wrong. In all the incidents of life, whether sickness, health, escapes, crosses, spiritual or temporal advantages or disadvantages, I can trace *nothing* of *myself* during my childhood. And till I became a subject to my *own will* perhaps I was innocent in the eyes of infinite justice: for the blood of Jesus Christ certainly cleanseth from all original sin, and presents all *spotless*, who die free from the guilt of actual transgression.

"At what time I became a subject to my *own will*, I cannot ascertain; but from that time in many things I *offended*. First, against my *parents*; next, against God! And that I was preserved from outward evils, was not owing to the *purity of my own will*; but to the grace of Christ over-ruling and preventing me.

"My *natural will* ever cleaved to *evil*: and if I had ever any *good* in me, it came from above. What is called *good nature* is a divine gift, and not from the corrupt root. My *will* could not produce good, and in various instances it was in a manner annihilated, before *grace* could fix any good in me. In other words, my *will* acts from the motions of the *Old Adam* where I transgress; but what is good in me is from the grace of Christ working, whilst my *own will* is made *passive* or *unresisting*. Thus my life has been so far holy, as I gave up my *own will* and lived in God, who is *all in all*.

"From the time I could sin, I trace the divine goodness, in preserving me from innumerable evils, into which my own will would have led me. The unknown temptations and evils, perhaps, are infinitely more numerous than the *known*. If my *will* were only *not resisting*, when I received or did any good, how little was it concerned in my conviction, my conversion, my peace, and the sphere of life I engaged in, after receiving such divine blessings! My concern about my soul's welfare, the *time* of my conversion, the *ministers* raised up to be the instruments of it, the place of my first hearing the Gospel, and various other circum-

stances, that instrumentally brought about those great and blessed events in my life, were no more from any thing in myself, than my birth and education. Rather, *my will* was overpowered and *grace* triumphed over it.

"From these reflections I conclude, that whatever blessings I have enjoyed as to parents, country, education, employments, conversion, connections in life, or any exterior or interior circumstance, all came from God, who is all in all! And whatever in my past life is matter of repentance and lamentation, has arisen chiefly from *my corrupt will*, though partly from a defective judgment, ever prone to err! So that upon the whole, I have great cause to be thankful that God has been so much the all in all of my life; at the same time, I must bewail that I ever followed my own corrupt will in any thing.

"My present state of life, I believe, is from God. In a bad state of health, out of employment, and retired from all engagements in the world, I use the means for my recovery, and it is not from any evil principle that I am a cypher; but I cannot yet obtain health, business, or a sphere of usefulness. Nor can I ascertain how far I am culpable as to being what I am. My present duty is, *submission* to the Divine Will. I study for improvement, and pray for such blessings as I want. Is not God *all in all* as to my present state? I have no desire so strong as this, Let thy blessed will be done in and upon me. And the prayer which governs my soul continually is, O may *my will* die day by day; and may God in Christ Jesus, be all in all to me, and in me, and mine, during our life, in our last moments, and to all eternity! Amen."

Finding it was not expedient to leave London, during the ferment which still continued by reason of Mr. M.'s separation from us, I determined not to remove from it before the Conference. This began on Tuesday, July 19, and ended on Saturday 23. And it was a great blessing, that we had peace among ourselves, while so many were making themselves ready for battle.

Monday, Aug. 1, I began visiting the classes again, and

found less loss than might reasonably have been expected; as most of those who had left us, spake all manner of evil, without either fear or shame! Poor creatures! Yet *he that betrayed* them into this, *hath the greater sin.*

Monday 15, I went in the one-day Machine to Bath, where one of our friends from Bristol met me, (as I had desired) in the afternoon, and took me thither in a post-chaise. Wednesday 17, being informed that the boat at the Old Passage would go over at six o'clock, I took horse at four, and came to the Passage a few minutes after six. But they told us they would not pass till twelve, and I had appointed to preach in Chepstow at eleven. So we thought it best to try the New Passage. We came thither at seven, and might probably have stayed till noon, had not an herd of oxen come just in time to the other side. In the boat which brought them over, we crossed the water, and got to Chepstow between ten and eleven. As it had rained almost all the day, the house contained the congregation. Hence we rode to Coleford. The wind being high, I consented to preach in their new room. But large as it was, it would not contain the people, who appeared to be not a little affected: of which they gave a sufficient proof, by filling the Room at five in the morning.

Thursday 18, We breakfasted at a friend's, a mile or two from Monmouth, and rode to Crick-howell, where I intended to dine; but I found other work to do. Notice had been given, that I would preach, and some were come many miles to hear. So I began without delay, and I did not observe one light or inattentive person in the congregation. When we came to Brecknock, we found it was the assize week; so that I could not have the Town-hall, as before; the Court being to sit there, at the very time when I had appointed to preach. So I preached at Mr. James's door: and all the people behaved as in the presence of God.

Friday 19, I preached near the Market-place, and afterwards rode over to Treveeka. Howell Harris's house is one of the most elegant places which I have seen in Wales. The little chapel and all things round about it, are finished in an

uncommon taste; and the gardens, orchards, fish-ponds, and mount adjoining, make the place a little paradise. He thanks God for these things, and looks through them. About six-score persons are now in the family; all diligent, all constantly employed, all fearing God and working righteousness. I preached at ten to a crowded audience, and in the evening at Brecknock again: but to the poor only: the rich (a very few excepted) were otherwise employed.

Saturday 20, We took horse at four, and rode through one of the pleasantest countries in the world. When we came to Trecastle, we had rode fifty miles in Monmouthshire and Brecknockshire. And I will be bold to say, all England does not afford such a line of fifty miles length, for fields, meadows, woods, brooks, and gently-rising mountains, fruitful to the very top. Caermarthenshire, into which we came soon after, has at least as fruitful a soil. But it is not so pleasant, because it has fewer mountains, though abundance of brooks and rivers. About five I preached on the Green, at Caermarthen, to a large number of deeply attentive people. Here two gentlemen from Pembroke met me; with whom we rode to St. Clare, intending to lodge there; but the inn was quite full. So we concluded to try for Larn, though we knew not the way, and it was now quite dark. Just then came up an honest man who was riding thither: and we willingly bore him company.

Sunday 21, It rained almost all the morning. However we reached Tenby about eleven. The rain then ceased, and I preached at the Cross, to a congregation gathered from many miles round. The sun broke out several times and shone hot in my face; but never for two minutes together. About five I preached to a far larger congregation at Pembroke. A few gay people behaved ill at the beginning. But in a short time they lost their gaiety, and were as serious as their neighbours.

Wednesday 24, I rode over to Haverford-west. Finding it was the assize week, I was afraid the bulk of the people would be too busy to think about hearing sermons. But I was mistaken: I have not seen so numerous a congregation

since I set out of London. And they were, one and all, deeply attentive. Surely some will bring forth fruit.

Thursday 25, I was more convinced than ever, that the preaching like an apostle, without joining together those that are awakened, and training them up in the ways of God, is only begetting children for the murderer. How much preaching has there been for these twenty years all over Pembrokeshire! But no *regular Societies*, no discipline, no order or connexion. And the consequence is, that nine in ten of the once awakened, are now faster asleep than ever.

Friday 26, We designed to take horse at four: but the rain poured down, so that one could scarcely look out. About six, however, we set out, and rode through heavy rain to St. Clare. Having then little hopes of crossing the Sands, we determined to go round by Caermarthen. But the hostler told us, we might save several miles, by going to Llansteffan's-ferry. We came thither about noon, where a good woman informed us, the boat was aground, and would not pass till the evening. So we judged it best to go by Caermarthen still. But when we had rode three or four miles, I recollected that I had heard speak of a ford, which would save us some miles riding. We enquired of an old man, who soon mounted his horse, shewed us the way, and rode through the river before us.

Soon after, my mare dropped a shoe, which occasioned so much loss of time, that we could not ride the Sands, but were obliged to go round, through a miserable road, to Llanellos. To mend the matter, our guide lost his way, both before we came to Llanellos and after; so that it was as much as we could do to reach Bocher Ferry a little after sun-set. Knowing it was impossible then, to reach Penreese, as we designed, we went on straight to Swansey.

Saturday 27, I preached at seven to one or two hundred people, many of whom seemed full of good desires. But as there is no Society, I expect no deep or lasting work.

Mr. Evans now gave me an account, from his own knowledge, of what has made a great noise in Wales. "It is

common in the congregations, attended by Mr. W.W., and one or two other clergymen, after the preaching is over, for any one that has a mind, to give out a verse of a hymn. This they sing over and over with all their might, perhaps above thirty, yea, forty times. Meanwhile, the bodies of two or three, sometimes ten or twelve, are violently agitated; and they leap up and down, in all manner of postures, frequently for hours together." I think, there needs no great penetration to understand this. They are honest, upright men, who really feel the love of God in their hearts. But they have little experience, either of the ways of God, or the devices of Satan. So he serves himself of their simplicity, in order to wear them out, and to bring a discredit on the work of God.

About two, I preached at Cowbridge, in the Assembly-room, and then went on to Landaff. The congregation was waiting: so I began without delay, explaining to them *the righteousness of faith*. A man had need to be all fire, who comes into these parts, where almost every one is cold as ice. Yet God is able to warm their hearts, and make rivers run in the dry places.

Sunday 28, I preached once more in W. Church: but it was hard work. Mr. H. read the prayers, (not as he did once, with such fervour and solemnity as struck almost every hearer, but) like one reading an old song, in a cold, dry, careless manner. And there was no singing at all. O what life was here once! But now there is not one spark left!

Thence I rode to Cardiff, and found the Society in as ruinous a condition as the Castle. The same poison of *Mysticism* has well-nigh extinguished the last spark of life here also. I preached in the Town-hall on *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent*. There was a little shaking among the dry bones. Possibly some of them may yet *come together, and live*. Monday 29, at noon, I preached again at Landaff, and in the evening at Aberthaw. I found the most life in this congregation, that I have found any where in Glamorganshire. We lodged at F. Castle: so

agreeable once! But how is the scene changed! How dull and unlovely is every place, where there is nothing of God! Tuesday 30, I preached in the Castle at Cardiff, and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. A few seemed to awake, and shake themselves from the dust. Let these go on, and more will follow.

I came to Chepstow, Wednesday 31, just at noon, and began preaching immediately at Mr. Cheek's door. The sun shone full in my face, extremely hot; but in two or three minutes the clouds covered it. The congregation was large, and behaved well: Perhaps some may be *doers of the word.* When we went into the boat, at the Old Passage, it was a dead calm. But the wind sprung up in a few minutes, so that we reached Bristol in good time. Thursday, September 1, I began expounding a second time, after an interval of above twenty years, the first Epistle of St. John. How plain, how full, and how deep a compendium of genuine Christianity!

Saturday 3, I described the one undivided *Fruit of the Spirit:* One part of which men are continually labouring to separate from the other: But it cannot be: None can retain *peace* or *joy* without *meekness* and *long-suffering:* Nay, nor without *fidelity* and *temperance.* Unless we have the whole, we cannot long retain any part of it.

Sunday 4, I preached on the Key, where multitudes attended, who would not have come to the other end of the City. In the afternoon, I preached near the New Square. I find no other way to reach the outcasts of men. And this way God has owned, and *does* still own, both by the conviction and conversion of sinners.

Wednesday 7, I preached at Pensford about eight, and it began raining almost as soon as I began preaching. But I think none went away. At noon I preached at Shepton-Mallet, to a numerous, nay, and serious congregation: and about six in a meadow at Wincaunton. I suppose this was the first field preaching which had been there. However, the people were all quiet, and the greater part deeply attentive. Thursday 8, at nine, I preached in the same place,

to a far more serious audience. Between eleven and twelve I preached at Westcomb, and in the evening at Frome. How zealous to hear are these people! And yet how little do they profit by hearing! I think this will not always be the case. By and by we shall rejoice over them.

Wednesday 14, I preached at Bath, on *Now is the day of salvation.* I was afterwards not a little refreshed by the conversation of one lately come from London; notwithstanding an irregularity of thought, almost peculiar to herself. How much preferable is her *irregular warmth*, to the *cold wisdom* of them that despise her! How gladly would I be as she is, taking her *wildness* and *fervor* together!

In the evening the congregation at Coleford was all alive, and great part of them were present again in the morning. The next evening we had a love-feast; at which many were not able to contain their joy and desire; but were constrained to cry aloud, and praise God for the abundance of his mercies. Saturday 17, I preached on the Green at Bedminster. I am apt to think many of the hearers scarcely ever heard a Methodist before, or perhaps any other preacher. What but field-preaching could reach these poor sinners? And are not *their* souls also precious in the sight of God?

Sunday 18, I preached in the morning in Princess-street, to a numerous congregation. Two or three gentlemen, so called, laughed at first; but in a few minutes they were as serious as the rest. On Monday evening I gave our brethren a solemn caution, not to *love the world, neither the things of the world.* This will be their grand danger. As they are industrious and frugal, they must needs increase in goods. This appears already. In London, Bristol, and most other trading towns, those who are in business have increased in substance seven fold: some of them twenty, yea, a hundred fold. What need then have these of the strongest warnings, lest they be entangled therein, and perish!

Friday 23, I preached at Bath. Riding home we saw a coffin carrying into St. George's Church, with many children attending it. When we came near, we found they were our own children, attending the corpse of one of their

school-fellows, who had died of the small-pox. And God thereby touched many of their hearts, in a manner they never knew before. Monday 26, I preached to the prisoners in Newgate, and in the afternoon rode over to Kingswood, where I had a solemn Watch-night, and an opportunity of speaking closely to the children. One is dead; two recovered; seven are ill still: and the hearts of all are like melting wax.

Tuesday 27, I took my leave of the congregation at Bristol, by opening and applying those words, (by which no flesh living shall be justified) *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.* I believe, an eminent Deist, who was present, will not easily forget that hour. He was (then at least) deeply affected, and felt he stood in need of *an Advocate with the Father.*

Wednesday and Thursday evenings, I spent at Salisbury, and with no small satisfaction. Friday 30, I preached about one at Whitchurch, and then rode to Basingstoke. Even here there is at length some prospect of doing good. A large number of people attended, to whom God enabled me to speak strong words. And they seemed to sink into the hearts of the hearers.

Saturday, October 1, I returned to London, and found our house in ruins, great part of it being taken down, in order to a thorough repair. But as much remained as I wanted: six feet square suffices me by day or by night.

I now received a very strange account, from a man of sense, as well as integrity. "I asked M. S. many questions, before she would give me any answer. At length, after much persuasion, she said, 'On old Michaelmas-day was three years, I was sitting by myself at my father's, with a bible before me, and one, whom I took to be my uncle, came into the room, and sat down by me. He talked to me some time, till not liking his discourse, I looked more carefully at him. He was dressed like my uncle; but I observed one of his feet was just like that of an ox. Then I was much frighted, and he began torturing me sadly, and told me he would torture me ten times more, if I would not swear to kill my father,

which at last I did. He said, he would come again, on that day four years, between half an hour past two and three o'clock.

"'I have several times since strove to write this down; but when I did, the use of my hand was taken from me. I strove to speak it; but whenever I did, my speech was taken from me. And I am afraid I shall be tormented a deal more, for what I have spoken now.' Presently she fell into such a fit as was dreadful to look upon. One would have thought she would be torn in pieces. Several persons could scarcely hold her; till, after a time, she sunk down as dead.

"From that Michaelmas-day, she was continually tormented with the thought of killing her father: as likewise of killing herself: which she often attempted, but was as often hindered. Once she attempted to cut her own throat: once to throw herself into Rosamond's Pond: several times to strangle herself, which once or twice was, with much difficulty, prevented.

"Her brother, fearing lest she should at last succeed in her attempt, and finding her fits come more frequently, got a strait waistcoat made for her, such as they use at Bedlam. It was made of strong ticking, with two straps on the shoulders, to fasten her down to the bed; one across her breast, another across her middle, and another across her knees: one likewise was buckled on each leg, and fastened to the side of the bed. The arms of the waistcoat drew over her fingers, and fastened like a purse. In a few minutes after she was thus secured, her brother, coming to the bed, found she was gone: after some time, he found she was up the chimney, so high that he could scarcely touch her feet. When Mary L—s called her, she came down, having her hands as fast as ever.

"The night after, I fastened her arms to her body with new straps over and above the rest. She looked at me and laughed; then gave her hands a slight turn, and all the fastenings were off.

"In the morning, Mr. Spark came. On our telling him this, he said, 'But I will take upon me to fasten her so that she

shall not get loose.' Accordingly he sent for some girth-web, with which he fastened her arms to her sides, first above her elbows round her body; then below her elbows: then he put it round each wrist, and blockaded them down to each side of the bedstead: after this she was quiet a night and a day: then all this was off like the rest.

"After this we did not tie her down any more, only watched over her, night and day. I asked the Physician that attended her, whether it was a natural disorder: He said, 'Partly natural, partly diabolical.' We then judged there was no remedy but prayer, which was made for her, or with her, continually: though while any were praying with her, she was tormented more than ever.

"The Friday before Michaelmas-day last, Mr. W. came to see her. He asked, 'Do you know me?' She said, 'No, you all appear to me like blackamoors.' 'But do not you know my voice?' 'No, I know no one's voice, except Molly L—'s.' 'Do you pray God to help you?' 'No, I cannot pray. God will never help *me*. I belong to the devil, and he will have me. He will take me, body and soul, on Monday.' 'Would you have *me* pray for you?' 'No indeed, for when people pray, he torments me worse than ever.' In her fits, she was first convulsed all over, seeming in an agony of pain, and screaming terribly. Then she began cursing, swearing, and blaspheming, in the most horrid manner. Then she burst into vehement fits of laughter; then sunk down as dead. All this time she was quite senseless; then she fetched a deep sigh, and recovered her sense and understanding; but was so weak, that she could not speak to be heard, unless you put your ear almost close to her mouth.

"When Mr. W. began praying, she began screaming, so that a mob quickly gathered about the house. However, he prayed on, till the convulsions and screaming ceased, and she came to her senses much sooner than usual. What most surprised us was, that she continued in her senses, and soon after began to pray herself.

"On Sunday evening, Mr. W. came again, asked her many

questions, pressed her to call upon God for power to believe, and then prayed with her. She then began to pray again, and continued in her senses longer than she had done for a month before; but still insisted, 'the devil would come the next day between two and three, and take her away.'

"She begged me to sit up with her that night, which I willingly did. About four in the morning, she burst out into a flood of tears, crying, 'What shall I do? what shall I do? I cannot stand this day. This day I shall be lost.' I went to prayer with her, and exhorted her to pray for faith, and her agony ceased.

"About half an hour after ten, ten of us came together, as we had agreed the day before: I said, 'Are there any among you who do not believe, that God is able and willing to deliver this soul?' They answered with one voice, 'We believe he both can and will deliver her this day.' I then fastened her down to the bed on both sides, and set two on each side to hold her, if need were. We began laying her case before the Lord, and claiming his promise on her behalf. Immediately Satan raged vehemently: he caused her to roar in an uncommon manner, then to shriek, so that it went through our heads: then to bark like a dog: then her face was distorted to an amazing degree, her mouth being drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes turned opposite ways, and starting as if they would start out of her head. Presently her throat was so convulsed, that she appeared to be quite strangled. Then the convulsions were in her bowels, and her body swelled, as if ready to burst. At other times she was as stiff from head to foot, as an iron bar, being at the same time wholly deprived of her senses and motion, not even breathing at all. Soon after, her body was so writhed, one would have thought all her bones must be dislocated.

"We continued in prayer, one after another, till about twelve o'clock. One then said, 'I must go; I can stay no longer.' Another and another said the same, till we were upon the point of breaking up. I said, 'What is this? Will you all give place to the devil? Are you still ignorant of Satan's devices? Shall we leave this poor soul in his hands?'

Presently the cloud vanished away: we all saw the snare, and resolved to wrestle with God, till we had the petition we asked of him. We began singing a hymn, and quickly found his Spirit was in the midst of us; but the more earnestly we prayed, the more violently the enemy raged. It was with great difficulty that four of us could hold her down: frequently we thought she would have been torn out of our arms. By her looks and motions, we judged she saw him in a visible shape. She laid fast hold on Molly L——s and me, with inexpressible eagerness, and soon burst into a flood of tears, crying, 'Lord, save, or I perish! I *will* believe: Lord, give me power to believe, help my unbelief.' Afterwards she lay quiet for about fifteen minutes. I then asked, 'Do you now believe Christ will save you? and have you a desire to pray to him?' She answered, 'I have a little desire, but I want power to believe.' We bid her keep asking for the power, and looking unto Jesus. I then gave out a hymn, and she earnestly sung with us those words,

'O Sun of Righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.'

"I now looked at my watch, and told her, 'It is half an hour past two. This is the time when the devil said he would come for you.' But, blessed be God, instead of a tormentor, he sent a comforter. Jesus appeared to her soul, and rebuked the enemy: though still some fear remained. But at three, it was all gone, and she mightily rejoiced in the God of her salvation. It was a glorious sight. Her fierce countenance was changed, and she looked as innocent as a child: and we all partook of the blessing, for Jesus filled our souls with a love which no tongue can express. We then offered up our joint praises to God, for his unspeakable mercies, and left her full of faith, and love, and joy in God her Saviour."

Sunday 2, All this week, I endeavoured to confirm those who had been shaken as to the important doctrine of

Christian Perfection, either by its wild defenders, or wise opposers, who much availed themselves of that wildness. It must needs be that such offences will come; but *woe unto him by whom the offence cometh!*

Monday 10, I set out for Norwich, taking Hertford in my way, where I began preaching between ten and eleven. Those who expected disturbance were happily disappointed, for the whole congregation was quiet and attentive. I doubt not but much good may be done even here, if our brethren *live* what we *preach*.

In the evening, I preached in the New Room at Bedford, where we, at last, see some fruit of our labour. Tuesday 11, I rode through miserable roads to Cambridge, and thence to Lakenheath. The next day I reached Norwich, and found much of the presence of God in the congregation, both this evening and the next day. On Friday evening, I read to them all the Rules of the Society, adding, "Those who are resolved to keep these rules, may continue with us, and those only." I then related what I had done, since I came to Norwich first, and what I *would do* for the time to come: particularly, that I would immediately put a stop to preaching in the time of Church service. I added, "For many years I have had more trouble with this Society, than with half the Societies in England put together. With God's help, I will try you one year longer, and I hope you will bring forth better fruit."

Sunday 16, Notwithstanding the notice I had given over and over, abundance of people came to the Tabernacle at two in the afternoon, the usual time of preaching; and many of these *lambs* roared like lions; but it was no more than I expected. Monday 17, I found at Yarmouth, a little, loving, earnest company. In the evening, both the house and the yard were pretty well filled with attentive hearers. Tuesday 18, I read over that surprising book, *The Life of Mr. William Lilly*. If he believed himself, as he really seems to have done, was ever man so deluded? Persuaded that Hermeli, the Queen of the Fairies, Micol Regina Pygmæorum and their fellows, were good angels!

How amazing is this! And is it not still more amazing, that some of the greatest and most sensible men in the nation, should not only not have scrupled to employ him, but have been his fast friends upon all occasions?

Wednesday 19, I returned to Norwich, and found the ferment a little abated. I was much pleased with the leaders, in the evening, a company of steady, lively, zealous persons; and indeed with most of the Society with whom I have conversed, none of whom seem to have lost ground since I was here last.

Sunday 23, I met the Society for the first time, immediately after the morning preaching. Afterwards I went to Church, with a considerable number of the people, several of whom, I suppose, had not been within those walls for many years. I was glad to hear a plain, useful sermon, and especially for the sake of those, who, if they had been offended at first, would hardly have come any more. In the evening, God made bare his arm, and his word was sharp as a two-edged sword. Before I had concluded my sermon, the mob made a little disturbance: but let us only get the *lambs* in order, and I will quickly tame the *bears*.

Monday 24, I rode to Bury. Here the mob had, for some time, reigned lords paramount; but a strange gentleman from London, who was present one evening, when they were in high spirits, took them in hand, and prosecuted the matter so effectually, that they were quelled at once.

Tuesday 25, I rode to Colchester, and found a strange ferment in the Society, occasioned by the imprudence of ——— ———, who had kindled a flame which he could not quench, and set every man's sword against his brother. I heard them all face to face, but to no purpose. They regarded neither Scripture nor reason: but on Thursday evening, at the meeting of the Society, God was intreated for them: the stony hearts were broken: anger, revenge, evil-surmising, fled away. The hearts of all were again united together, and his banner over us was love.

It may be of use to insert here part of a letter, which I received about this time.

"In reading your Notes on Heb. xii. 9, a while since, I was struck with your exposition of the ninth verse. 'Perhaps these expressions, *fathers of our flesh, and Father of spirits*, intimate, that our earthly fathers are only the parents of our bodies, our souls not being derived from them, but rather created by the immediate power of God, and infused into the body from age to age.' But meeting with a curious old book which asserts a contrary doctrine, I hope you will pardon my freedom in transcribing, and begging your thoughts upon it.

"That souls are not immediately infused by God, but immediately propagated by the parent, is proved, 1, from the Divine rest, Gen. ii. 2, *And he rested on the seventh day, from all the work which he had made:* 2, from the blessing mentioned, Gen. i. 28, *And God blessed them, and said unto them, be fruitful, and multiply;* for this does not relate to a part, but to the whole of man: 3, from the generation of Seth, Gen. v. 3, *And Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image*, for this image principally consisted in the soul: 4, from the procession of the soul from the parent mentioned, Gen. xlvi. 26, *All the souls, which came out of his loins:* 5, from the very consideration of sin; for they are infused, I. either pure, and then, 1, they will either be free from original sin, the primary seat of which is the soul; and so God will be cruel in condemning the soul for what it is not guilty of: or, 2, we must suppose the impure body to pollute the soul, which is absurd. Or, II. they are infused impure, and in that case, God will be the cause of impurity, which is impossible. This is further proved from the doctrine of regeneration: for that which is regenerated was also generated or begotten, but the whole man is regenerated, therefore the whole man is generated; compare John iii. 6, *That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;* and Eph. iv. 23, *And be renewed in the spirit of your mind.*

"That the human soul is propagated by the parents together with the body, is further proved, 1, by the creation of Eve; whose soul is not said to have been breathed into her by God: 2, from the confession of David, Psal. li. 2. *Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me;* which words cannot possibly relate to the body only: 3, from our redemption; what Christ did not assume, he did not redeem; if therefore he did not assume his soul, together with his body from the Virgin Mary, our souls are not redeemed by Christ, which is evidently false: 4, from similar expressions, Job x. 8, *Thine hands have made and fashioned me;* and Psal. cxxxix. 15, *For thou hast possessed my reins, thou hast covered me in my mother's womb;* where God is said to have formed us with his own hands, which yet is no otherwise done than mediately by generation: 5, from the nature of the begetter and the begotten; they are of one species, but the man who begets consisting of a soul and body, and a body without a soul, are not of one species.

"Again: supposing the soul to be infused by the Deity, either first it will be free from sin, and so God himself will be accused as guilty of injustice in condemning a pure spirit, and in infusing it into an impure body: or, 2, he will be accounted the author of the soul's pollution, by uniting it a pure spirit, to an impure body, in order that it should be polluted: 3, a double absurdity will follow upon this supposition, viz. 1, the organical parts of man only will be slaves to sin: 2, the immortal spirit would be corrupted by the mortal body; 3, or, if the soul being thus infused, be polluted by sin, it will follow that God is expressly assigned to be the cause of sin, which is the highest blasphemy."

Friday 28, At the request of the little Society there, I rode round by Braintree. Here I met with one who was well acquainted with the Honourable Mr. ——. If he answer the character Mr. S. gives, he is one of the most amiable men in the world. O what keeps us apart? Why cannot we openly give each other the right-hand of fellowship?

Saturday 29, I returned to London. Sunday 30, I now, for the first time, spoke to the Society freely concerning Mr. M. both with regard to his *injustice* in the affair of Snows-fields, and his almost unparallelled ingratitude to me. But I never expect one that is false to God to be true to a human friend.

Wednesday, Nov. 2, I spent an agreeable hour with old, venerable Mr. —. How striking is a man of sense, learning, and piety, when he has well-nigh finished his course, and yet retains all his faculties unimpaired! His grey hairs are indeed *a crown of honour*.

In this neighbourhood I learned the particulars of a remarkable occurrence. On Friday, August 19, a gentleman who was at Lisbon during the great earthquake, walking with his friend near Brighthelmstone in Sussex, and looking south-west toward the sea, cried out, "God grant the wind may rise! otherwise we shall have an earthquake quickly. Just so the clouds whirled to and fro, and so the sky looked that day at Lisbon." Presently the wind did rise, and brought an impetuous storm of rain and large hail. Some of the hail-stones were larger than hen-eggs. It moved in a line about four miles broad, making strange havock, as it passed quite over the land, till it fell into the river, not far from Sheerness. And wherever it passed, it left a hot sulphurous steam, such as almost suffocated those it reached.

Thursday 3, I returned to London. Saturday 5, I spent some time with my old friend John Gambold. Who but Count Z. could have separated such friends as we were? Shall we never unite again?

Sunday 13, I found much of the power of God in preaching, but far more at the Lord's table. At the same time one who had been wandering from God for many years, and would fain have been with us, but could not, found that the Spirit of God was not hindered, or confined to one place. He found out —— the poor backslider, in his own house, and revealed Christ anew in his heart.

Tuesday 15, I visited Joseph Norbury, a good old soldier of Jesus Christ. I found him just on the wing for Paradise,

having rattled in the throat for some time: but his speech was restored, when I came in, and he mightily praised God for all his mercies. This was his last testimony for a good master. Soon after, he fell asleep.

On Friday I finished visiting the Classes, and observed that, since February last, a hundred and seventy-five persons have been separated from us. A hundred and six left us on Mr. M.'s account; few of them will return till they are deeply humbled.

Here I stood, and looked back on the late occurrences. Before Thomas Walsh left England, God began that great work, which has continued ever since, without any considerable intermission. During the whole time, many have been convinced of sin, many justified, and many backsliders healed. But the peculiar work of this season has been, what St. Paul calls *the perfecting of the saints*. Many persons in London, in Bristol, in York, and in various parts both of England and Ireland, have experienced so deep and universal a change, as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. After a deep conviction of inbred sin, of their total fall from God, they have been so filled with faith and love, (and generally in a moment) that sin vanished, and they found from that time, no pride, anger, desire, or unbelief. They could rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks. Now whether we call this the *destruction* or *suspension* of sin, it is a glorious work of God: such a work, as, considering both the depth and extent of it, we never saw in these kingdoms before.

It is possible, some who spake in this manner were mistaken: and it is certain, some have lost what they then received. A few (very few compared to the whole number) first gave way to enthusiasm, then to pride, next to prejudice and offence, and at last separated from their brethren. But although this laid a huge stumbling-block in the way, still the work of God went on. Nor has it ceased to this day in any of its branches. God still convinces, justifies, sanctifies. We have lost only the dross, the enthusiasm, the prejudice and offence. The pure gold remains, faith

working by love, and we have ground to believe, increases daily. Monday 21, I buried the remains of Joseph Norbury, a faithful witness of Jesus Christ. For about three years he has humbly and boldly testified, that God had saved him from all sin. And his whole spirit and behaviour in life and death, made his testimony beyond exception.

December 1, All the leisure hours I had in this and the following months, during the time I was in London, I spent in reading over our works with the Preachers, considering what objections had been made, and correcting whatever we judged wrong, either in the matter or expression. Monday 5, I rode to Shoreham, and preached in the evening to a more than usually serious company. The next evening they were considerably increased. The small-pox, just broke out in the town, has made many of them thoughtful. O let not the impression pass away as the morning-dew!

Wednesday 7, I rode to Staplehurst, where Mr. Ch—, who loves all that love Christ, received us gladly. At six the congregation, gathered from many miles round, seemed just ripe for the Gospel: so that (contrary to my custom in a new place) I spoke merely of *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*. Thursday 8, in returning to London, I was thoroughly wet: but it did me no hurt at all. Friday 16, I spent an agreeable hour, and not unprofitably, in conversation with my old friend John Gambold. O, how gladly could I join heart and hand again! But, alas! *thy heart is* not *as my heart!*

Saturday 17, I dined at Dr. G.'s, as friendly and courteous as Doctor Doddridge himself. How amiable is courtesy joined with sincerity! Why should they ever be divided?

Wednesday 21, I took my leave of the Bull-and-Mouth, a barren, uncomfortable place, where much pains has been taken for several years; I fear to little purpose. Thursday 22, I spent a little time on a visit to Mr. M., twenty years ago a zealous and useful magistrate, now a picture of human nature in disgrace: feeble in body and mind; slow of

speech and of understanding. Lord, let me not live to be useless!

Monday 26, I began preaching at a large commodious place in Bartholomew-Close. I preached there again on Wednesday, and at both times with peculiar liberty of spirit. At every place this week I endeavoured to prepare our brethren, for renewing their covenant with God.

Sunday, January 1, 1764, We met in the evening for that solemn purpose. I believe the number of those that met, was considerably larger than it was last year. And so was the blessing: truly *the consolations of God* were *not small with us*. Many were filled with peace and joy; many with holy fear, and several backsliders were healed.

On some of the following days I visited the little Societies near London. Thursday 12, I preached at Mitcham; and in the afternoon rode to Dorking: but the gentleman to whose house I was invited, seemed to have no desire I should preach; so that evening I had nothing to do. Friday 13, I went at noon into the street, and in a broad place, not far from the Market-place, proclaimed *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*. At first, two or three little children were the whole of my congregation: but it quickly increased, though the air was sharp, and the ground exceedingly wet. And all behaved well but three or four grumbling men, who stood so far off, that they disturbed none but themselves. I had purposed to preach there again in the morning: but a violent storm made it impracticable. So, after preaching at Mitcham in the way, I rode back to London.

Monday 16, I rode to High-Wycombe, and preached to a more numerous and serious congregation than ever I saw there before. Shall there be yet another day of visitation to this careless people? A large number was present at five in the morning: but my face and gums were so swelled, I could hardly speak. After I took horse, they grew worse and worse, till it began to rain. I was then persuaded to put on an oil-case hood, which (the wind being very high) kept rubbing continually on my cheek, till both pain and swelling were gone.

Between twelve and one we crossed Ensham Ferry. The water was like a sea on both sides. I asked the ferry-man, "Can we ride the causeway?" He said, "Yes, Sir, if you keep in the middle." But this was the difficulty, as the whole causeway was covered with water to a considerable depth. And this in many parts ran over the causeway with the swiftness and violence of a sluice. Once my mare lost both her fore feet, but she gave a spring, and recovered the causeway, otherwise we must have taken a swim, for the water on either side was ten or twelve feet deep: however, after one or two plunges more, we got through, and came safe to Witney. The congregation in the evening, as well as the next day, was both large and deeply attentive. This is such a people as I have not seen; so remarkably diligent in business; and at the same time of so quiet a spirit, and so calm and civil in their behaviour.

Thursday 19, I rode through Oxford to Henley. The people here bear no resemblance to those of Witney. I found a wild, staring congregation, many of them void both of common sense and common decency. I spoke exceedingly plain to them all, and reproved some of them sharply. Friday 20, I took (probably my final) leave of Henley, and returned to London.

Monday 23, I rode to Sundon, and preached in the evening to a very quiet and very stupid people. How plain is it, that even to enlighten the understanding, is beyond the power of man! After all our preaching here, even those who have constantly attended, no more understand us, than if we had preached in Greek.

Thursday 26, Returning from Bedford, I tried another way to reach them. I preached on *Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched*, and set before them the terrors of the Lord, in the strongest manner I was able. It seemed to be the very thing they wanted. They not only listened with the deepest attention, but appeared to be more affected, than I had ever seen them, by any discourse whatever.

Wednesday, February 1, I buried the remains of Wil-

liam Hurd, a son of affliction for many years, continually struggling with inward and outward trials: but his end was peace.

Thursday 2, I preached again in the Foundery, which had been repairing for several weeks. It is not only firm and safe (whereas before the main timbers were quite decayed) but clean and decent, and capable of receiving several hundreds more.

Sunday 5, I began Mr. Hartley's ingenious "Defence of the Mystic Writers." But it does not satisfy *me*. I must still object, 1, To their *sentiments*. The chief of them do not appear to me, to have any conception of Church-Communion. Again, they slight not only works of piety, the ordinances of God, but even works of mercy. And yet most of them, yea, all that I have seen, hold justification by works. In general, they are *wise above what is written*, indulging themselves in many unscriptural speculations. I object, 2, To their *spirit*, that most of them are of a dark, shy, reserved, unsociable temper. And that they are apt to *despise* all who differ from them, as carnal, unenlightened men. I object, 3, To their whole *phrascology*. It is both unscriptural, and affectedly mysterious. I say, *affectedly*. For this does not necessarily result from the nature of the things spoken of. St. John speaks as high and as deep things as Jacob Behmen. Why then does not Jacob speak as plainly as he?

Monday 6, I opened the New Chapel at Wapping, well filled with deeply-attentive hearers. Thursday 16, I once more took a serious walk through *the tombs* in *Westminster Abbey*. What heaps of unmeaning stone and marble! But there was one tomb which shewed common sense: that beautiful figure of Mr. Nightingale, endeavouring to screen his lovely wife from *death*. Here indeed the marble seems to *speak*, and statues appear only not *alive*.

After taking Brentford, Deptford, Welling, and Sevenoaks, in my way, on Thursday 23, I rode to Sir Thomas I'Anson's, (at New-bounds, two miles beyond Tunbridge) just quivering on the verge of life, helpless as a child, but,

as it seems, greatly profited by this severe dispensation. The hall, stair-case, and adjoining rooms, just contained the people in the evening. One poor backslider, whom Providence had brought thither, was exceedingly wounded. I left her, resolved to set out once more, if happily God might heal her.

Friday 24, I returned to London. Wednesday 29, I heard Judith, an Oratorio, performed at the Lock. Some parts of it were exceedingly fine. But there are two things in all modern pieces of music, which I could never reconcile to common sense: one, is singing the same words ten times over: the other, singing different words by different persons, at one and the same time. And this, in the most solemn addresses to God, whether by way of prayer or of thanksgiving. This can never be defended, not even by all the musicians in Europe, till reason is quite out of date.

Monday, March 12, I set out for Bristol. Friday 16, I met several serious Clergymen. I have long desired, that there might be an open, avowed union, between all who preach those fundamental truths, original sin, and justification by faith, producing inward and outward holiness. But all my endeavours have been hitherto ineffectual. God's time is not fully come.

Monday 19, I set out for the North. We reached Stroud about two in the afternoon. How many years were we beating the air in this place! One wrong-headed man pulling down all we could build up: but since he is gone, the word of God takes root, and the Society increases both in number and strength. Tuesday 20, at seven, I preached in Painswick. For many years an honest, disputing man, greatly hindered the work of God here also, subverting the souls that were just setting out for heaven. But since God took him to himself, his word has free course, and many sinners are converted to him. We rode hence over the top of the bleak mountains to Stanley, where an earnest congregation was waiting. From Stanley to Evesham we were to go as we could, the lanes being scarcely passable; however, at length, we got through. I never before saw so quiet a con-

gregation in the Town-hall, nor yet so numerous. I designed afterwards to meet the Society at our room. But the people were so eager to hear, that I knew not how to keep them out: so we had a large congregation again; and again God gave us his blessing.

Wednesday 21, After riding about two hours and a half from Evesham, we stopped at a little village. We easily perceived, by the marks he had left, that the man of the house had been beating his wife. I took occasion from thence, to speak strongly to her, concerning the hand of God, and his design in all afflictions. It seemed to be a word in season. She appeared to be not only thankful, but deeply affected.

We had an exceedingly large congregation at Birmingham, in what was formerly the Play-house. Happy would it be, if all the play-houses in the kingdom, were converted to so good an use. After service the mob gathered, and threw some dirt and stones at those who were going out; but it is probable they will soon be calmed, as some of them are in gaol already. A few endeavoured to make a disturbance the next evening during the preaching, but it was lost labour: the congregation *would* not be diverted, from *taking earnest heed to the things that were spoken.*

Friday 23, I rode to Dudley, formerly a den of lions, but now as quiet as Bristol. They had just finished their Preaching-house, which was thoroughly filled. I saw no trifler, but many in tears. Here I met with a remarkable account of a child, the substance of which was as follows:

"John B., about ten years old, was some time since taken ill. He often asked, How it was to die. His sister told him, 'Some children know God, and then they are not afraid to die.' He said, 'What, children as little as *me?*' She answered, 'Your sister Patty did; and she was less than you:' at which he seemed to be much affected. Sunday was fortnight he took his bed, but was not able to sleep. Soon after, he said, 'We shall soon be with angels and archangels in heaven. What signifies this wicked world? Who would want to live here, that might live with Christ?' The maid

said, 'I wish I was married to Christ!' He said, 'Being married to Christ is coming to Christ, and keeping with him. All may come to him; I am happy; I am happy.' His sister asked, 'Do you love God?' He answered, 'Yes, that I do.' She asked, 'And do you think God loves *you*?' He replied, 'Yes, I know he does.'

"The next evening she said, 'How are you, Jacky, when you are so happy?' He said, stroking his breast down with his hand, 'Why, like as if God were in me. O my sister, what a happy thing it was that I came to Dudley! I am quite happy when I am saying my prayers. And when I think on God, I can almost see into heaven.'

"Tuesday night last she asked, 'Are you afraid to die?' He said, 'I have seen the time that I was; but now I am not a bit afraid of death, or hell, or judgment; for Christ is mine. I know Christ is my own. He says, What would you have? I would get to heaven, I will get to heaven as soon as I can. And as well as I love you all, when I am once got to heaven, I would not come to you again for ten thousand worlds.' Soon after, he said, 'If God would let me do as the angels do, I would come and watch over you. I will, if God will let me: and when you are ready, I will come and fetch you to heaven; yea, if God would let me, I would fly all over the world, to fetch souls to heaven.'

"He asked his cousin, if she had seen the King: and added, 'I have; indeed I have not seen King George, but I have seen a better King; for I have seen the King of heaven and earth.' His health since that time has been in some measure recovered: but he continues in the same spirit."

Saturday 24, We came once more to our old flock at Wednesbury. The congregation differed from most that we have lately seen. It almost entirely consisted of such as had *repented*, if not also *believed the Gospel*. Sunday 25, at eight, I preached in the Room, though it would, by no means, contain the congregation: but the North-east wind was so extremely sharp, that it was not practicable to preach abroad. At one it drove us likewise into the house at Dar-

laston, that is, as many as it could contain. At five, there was such a congregation at Wednesbury, as I have not seen since I left London. But I found my voice would have commanded twice the number, while I declared, *The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith which we preach.*

Monday 26, I was desired to preach at Walsal. James Jones was alarmed at the motion, apprehending there would be much disturbance; however, I determined to make the trial. Coming into the house, I met with a token for good: a woman was telling her neighbour why she came: "I had a desire," said she, "to hear this man; yet I durst not, because I heard so much ill of him: but this morning, I dreamed I was praying earnestly, and I heard a voice, saying, 'See the 8th verse of the first chapter of St. John.' I waked, and got my bible and read, *He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light.* I got up, and came away with all my heart."

The house not being capable of containing the people, about seven I began preaching abroad: and there was no opposer, no, nor a trifler to be seen: all present were earnestly attentive. How is Walsal changed! How has God either tamed the wild beasts, or chained them up!

In the afternoon, I came to Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The house and yard contained the people tolerably well. I saw but one trifler among all, who I understood was an attorney: poor man! if men *live* what I *preach*, *the hope of* his *gain is lost.* Wednesday 28, we rode to Donnington, where a great multitude earnestly attended, while I explained and enforced, *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Hence we rode to Derby. Mr. Dobinson believed it would be best for me to preach in the Market-place, as there seemed to be a general inclination in the town, even among people of fashion, to hear me: he had mentioned it to the Mayor, who said, he did not apprehend there would be the least disturbance; but if there should be any thing of the kind, he would take care to suppress it. A multitude of

people were gathered at five, and were pretty quiet till I had named my text: then *the beasts of the people* lifted up their voice, hallooing and shouting on every side. Finding it impossible to be heard, I walked softly away: an innumerable retinue followed me, but only a few pebble stones were thrown, and no one hurt at all: most of the rabble followed quite to Mr. D.'s house, but, it seems, without any malice propense; for they stood stock still about an hour, and then quietly went away.

At seven, I met the Society, with many others who earnestly desired to be present. In the morning, most of them came again, with as many more as we could well make room for; and indeed they received the word gladly. God grant they may bring forth fruit!

Thursday 29, Between eleven and twelve, I preached at Alferton, twelve miles from Derby, and in the evening, at Sheffield, to many more than could hear, on *Now is the day of salvation.* In the morning, I gave a hearing to several of the Society, who were extremely angry at each other: it surprised me to find what trifles they had stumbled at; but I hope their snare is broken. In the evening, while I was enlarging upon *the righteousness of faith*, the word of God was quick and powerful: many felt it in their inmost souls: one backslider in particular, who was then restored to all she had lost, and the next morning believed she was *saved from sin.*

Friday 30, I met those who believe God has *redeemed* them *from all their sins:* they are about sixty in number: I could not learn that any among them walk unworthy of their profession: many watch over them for evil; but they overcome evil with good: I found nothing of self-conceit, stubbornness, impatience of contradiction, or London enthusiasm among them. They have better learned of him that was meek and lowly of heart, to *adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.*

In the evening, I preached in the New House at Rotherham, on the sure foundation, *Ye are saved through faith.* It was a season of strong consolation to many. One who had

been, for some time, groaning for full redemption, now found power to believe, that God had fulfilled her desire, and set her heart at liberty. Saturday 31, an odd circumstance occurred, during the morning preaching. It was well only serious people were present. An ass walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the house, lifted up his head, and stood stock still, in a posture of deep attention. Might not *the dumb beast reprove* many who have far less decency, and not much more understanding?

At noon, I preached (the room being too small to contain the people) in a yard, near the bridge, in Doncaster. The wind was high, and exceedingly sharp, and blew all the time on the side of my head. In the afternoon, I was seized with a sore throat, almost as soon as I came to Epworth. However I preached, though with some difficulty; but afterward I could hardly speak. Being better the next day, Sunday, April 1, I preached about one at Westwood-side; and soon after four, in the Market-place at Epworth, to a numerous congregation. At first, indeed, but few could hear. But the more I spoke, the more my voice was strengthened, till, toward the close, all my pain and weakness were gone, and all could hear distinctly.

Monday 2, I had a day of rest. Tuesday 3, I preached about nine at Scotter, a town six or seven miles east of Epworth, where a sudden flame is broken out, many being convinced of sin almost at once, and many justified. But there were many adversaries stirred up by a bad man, who told them, "there is no law for Methodists:" hence continual riots followed; till, after a while, an upright magistrate took the cause in hand, and so managed both the rioters and him who set them at work, that they have been quiet as lambs ever since.

Hence we rode to Grimsby, once the most dead, now the most lively place in all the county. Here has been a large and swift increase both of the Society and hearers, so that the house, though galleries are added, is still too small. In the morning, Wednesday 4, I explained at large the nature of Christian Perfection. Many who had doubted of it before,

were fully satisfied. It remains only, to *experience* what we believe.

In the evening, the Mayor, and all the gentry of the town, were present; and so was our Lord in an uncommon manner. Some dropped down as dead, but after a while rejoiced with joy unspeakable. One was carried away in violent fits: I went to her after the service: she was strongly convulsed from head to foot, and shrieked out in a dreadful manner: the unclean spirit did tear her indeed; but his reign was not long: in the morning, both her soul and body were healed, and she acknowledged both the justice and mercy of God.

Thursday 5, About eleven, I preached at Elsham. The two persons who are the most zealous and active here, are the steward and gardener of a gentleman, whom the minister persuaded to turn them off, unless they would leave *this way*. He gave them a week to consider of it; at the end of which they calmly answered, "Sir, we choose rather to want bread here, than to want *a drop of water* hereafter." He replied, "Then follow your own consciences, so you do my business as well as formerly."

Friday 6, I preached at Ferry, at nine in the morning, and in the evening; and about noon, in Sir ——'s Hall, at Gainsborough. Almost as soon as I began to speak, a cock began to crow over my head; but he was quickly dislodged; and the whole congregation, rich and poor, were quiet and attentive.

Sunday 8, I set out for Misterton, though the common road was impassable, being all under water: but we found a way to ride round. I preached at eight, and I saw not one inattentive hearer. In our return, my mare rushing violently through a gate, struck my heel against the gate-post, and left me behind her in an instant, laid on my back at full length: she stood still, till I rose and mounted again; and neither of us was hurt at all.

Monday 9, I had designed to go by Authorp Ferry, and Winterton, to Hull: but we had not gone far, before the wind rose so, that we judged it would be impossible to pass

the Trent at Authorp: so we turned back, and went by Ouston and Brigg: the rain beat vehemently upon us all the way. When we came to Brigg, despairing of being able to cross the Humber, we thought it best to turn aside to Barrow. When I was here last, the mob was exceedingly rude and noisy; but all the people were now quiet and attentive. I was much pleased with their spirit and their behaviour, and could not be sorry for the storm.

Tuesday 10, The wind abating, we took boat at Barton, with two such brutes as I have seldom seen: their blasphemy, and stupid, gross obscenity, were beyond all I ever heard: we first spoke to them mildly; but it had no effect: at length we were constrained to rebuke them sharply, and they kept themselves tolerably within bounds till we landed at Hull. I preached at five, two hours sooner than was expected; by this means, we had tolerable room for the greatest part of them that came; and, I believe, not many of them came in vain.

Wednesday 11, Between eight and nine, I began preaching at Beverley, in a room which is newly taken: it was filled from end to end, and that with serious hearers: perhaps, even these may know the day of their visitation. About one, I began at Pocklington. Here, likewise, all were quiet, and listened with deep attention. When I came to York, at five in the afternoon, I was fresher than at seven in the morning. During the preaching, many were not a little comforted; and one old follower of Christ, more than seventy years of age, was now first enabled, to *call* him *Lord*, by the Holy Ghost.

I found that a most remarkable deadness had overspread this people, insomuch that not one had received remission of sins, for several months last past. Then it is high time for us to prophesy on these dry bones, that they may live. At this I more immediately pointed, in all my following discourses; and I have reason to believe, God spoke in his Word: to him be all the glory.

Thursday 12, I spent an hour with John Manners, weak in body, but not in spirit. He is fairly worn out in a good

service, and calmly waits till his change shall come. Sunday 15, in the evening, many even of the rich were present, and seriously attentive: but, oh! how hardly shall these enter into the kingdom! how hardly escape from *the desire of other things!*

Monday 16, I preached at Tollerton, at one. The congregation was large and serious: some were deeply affected, and wept much: many received comfort. At six, I began preaching in the street at Thirsk. The congregation was exceedingly large. Just as I named my text, *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul*, a man on horseback, who had stopped to see what was the matter, changed colour and trembled. Probably he might have resolved to save his soul, had not his drunken companion dragged him away.

Tuesday 17, In consequence of repeated invitations, I rode to Hemsley. When I came, Mr. Conyers was not at home; but his house-keeper faintly asking me, I went in. By the books lying in the window and on the table, I easily perceived how he came to be so cold now, who was so warm a year ago. Not one of ours, either verse or prose, was to be seen, but several of another kind. O that our brethren were as zealous to make *Christians*, as they are to make *Calvinists!*

He came home before dinner, and soon convinced me, that *the Philistines* had been upon him: they had taken huge pains to prejudice him against *me*, and so successfully, that he did not even ask me to preach; so I had thoughts of going on; but, in the afternoon, he altered his purpose, and I preached, in the evening, to a large congregation. He seemed quite surprised, and was convinced, *for the present*, that things had been misrepresented: but how long will the conviction last? perhaps, till next month.

Wednesday 18, I called upon another serious clergyman, vicar of a little town, near Pickering. He immediately told me, how he had been received by warm men *to doubtful disputations*. He said, this had, for a time, much hurt his soul; but that now the snare was broken. About one, I

preached at Snainton, eight or nine miles beyond Pickering, to a small but deeply serious congregation. When I came to Scarborough, though the wind was very high, and very sharp, the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad; and all, but a few noisy children, behaved remarkably well.

Thursday 19, The room was filled at five; and the congregation this evening was larger than the last. How is the face of things changed here within a year or two! The Society is increased four-fold; most of them are alive to God, and many *filled* with love; and all of them enjoy great quietness, instead of noise and tumult, since God put it into the heart of a honest magistrate, to *still the madness of the people.*

I wrote a letter to-day, which, after some time, I sent to forty or fifty clergymen, with the little preface annexed:

"Rev. Sir,

"Nearly two years and a half ago, I wrote the following letter. You will please to observe, 1, That I propose no more therein, than is the bounden duty of every Christian: 2, That *you* may comply with this proposal, whether any other does or not. I myself have endeavoured so to do, for many years, though I have been almost alone therein, and although many, the more earnestly I *talk of peace*, the more zealously *make themselves ready for battle.*

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

"Dear Sir,

"It has pleased God to give you both the will and the power to do many things for his glory, (although you are often ashamed you have done so little, and wish you could do a thousand times more.) This induces me to mention to you, what has been upon my mind, for many years; and what I am persuaded would be much for the glory of God, if it could once be effected: and I am in great hopes it will be, if you heartily undertake it, trusting in him alone.

"Some years since God began a great work in England, but the labourers were few: at first those few were of one heart, but it was not so long. First one fell off, then another and another, till no two of us were left together in the work, beside my brother and me: this prevented much good and occasioned much evil—it grieved our spirits and weakened our hands—it gave our common enemies great occasion to blaspheme—it perplexed and puzzled many sincere Christians—it caused many to draw back to perdition—it grieved the Holy Spirit of God.

"As labourers increased, disunion increased; offences were multiplied: and instead of coming nearer to, they stood farther and farther off from each other; till at length those who were not only brethren in Christ, but fellow-labourers in his Gospel, had no more connexion or fellowship with each other, than Protestants have with Papists.

"But ought this to be? Ought not those, who are united to one common head, and employed by him in one common work, to be united to each other? I speak now of those labourers, who are Ministers of the Church of England. These are chiefly

"Mr. Perronet, Romaine, Newton, Shirley;
"Mr. Downing, Jesse, Adam;
"Mr. Talbot, Riland, Stillingfleet, Fletcher:
"Mr. Johnson, Baddily, Andrews, Jane;
"Mr. Hart, Symes, Brown, Rouquet;
"Mr. Sellon;
"Mr. Venn, Richardson, Burnet, Furly;
"Mr. Conyers, Bently, King;
"Mr. Berridge, Hicks; J.W. C.W. John Richardson.

"Not excluding any other Clergymen, who agree in these essentials,

"I. Original sin,
"II. Justification by faith,
"III. Holiness of heart and life: provided their life be answerable to their doctrine.

"'But *what union* would you desire among these?' Not an union in *opinions*. They might agree or disagree, touch-

ing absolute decrees on the one hand, and perfection on the other. Not an union in *expressions*. These may still speak of the *imputed righteousness*, and those of the *merits of Christ*. Not an union, with regard to *outward order*. Some may still remain *quite regular;* some *quite irregular;* and some *partly regular* and *partly irregular*. But these things being as they are, as each is persuaded in his own mind, is it not a most desirable thing, that we should,

"1, Remove hindrances out of the way? Not *judge* one another, not *despise* one another, not *envy* one another. Not be *displeased* at one another's *gifts* or *success*, even though greater than our own. Not *wait* for one another's halting, much less *wish* for it, or *rejoice* therein.

"Never *speak* disrespectfully, slightly, coldly, or unkindly of each other. Never *repeat* each other's faults, mistakes, or infirmities, much less *listen* for and *gather* them up. Never say, or do any thing to hinder each other's usefulness, either directly or indirectly.

"Is it not a most desirable thing, that we should,

"2, *Love as brethren? Think well* of and *honour* one another? *Wish* all good, all grace, all gifts, all success, yea greater than our own to each other? *Expect* God will answer our wish; *rejoice* in every appearance thereof, and *praise* him for it? *Readily believe* good of each other, as readily as we once believed evil?

"Speak respectfully, honourably, kindly of each other. *Defend* each other's character. Speak all the good we can of each other. Recommend one another where we have influence. Each *help* the other on in his work, and *enlarge* his influence by all the honest means he can.

"This is the *union* which I have long sought after: and is it not the duty of every one of us so to do? Would it not be far better for *ourselves?* A means of promoting both our holiness and happiness? Would it not remove much *guilt* from those who have been faulty in any of these instances? And much *pain* from those who have kept themselves pure? Would it not be far better for the *people*, who suffer severely from the clashings and contentions of their leaders,

which seldom fail to occasion many unprofitable, yea, hurtful disputes among them? Would it not be better, even for the poor, blind *world*, robbing them of their sport? 'O they cannot agree among themselves.' Would it not be better for the *whole work* of God, which would then deepen and widen on every side?

"'But it will never be: It is utterly impossible.' Certainly it is with *men*. Who imagines *we* can do this? That it can be effected by any *human power?* All *nature* is against it, every infirmity, every *wrong temper* and *passion;* love of honour and praise, of power, of pre-eminence; anger, resentment, pride; long-contracted habit, and prejudice lurking in ten thousand forms. The *devil* and all his angels are against it. For, if this take place, how shall his kingdom stand? All *the world*, all that know not God are against it, though they may seem to favour it for a season. Let us settle this in our hearts, that we may be utterly cut off from all dependence on our own strength or wisdom.

"But surely *with God all things are possible*. Therefore *all things are possible to him that believeth*. And this union is proposed only to them that believe, that shew *their* faith by *their* works.

"When Mr. C. was objecting the impossibility of ever effecting such an union, I went up stairs, and after a little prayer, opened Kempis on these words: 'Expecta Dominum: Viriliter age: noli diffidere: Noli discedere, sed corpus et animan expone constanter pro gloria Dei.'

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"*Scarborough, April* 19, 1764. J. W."

I received three letters in answer to this, (though not at the same time) part of which I gladly subjoin:

"Dear Sir,

"I am not insensible of the happy consequences it might produce, if 'those who agree in preaching that capital doctrine, *By grace ye are saved through faith*, would maintain a free intercourse with each other;' and if it could, by

any means, be accomplished, it is doubtless an event most devoutly to be wished. It is what I always have shewn the greatest readiness to, and what I have laboured at, for these several years past, within my little sphere: and, though my success hitherto, through causes, which I will not pretend to assign, has by no means equalled my hopes; yet, I shall heartily rejoice, if at length it may please God to make you the instrument of effecting so important a design. For my own part, I despise no man for his opinion; however I may be closely attached (as every one is) to those, whose judgment most nearly harmonizes with my own: and if I can bear any thing, it is contradiction; so long as I am allowed the common liberty of answering for myself, without being treated with reproach or scorn for any heterodox notions I may be supposed to maintain.

"I shall very gladly go half way to London at any time, to give a meeting to a number of Ministers of any denomination, that may be brought together with this pious intention: and, I think, I may answer for Mr. Johnson's concurrence. Will you forgive me, if for once I presume to suggest, what, I apprehend, may be most conducive on such an occasion to our general profit and edification?

"1, Let one of the books of the New Testament be made choice of previous to our interview, for the subject of our conference when we meet, not with a view of displaying our critical talents on every word or verse that occurs; but of pointing out those things which necessarily enter into the plan of apostolical preaching. 2, Let every one settle this in his heart before-hand, to expect contradiction, at the same time resolving to bear it calmly for the Lord's sake: and seeing we naturally carry about us an accursed spirit of selfishness, pride, and impatience, that is ready to take fire at the most trivial offence; let us make it a point before-hand, daily to lament this our wretchedness of disposition at the throne of grace, earnestly beseeching the Lord to prepare us all for our intended conference, by enduing us with the spirit of meekness, forbearance, humility, and love. 3, Let every one consent to renounce any favourite phrase, term,

or mode of speech, that is not scriptural, if required so to do by those who dissent from him; because, whatever doctrine cannot maintain its ground without the aid of humanly-invented words, is not of God.

"I have unbosomed myself to you, in the frankest manner, with a view to promote that happy intercourse which you wish to establish: and if you imagine it will answer any good purpose, you are welcome to shew this letter to any of the Ministers you have had in your eye, and to disclose to them largely all you know of,

"Dear Sir,

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"R. H."

"Reverend and Dear Sir,

"I received your printed letter, and should rejoice to see the union proposed therein to take place; but I must own I am an Infidel concerning it. Daily experience convinces me more and more, the zeal for opinions and charity, *Non bene conveniunt, nec iri in una sede morantur.* It has well-nigh destroyed all Christian love, zeal, and holiness among us. I have met with greater trials from these bigots within this twelve-month, than I have met with from all other opposers for fifteen years. Many, that once would almost have plucked out their own eyes, and given them to me, are now ready to pluck out my eyes.

"I really am tired of preaching to an ungrateful, gainsaying people. Pray for me, dear Sir, for my hands hang down exceedingly.

"I am, your unworthy brother,

"W. S."

"*Shoreham.*

"My Reverend and Dear Brother,

"Your's of the 15th instant gave me both pain and pleasure.

"I was highly delighted with your ardent wishes and endeavours for promoting the *spirit* of the *Gospel* among the *preachers* and other *professors* of it: but deeply con-

cerned at the disappointment and opposition you have met with!

"It has been always a *leading principle* with me, (and I pray God to confirm and strengthen it more and more) to *love* all those *labourers of Christ*, who give proof by their *diligence*, their *holy* and *heavenly behaviour*, that they *love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity;* even though *their sentiments;* in many things, should differ from *mine*.

"And therefore, though it be *absurd* to expect an entire *union of sentiments* in all things; yet the endeavouring, by every Christian method, to *keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace*, is the indispensable duty of all Christians. Where this *spiritual peace and union* are not, there *faith, working by love*, is not: and where this *divine faith* is wanting, there Christ is *wanting;* there his *Spirit* is *wanting;* and then, *neither circumcision*, nor *uncircumcision will avail us any thing!*

"In this melancholy situation, whilst we are strangers to the *divine fruits* of the *Holy Spirit*, let our *gifts* and *talents* be what they may, let us speak with the *tongues of men* and *of angels*, we are yet *nothing* in the sight of God! Nay, though his Spirit should spread the Gospel, by our ministry, in the hearts of thousands; yet our own souls will remain but a barren wilderness! And Christ may say, 'I never knew you.'

"How ought we therefore always to pray, that the *peace of God may ever rule in our hearts:* that we may be rooted and grounded in love; and that we may constantly follow after the things, which make for peace; and things wherewith one may edify another!

"This is the Gospel of Jesus Christ! And may God impress it thoroughly upon the minds and hearts of all! And may the poor despised flock grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

"I am, Dear Sir,

"Your's, most affectionately,

"VIN. PERRONET."

April 20, being Good Friday, we had a parting blessing at five. I then rode to Robinhood's Bay, and about two preached in the Little Square. A poor madman, literally such, came up to me just as I began, and sat down quietly till I had done. At six I preached in the New House at Whitby, ill containing the congregation. Here God does still make bare his arm, and sinners are continually converted to him.

Saturday 21, I visited one who was ill in bed, and after having buried seven of her family in six months, had just heard, that the eighth, her beloved husband, was cast away at sea. I asked, "Do not you fret at any of these things?" She said, with a lovely smile upon her pale cheek, "O no! how can I fret at any thing, which is the will of God? Let him take all besides: He has given me himself. I love, I praise him every moment." Let any that doubts of Christian perfection, look at such a spectacle as this! One in such circumstances rejoicing evermore, and continually giving thanks.

April 22, (Easter-day) I preached in the Room at five and at eight. There was such a number of communicants at Church, as it was supposed, had not been there these fifty years. In the evening I preached under the cliff, for the sake of those who were not able to get up the hill. The skirts of the congregation could not hear, though my voice was clear and loud; but the bulk of them seemed both to hear and understand. How ripe for the Gospel is this place!

Monday 23, After preaching at five, I met the Select Society, who seemed all to have tasted of the same blessing. I then rode to Gisborough; and about eleven preached in a meadow to a large and serious congregation: but not more serious than that in the street at Stokesly, to whom I declared in the afternoon, *Jesus Christ, made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* I was a little tired before I came to Hutton: but it was over, when I saw the huge congregation, among them I found a greater blessing, than either at Stokesly or Gisborough. I then met the Society, gathered from all parts: afterwards I

met the Select Society; and when they were gone, I was just as fresh as when I set out in the morning.

Tuesday 24, I preached about noon at Potto, and in the evening, in the New House at Yarm, by far the most elegant in England. A large congregation attended at five in the morning, and seemed to be just ripe for the exhortation, *Let us go on to perfection.* I had indeed the satisfaction of finding most of the believers here, athirst for full redemption.

In the evening I preached at Stockton. The rain was suspended, while I was enforcing those awful words, *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent.* Friday 27, I was obliged to preach abroad at five; as also in Darlington at noon, and at Barnard-Castle in the evening: where many hearts were bowed down before the Lord.

Saturday 28, I rode to Newcastle; here I received a short letter from John Johnson at York. "This evening, about a quarter before seven, it pleased God to take to himself our dear brother John Manners, after a time of remarkable affliction, and as remarkable patience. He was clearly sensible to the last, as well as solidly happy, saying, 'The way is quite clear: my heart is at liberty.'"

Sunday 29, The ground being wet with heavy rain, I preached in the House both morning and evening. I soon found what spirit the people were of. No jar, no contention is here; but all are peaceably and lovingly striving together, for the hope of the Gospel. And what can hurt the Methodists, so called, but the Methodists? Only let them not fight with one another; let not brother lift up sword against brother, and *no weapon formed against them shall prosper.*

Monday 30, I received a letter from Cornwall, wherein were these words: "Yesterday I preached to a large congregation at St. John's. The occasion was this: one of our friends came into Mr. Thomas's a few days since. After speaking a little upon business, he said, 'What need have we to watch?' Presently, sitting down, he added, 'There is but one step between me and death,' and died."

Wednesday, May 2, I talked with M. L., a remarkable

monument of divine mercy. She is about two and twenty, and has about six hundred pounds a year in her own hands. Some months since God spoke peace to her soul, while she was wrestling with him in private prayer. This was never entirely taken from her, even while she was almost alone. But she was often dull and faint, till she broke through all hindrances, and joined heart and hand with the children of God.

Tuesday 8, We rode over the wild moors to Walsingham. It proved to be the fair-day, so I had hearers from all parts. In the evening I preached to the simple, loving, earnest people at Barnard-Castle. If all to whom we preach were of this spirit, what an harvest would ensue! Wednesday 9, I was invited to breakfast by Mr. F., a neighbouring gentleman. I found we had been school-fellows at the Charter-house; and he remembered me, though I had forgotten him. I spent a very agreeable hour, with a serious as well as sensible man. About noon I preached to a large congregation in Teesdale, and to a still larger in Weardale in the evening. The next day, after preaching at Prudhoe and Nafferton, I returned to Newcastle.

Tuesday 15, I rode to South-Shields, and was persuaded to preach in the House. It was well I did, for about the middle of the sermon, there was a violent shower: but it was quite fair at six while I preached in North-Shields, to a very large and yet very serious congregation. How is the scene changed since my brother preached here, when the people were ready to swallow him up! O what has God wrought in this land, within four or five and twenty years!

Friday 18, I received much satisfaction in conversing with the most honourable member of our Society, Henry Jackson, now in the ninety-fifth or ninety-sixth year of his age. He put me in mind of that venerable man, Mr. Elliot, of New England; who frequently used to say to his friends, a few years before he went to God, "My memory is gone; my understanding is gone; but I think I have more love than ever."

Saturday 19, I preached to the poor colliers at Placey,

who are still a pattern to all the country. We rode home by a great house I had frequently heard of: the front is truly noble. In the house I saw nothing remarkable, but what was remarkably bad: such pictures as a honest heathen would be ashamed to receive under his roof, unless he designed his wife and daughters should be common prostitutes: and this is the high fashion! What an abundant proof of the taste of the present age!

Sunday 20, Between eight and nine I preached in Gateshead, to a listening multitude. I believe their number was doubled at the Fell, about two in the afternoon. About five I preached to such another congregation, on the outside of Pandon-Gate. I know not that I ever before preached to three such congregations in one day: such as obliged me to speak to the utmost extent of my voice, from the first word to the last: but it was all one. I was no more tired in the evening than if I had sat still all day.

Monday 21, I took my leave of Newcastle, and about noon preached in the Market-place at Morpeth. A few of the hearers were a little ludicrous at first, but their mirth was quickly spoiled. In the evening I preached in the Court-House at Alnwick, where I rested the next day. Wednesday 23, I rode over the Sands to Holy-Island, once the famous See of a Bishop, now the residence of a few poor families, who live chiefly by fishing. At one side of the town are the ruins of the Cathedral, with an adjoining Monastery: it appears to have been a lofty and elegant building, the middle isle being almost entire. I preached in what was once the Market place, to almost all the inhabitants of the Island, and distributed some little books among them, for which they were exceedingly thankful. In the evening I preached at Berwick-upon-Tweed; the next evening at Dunbar: and on Friday 25, about ten, at Haddington, in Provost D.'s yard, to a very elegant congregation. But I expect little good will be done here, for we begin at the wrong end. Religion must not go *from the greatest to the least*, or the power would *appear to be of men.*

In the evening I preached at Musselborough; and the

next, on the Calton-hill at Edinburgh. It being the time of the General Assembly, many of the Ministers were there. The wind was high and sharp, and blew away a few delicate ones: but most of the congregation did not stir till I had concluded.

Sunday 27, At seven I preached in the High School-yard, on the other side of the city. The morning was extremely cold. In the evening it blew a storm: however, having appointed to be on the Calton-Hill, I began there, to a large congregation. At first, the wind was a little troublesome; but I soon forgot it: and so did the people for an hour and a half, in which I fully delivered my soul.

Monday 28, I spent some hours at the General Assembly, composed of about a hundred and fifty Ministers. I was surprised to observe, 1, That any one was admitted, even lads, twelve or fourteen years old: 2, That the chief speakers were Lawyers, six or seven on one side only: 3, That a single question took up the whole time, which, when I went away, seemed to be as far from a conclusion as ever, namely, "Shall Mr. Lindsay be removed to Kilmarnock parish, or not?" The argument for it was, "He has a large family, and this living is twice as good as his own." The argument against it was, "The people are resolved not to hear him, and will leave the Kirk, if he come." If, then, the real point in view had been, as their law directs, "*Majus bonum Ecclesiæ*," instead of taking up five hours, the debate might have been determined in five minutes.

On Monday and Tuesday I spake to the Members of the Society severally. Thursday 31, I rode to Dundee, and about half an hour after six, preached on the side of a meadow near the town. Poor and rich attended. Indeed there is seldom fear of wanting a congregation in Scotland: but the misfortune is, they *know every thing*: so they *learn nothing*.

Friday, June 1, I rode to Brechin, where Mr. Blair received me in the most friendly manner. In the afternoon I preached on the side of a hill near the town, where we soon

forgot the cold. I trust, there will be not only a knowing, but a loving people in this place.

About seven Mr. Blair was occasionally mentioning, what had lately occurred in the next parish. I thought it worth a farther enquiry, and therefore ordered our horses to be brought immediately. Mr. B. guided us to Mr. Ogglevie's house, the Minister of the parish; who informed us, "That a strange disorder had appeared in his parish, between thirty and forty years ago; but that nothing of the kind had been known there since, till some time in September last; a boy was then taken ill, and so continues still. In the end of January or beginning of February, many other children were taken, chiefly girls, and a few grown persons. They begin with an involuntary shaking of their hands and feet. Then their lips are convulsed; next their tongue, which seems to cleave to the roof of the mouth. Then the eyes are set, staring terribly, and the whole face variously distorted. Presently they start up, and jump ten, fifteen, or twenty times together straight upward, two, three, or more feet from the ground. Then they start forward, and run with amazing swiftness, two, three, or five hundred yards. Frequently they run up like a cat, to the top of a house, and jump on the ridge of it, as on the ground: but wherever they are, they never fall, or miss their footing at all. After they have run and jumped for some time, they drop down as dead. When they come to themselves, they usually tell, when and where they shall jump, and to what places they shall run."

I asked, "Are any of them near?" He said, "Yes, at those houses." We walked thither without delay. One of them was four years and a half old, the other about eighteen. The child, we found, had had three or four fits that day, running and jumping like the rest, and in particular, leaping many times from a high table to the ground, without the least hurt. The young woman was the only person of them all, who used to keep her senses during the fit. In answer to many questions, she said, "I first feel a pain in my left foot, then in my head. Then my hands and feet

shake, and I cannot speak; and quickly I begin to jump or run." While we were talking, she cried out, "Oh! I have a pain in my foot: it is in my hand: it is here, at the bending of my arm: oh! my head, my head." Immediately her arms were stretched out, and were as an iron bar: I could not bend one of her fingers; and her body was bent backward, the lower part remaining quite erect; while her back formed exactly a half circle, her head hanging even with her hips. I was going to catch her, but one said, "Sir, you may let her alone; for they never fall." But I defy all mankind to account for her not falling, when the trunk of her body hung in that manner.

In many circumstances, this case goes far beyond the famous one mentioned by Boerhaave, particularly in that, their telling before, when and how they should be taken again. Whoever can account for this, upon natural principles, has my free leave; I cannot: I therefore believe, if this be, in part, a natural distemper, there is something preternatural too: yet, supposing this, I can easily conceive, Satan will so disguise *his* part therein, that we cannot precisely determine, which part of the disorder is natural, and which preternatural.

Saturday 2, I rode to Aberdeen, and preached, in the evening, in the College-hall, and at seven in the morning. Sunday 3, at four in the afternoon, I preached to a crowded audience in the College-kirk, at Old Aberdeen. At seven, I preached in the College-close, at New Aberdeen; but the congregation was so exceedingly large, that many were not able to hear: however, many did hear, and, I think, *feel* the application of *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.* We want nothing here but a larger house, and the foundation of one is laid already: it is true, we have little money, and the Society is poor: but we know in whom we have believed.

Thursday 7, I rode over to Sir Archibald Grant's, twelve computed miles from Aberdeen. It is surprising to see how the country between is improved, even within these three years. On every side, the wild, dreary moors are ploughed

up, and covered with rising corn. All the ground near Sir Archibald's in particular, is as well cultivated as most in England. About seven, I preached: the Kirk was pretty well filled, though upon short notice. Certainly, this is a nation *swift to hear*, and *slow to speak*, though not *slow to wrath*.

Mr. Grant, a gentleman from the county of Murray, came in soon after us: and, understanding we were going north, desired we would call at the Grange-green, in our way. In the morning, Friday 8, I rode to Old Meldrum, and preached in the Market-place, at noon, to a large and serious congregation, among whom were the Minister and his wife; but I was more surprised to see a company of our friends from Aberdeen, several of whom had come on foot, twelve old Scotch miles, and intended to walk back thither the same day. In the afternoon, we rode on to Banff: I had designed to preach, but the stormy weather would not permit. We set out early on Saturday morning, and reached Nairn in the evening. Sunday 10, about eight, we reached Inverness. I could not preach abroad, because of the rain; nor could I hear of any convenient room; so that I was afraid my coming hither would be in vain, all ways seeming to be blocked up. At ten, I went to the Kirk. After service, Mr. Fraser, one of the Ministers, invited us to dinner, and then to drink tea. As we were drinking tea, he asked, at what hour I would please to preach: I said, at half an hour past five. The High Kirk was filled in a very short time; and I have seldom found greater liberty of spirit. The other Minister came afterwards to our inn, and shewed the most cordial affection. Were it only for this day, I should not have regretted the riding a hundred miles.

Monday 11, A gentleman, who lives three miles from the town, invited me to his house, assuring me, that the Minister of his parish would be glad if I would make use of his Kirk; but time would not permit, as I had appointed to be at Aberdeen on Wednesday: all I could do was, to preach once more at Inverness. I think the Church was fuller now than before; and I could not but observe the remarkable

behaviour of the whole congregation, after service: neither man, woman, nor child spoke one word, all the way down the main street: indeed, the seriousness of the people is the less surprising, when it is considered, that for, at least, a hundred years, this town has had such a succession of pious Ministers, as very few in Great Britain have known. After Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, I think Inverness is the largest town I have seen in Scotland. The main streets are broad and straight; the houses mostly old, but not very bad, nor very good. It stands in a pleasant and fruitful country, and has all things needful for life and godliness. The people, in general, speak remarkably good English, and are of a friendly, courteous behaviour.

About eleven, we took horse. While we were dining at Nairn, the inn-keeper said, "Sir, the gentlemen of the town have read the little book you gave me on Saturday, and would be glad if you would please to give them a sermon." Upon my consenting, the bell was immediately rung, and the congregation was quickly in the Kirk. O what a difference is there between South and North Britain! Every one here, at least, loves to *hear* the word of God; and none takes it into his head to speak one uncivil word to any for endeavouring to save their souls.

Doubting whether Mr. Grant was come home, Mr. Kershaw called at the Grange-green, near Fortes, while I rode forward: but Mr. Grant soon called me back. I have seldom seen a more agreeable place. The house is an old castle, which stands on a little hill, with a delightful prospect all four ways; and the hospitable master has left nothing undone, to make it still more agreeable. He shewed us all his improvements, which are very considerable, in every branch of husbandry. In his gardens, many things were more forward than at Aberdeen, yea, or Newcastle. And how is it, that none but one Highland gentleman has discovered, that we have a tree in Britain, as easily raised as an ash, the wood of which is of full as fine a red as mahogany! namely, the *Liburnum*. I defy any mahogany to exceed the chairs which he lately made of this.

Thursday 12, We rode through the pleasant and fertile county of Murray, to Elgin. I never suspected before, that there was any such country as this, nearly a hundred and fifty miles beyond Edinburgh: a country which is supposed to have generally six weeks more sunshine in a year, than any part of Great Britain.

At Elgin, are the ruins of a noble Cathedral, the largest that I remember to have seen in the kingdom. We rode thence to the Spey, the most rapid river, next the Rhine, that I ever saw. Though the water was not breast-high to our horses, they could very hardly keep their feet. We dined at Keith, and rode on to Strathbogie, much improved by the linen manufacture: all the country, from Fochaber to Strathbogie, has little houses scattered up and down; and not only the vallies, but the mountains themselves, are improved with the utmost care: they want only more trees to make them more pleasant than most of the mountains in England. The whole family at our inn, eleven or twelve in number, gladly joined with us in prayer at night: indeed, so they did at every inn where we lodged, for, among all the sins they have imported from England, the Scots have not yet learned, at least not the common people, to scoff at sacred things.

Wednesday 13, We reached Aberdeen about one. Between six and seven, both this evening and the next, I preached in the shell of the New House, and found it a time of much consolation. Friday 15, we set out early, and came to Dundee, just as the boat was going off: we designed to lodge at the house on the other side, but could not get either meat, drink, or good words: so we were constrained to ride on to Coupar. After travelling nearly ninety miles, I found no weariness at all; neither were our horses hurt. Thou, O Lord, dost save both man and beast!

Saturday 16, We had a ready passage at Kinghorn, and, in the evening, I preached on the Calton-hill, to a very large congregation: but a still larger assembled at seven on Sunday morning, in the High School-yard. Being afterwards informed, that the Lord's-Supper was to be adminis-

tered in the West Kirk, I knew not what to do: but, at length, I judged it best to embrace the opportunity, though I did not admire the manner of administration. After the usual morning service, the minister enumerated several sorts of sinners, whom he forbade to approach: two long tables were set on the sides of one aisle, covered with table-cloths: on each side of them a bench was placed for the people; each table held four or five and thirty: three ministers sat at the top, behind a cross table; one of whom made a long exhortation, closed with the words of our Lord; and then, breaking the bread, gave it to them who sat on each side of him: a piece of bread was then given to him who sat first on each of the four benches: he broke off a little piece, and gave the bread to the next; so it went on, the Deacons giving more when wanted: a cup was then given to the first person on each bench, and so by one to another: the minister continued his exhortation all the time they were receiving: then four verses of the twenty-second psalm were sung, while new persons sat down at the tables: a second Minister then prayed, consecrated, and exhorted. I was informed the service usually lasted till five in the evening. How much more simple, as well as more solemn, is the service of the Church of England!

The evening congregation on the hill was far the largest I have seen in the kingdom; and the most deeply affected: many were in tears; more seemed cut to the heart. Surely this time will not soon be forgotten. Will it not appear in the annals of eternity?

Monday 18, I set out early, and reached Woller, about four in the afternoon. Some friends from Newcastle met me here, and took me in a chaise to Whittingham. Tuesday 19, after preaching about noon at Morpeth, we went on to Newcastle. The fire had not gone out since I was here: I felt it as soon as I began to speak; and so, it seems, did the whole congregation. At five in the morning, the same spirit was in the midst of us, as well as at seven in the evening: but most of all at the Fell, while I was applying those words, *Believe, and thou shalt be saved.*

Thursday 21, Leaving this house of God, I rode to Carlisle. The day was extremely sultry, so that I was faint and feverish in the evening: however, the next day, I got well to Whitehaven. What has continually hurt this poor people, is offence. I found the Society now all in confusion, because a woman had "scolded with her neighbour," and another "stolen a two-penny loaf." I talked largely with those who had been most offended; and they stood reproved. Sunday 24, about seven, I preached at the Gins, and the people flocked together from all quarters. The want of field-preaching has been one cause of deadness here: I do not find any great increase of the work of God without it. If ever this is laid aside, I expect the whole work will gradually die away.

Monday 25, I rode by Keswick to Kendal. The clouds shaded us most of the way, and the wind was just in our faces, otherwise we should scarcely have been able to bear the heat. A few years ago, the fields here were white for the harvest; but the poor people have since been so harrassed by seceders, and disputers of every kind, that they are dry and dead as stones. Yet, I think, some of them felt the power of God this evening. And can he not *out of these stones, raise up children to Abraham?*

Tuesday 26, I preached abroad, at five; and, I believe, not in vain. Between nine and ten, we reached Black-burton, where there was a general awakening, till the jars between Mr. Ingham and Allen laid the people asleep again: however, some are united again in a quiet, loving Society, zealous of good works. I preached about eleven. Thence we rode to Long-Preston, being still fanned by the wind, and (unless a few minutes now and then) shaded by the clouds. The congregation was exceedingly serious. Hence I rode to Skipton, where, some time since, no *Methodist* preacher could appear. I preached, in the evening, near the bridge, without the least interruption; nor did I find any weariness, after preaching four times, and riding fifty miles.

Wednesday 27, I rode to Otley. In the evening, we had a large congregation, at the foot of the great mountain: after

preaching in the morning, I examined those who believe they are saved from sin: they are a little increased in number since I met them last; and some of them much increased in love. This evening, I preached at Guiseley, the next at Keighley, and on Saturday 30, at Bradford. This was a place of contention for many years; but, since the contentious have quitted us, all is peace. Sunday, July 1, I preached, at seven, to a more numerous congregation than, I believe, ever assembled there before; and all were serious as death. About one, I preached at Birstal, on *Now is the day of salvation:* the people stood by thousands, covering both the plain and the sides of the adjacent hill. It was a glorious opportunity. At five, the congregation in Leeds was almost as large, but not so deeply affected.

Monday 2, I gave a fair hearing to two of our brethren, who had proved bankrupts: such we immediately exclude from our Society, unless it plainly appears not to be their own fault. Both these were in a prosperous way, till they fell into that wretched trade of *Bill-broking*, wherein no man continues long, without being wholly ruined. By this means, not being sufficiently accurate in their accounts, they ran back without being sensible of it. Yet it was quite clear, that I— R— is an honest man; I would *hope* the same concerning the other.

Tuesday 3, I was reflecting on an odd circumstance, which I cannot account for. I never relish a tune at first hearing, not till I have *almost* learned to sing it; and, as I learn it more perfectly, I gradually lose my relish for it. I observe something similar in poetry; yea, in all the objects of imagination. I seldom relish verses at first hearing; till I have heard them over and over, they give me no pleasure; and they give me next to none, when I have heard them a few times more, so as to be quite familiar. Just so a face, or a picture, which does not strike me at first, becomes more pleasing, as I grow more acquainted with it; but only to a certain point; for when I am too much acquainted, it is no longer pleasing. O! how imperfectly do we understand even the machine which we carry about us!

Thursday 5, I had the comfort of leaving our brethren at Leeds, united in peace and love. About one I preached in Wakefield. At first the sun was inconvenient: but it was not many minutes before that inconvenience was removed, by the clouds coming between. We had not only a larger, but a far more attentive congregation, than ever was seen before. One indeed, a kind of gentleman, was walking away, with great unconcern, when I spoke aloud, "Does Gallio care for none of these things? But where will you go with the wrath of God upon your head, and the curse of God upon your back?" He stopped short, stood still and went no farther, till the sermon was ended.

In the evening I preached on the top of the hill near Dewsbury, one of the pleasantest towns in England. The congregation was larger than ever before. They filled the preaching-house at five in the morning.

I had purposed to take horse early, to avoid the heat; but was detained till between nine and ten. It was then warm enough, there being no wind, and the sun shining full in our faces. However, before one we got to Heptonstall, where I preached in the shell of a new house. After service, one brought his daughter to me, who had been ill some months, just like those near Brechin. Her sister was so two years since, and when she recovered, this was taken. How often must even physicians acknowledge spiritual agents, did not *the nerves* help them out at a dead lift!

In the evening I preached at Halifax, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Venn, with whom in the morning, Saturday 7, I rode to Huddersfield, and preached between eleven and twelve: The Church was pretty well filled, considering the short warning. At half an hour after one we took horse. The sun shone burning hot, and the wind was in our backs. But very soon the sky was overcast, and the wind changed and blew just in our faces all the way to Manchester. It was with difficulty that I preached in the evening, my voice being exceedingly weak, as I had preached three times a day for ten days, and many of the times abroad.

Sunday 8, I rode to Stockport, and preached at one, on a green at the end of the town. A few wild young men strove to make a disturbance: but none regarded them. At five I preached at Manchester, on *One thing is needful*, and scarcely knew how to leave off. At the meeting of the Society likewise, it pleased God to comfort us greatly. Monday 9, the stewards from various parts gave a good account of the work of God among them, steadily increasing on every side. In the evening, curiosity brought to the house many unbelievers, in the proper sense, men who do not receive the Christian revelation. I preached, on *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*, and proved them sinners on their own principles. Some of the stout-hearted trembled: I hope to more purpose than poor Felix did.

Wednesday 11, I gave all our brethren a solemn warning not to *love the world, or the things of the world*. This is one way whereby Satan will surely endeavour to overthrow the present work of God. Riches swiftly increase on many Methodists, so called: what but the mighty power of God can hinder their *setting* their *hearts upon them!* And if so, the life of God will vanish away.

About seven I preached in the street at Bolton, to twice or thrice as many as the room would have contained. It was a calm, still evening, and the congregation was as quiet as the season, though composed of awakened and unawakened, churchmen, dissenters, and what not. As many as the house would well contain were present again at five in the morning. About seven in the evening, the multitude of people constrained me to preach in the street, though it rained: but in a very short time the rain stopped: and I strongly enforced our Lord's words, *If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*

After sermon, one was mentioning a person who according to his account was disordered just like those in Scotland. In the morning, Friday 13, her father brought her over. Soon after, she fell into a fit: but it was plainly natural. I judged it to be of the epileptic kind. When she fell into a second, I advised electrifying: the fit

ceased by a very gentle shock. A third was removed in the same manner. And she was so well that her father found no difficulty in carrying her home behind him.

At ten I began to preach at Wigan, proverbially famous for all manner of wickedness. As I preached abroad, we expected some disturbance: but there was none at all. A few were wild at first: but in a little space grew quiet and attentive. I did not find so civil a congregation as this the first time I preached at Bolton.

To-day I wrote the following letter, which I desire may be seriously considered by those whom it concerns.

"Dear Sir,

"There was one thing, when I was withy ou, that gave me pain. You are not in the Society. But why not? Are there not sufficient arguments for it, to move any reasonable man? Do you not hereby make an open confession of Christ, of what you really believe to be *his* work, and of those whom you judge to be, in a proper sense, *his* people and his messengers? By this mean, do not you encourage his people, and strengthen the hands of his messengers? And is not this the way to enter into the spirit, and share the blessing of a Christian community? Hereby, likewise, you may have the benefit of the advices and exhortations at the meeting of the Society: and also of provoking one another, at the private meetings, to love and good works.

"The ordinary objections to such an union, are of little weight with *you*. You already give unto the Lord as much as you need to do then. And you are not *ashamed* of the Gospel of *Christ*, even in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Perhaps you will say, 'I am joined in *affection*.' True: but not to so good effect. This *joining half-way*, this being a friend to, but not a member of the Society, is by no means so open a confession of the work and servants of God. Many go thus far who dare go no farther, who are ashamed to bear the reproach of an entire union. Either you are ashamed or you are not: If you are, break through at once: If you are not, come unto the light, and do what those well-meaning cowards dare not. This imper-

fect union is not so *encouraging* to the people, nor *so strengthening* to the preachers. Rather it is weakening their hands, hindering their work, and laying a stumbling block in the way of others. For what can any man think, who knows you are so well acquainted with them, and yet do not join in their Society? What can he think, but that you know them *too well* to come any nearer to them; that you know that kind of union to be *useless*, if not *hurtful*? —And yet, by this very union is the whole (external) work of God upheld throughout the nation; besides all the spiritual good which accrues to each member. O! delay no longer, for the sake of the work, for the sake of the world, for the sake of your brethren; join them inwardly and outwardly, heart and hand, for the sake of your own soul. There is something not easily explained in the *fellowship of the Spirit*, which we enjoy with a Society of loving Christians. You have no need to give up your share therein, and in the various blessings that result from it. You have no need to exclude yourself from the advice and exhortations given from time to time. These are by no means to be despised, even supposing you have yourself more understanding than he that gives them. You need not lose the benefit of those prayers, which experience shews are attended with a peculiar blessing. 'But I do not care to meet in Class: I find no good in it.' Suppose you find even a dislike, a loathing of it; may not this be natural, or even diabolical? In spite of this, break through, make a fair trial: it is but a *lion in the way*. Meet only six times, (with previous prayer) and see if it do not vanish away. But if it be a cross, still bear it for the sake of your brethren. 'But I want to gain my friends and relations.' If so, stand firm. If you give way, you hurt them, and they will press upon you the more. If you do not, you will probably gain them, otherwise you confirm both their wrong notions and wrong tempers. Because I love you, I have spoken fully and freely: to know that I have not spoken in vain, will be a great satisfaction to

"Your affectionate Brother,

"J. W."

In the evening I preached at Liverpool, and the next day, Sunday 15, the house was full enough. Many of the rich and fashionable were there, and behaved with decency. Indeed I have always observed more courtesy and humanity at Liverpool than at most sea-ports in England.

Monday 16, In the evening, the house was fuller, if possible, than the night before. I preached on the *One thing needful:* and the rich behaved as seriously as the poor. Only one young gentlewoman, (I heard) laughed much. Poor thing! doubtless she thought, "I laugh prettily." Tuesday 17, I preached at Warrington: but what a change! No opposer, nor any trifler now! Every one heard as for life, while I explained and applied, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?*

In the evening I preached in the little square adjoining to the Preaching-house at Chester. Here were many wild, rude people, but they were quite out-numbered by those who were civil and attentive: and I believe some impression was made on the wildest. What can shake Satan's kingdom like *field-preaching?*

Wednesday 18, I should have been glad of a day of rest: but notice had been given of my preaching at noon, near Tatten-hall. The rain began almost as soon as we came in: so I could not preach abroad as I designed, but in a large commodious barn, where all that were present seemed to receive the word of God with joy and reverence. The congregation at Chester, in the evening, was more numerous, and far more serious, than the day before. There wants only a little more field-preaching here, and Chester would be as quiet as London.

Thursday 19, After preaching at Little-Leigh, I rode on to Macclesfield. Here I heard an agreeable account of Mrs. R——, who was in the Society at London from a child; but after she was married to a rich man, durst not own a poor, despised people. Last year she broke through, and came to see me. A few words which I then spoke never left her, not even in the trying hour, during the illness which came a few months after. All her conversation was then in heaven: till

feeling her strength quite exhausted, she said, with a smile, "Death, thou art welcome;" and resigned her spirit.

I preached about seven to a large multitude of attentive hearers. Friday 20, at noon, we made the same shift at Congleton as when I was here last. I stood in the window, having put as many women as it would contain into the house. The rest, with the men, stood below in the meadow, and many of the townsmen, wild enough. I have scarcely found such enlargement of heart since I came from Newcastle. The brutes resisted long, but were at length overcome, not above five or six excepted. Surely *man* shall not long *have the upper hand:* God will get unto himself the victory.

It rained all the day, till seven in the evening, when I began preaching at Burslem. Even the poor potters here are a more civilized people than the better sort, so called, at Congleton. A few stood with their hats on, but none spoke a word, or offered to make the least disturbance.

Saturday 21, I rode to Bilbrook, near Wolverhampton, and preached between two and three. Thence we went on to Madeley, a pleasant village, encompassed with trees and hills. It was a great comfort to me, to converse once more with a Methodist of the old stamp, denying himself, taking up his cross, and resolved to be *altogether a Christian.*

Sunday 22, at ten, Mr. Fletcher read prayers, and I preached on those words in the Gospel, *I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.* The Church would not contain the congregation. But a window near the pulpit being taken down, those who could not come in stood in the Church-yard, and I believe all could hear. The congregation, they said, used to be much smaller in the afternoon than in the morning: but I could not discern the least difference, either in number or seriousness.

I found employment enough for the intermediate hours, in praying with various companies, who hung about the house, insatiably hungering and thirsting after the good word. Mr. Grimshaw, at his first coming to Haworth, had not such a prospect as this. There are many adversaries indeed; but yet they cannot *shut the open and effectual door.*

Monday 23, the Church was pretty well filled even at five, and many stood in the Church-yard. In the evening I preached at Shrewsbury, to a large congregation, among whom were several men of fortune. I trust, though hitherto we seem to have been ploughing on the sand, there will at last be some fruit.

Wednesday 25, I took horse a little after four, and about two preached in the Market-house at Lanidlos, two or three and forty miles from Shrewsbury. At three we rode forward, through the mountains, to the Fountain-head. I was for lodging there; but Mr. B. being quite unwilling, we mounted again about seven. After having rode an hour, we found we were quite out of the way, having been wrong directed at setting out. We were then told to ride over some grounds: but our path soon ended in the edge of a bog: however, we got through to a little house, where an honest man instantly mounting his horse, gallopped before us, up hill and down, till he brought us into a road, which he said led straight to Roes-fair. We rode on, till another met us, and said, "No, this is the road to Aberystwith. If you would go to Roes-fair, you must turn back, and ride down to yonder bridge." The master of a little house near the bridge then directed us to the next village, where we enquired again, (it being past nine) and were once more set exactly wrong. Having wandered an hour upon the mountains, through rocks, and bogs, and precipices, we, with abundance of difficulty, got back to the little house near the bridge. It was vain to think of rest there, it being full of drunken, roaring miners: beside that, there was but one bed in the house, and neither grass, nor hay, nor corn, to be had. So we hired one of them to walk with us to Roes-fair, though he was miserably drunk, till, by falling all his length in a purling stream, he came tolerably to his senses. Between eleven and twelve we came to the inn; but neither here could we get any hay. When we were in bed, the good hostler and miner thought good to mount our beasts. I believe it was not long before we rose that they put them into the stable: but the mule was cut in several places, and my mare

was bleeding like a pig, from a wound behind, two inches deep, made, it seemed, by a stroke with a pitch-fork. What to do we could not tell, till I remembered I had a letter for one Mr. Nathaniel Williams, who, upon enquiry, I found to live but a mile off. We walked thither, and found an Israelite indeed, who gladly received both man and beast.

After I had got a little rest, Mr. W. desired me to give an exhortation to a few of his neighbours. None was more struck therewith, than one of his own family, who before cared for none of these things. He sent a servant with us after dinner to Tregarron, from whence we had a plain road to Lampiter.

Friday 27, We rode through a lovely vale, and over pleasant and fruitful hills, to Caermarthen. Thence, after a short bait, we went on to Pembroke, and came before I was expected. So I rested that night, having not quite recovered my journey from Shrewsbury to Roes-fair.

Sunday 29, The minister of St. Mary's sent me word, he was very willing I should preach in his Church: but before service began, the Mayor sent to forbid it: so he preached a very useful sermon himself. The Mayor's behaviour so disgusted many of the gentry, that they resolved to hear where they could; and accordingly flocked together in the evening, from all parts of the town: and perhaps the taking up this cross may profit them more than my sermon in the Church would have done.

Monday 30, I rode to Haverford-west: but no notice had been given, nor did any in the town know of my coming. However, after a short time, I walked up towards the Castle, and began singing a hymn. The people presently ran together from all quarters. They have curiosity at least. And some, I cannot doubt, were moved by a nobler principle. Were zealous and active labourers here, what an harvest might there be, even in this corner of the land!

We returned, through heavy rain, to Pembroke. Tuesday 31, we set out for Glamorganshire, and rode up and down steep and stony mountains, for about five hours, to Larn. Having procured a pretty ready passage there, we

went on to Llansteffan-Ferry; where we were in some danger of being swallowed up in the mud before we could reach the water. Between one and two, we reached Kidwelly, having been more than seven hours on horseback, in which time we could have rode round by Caermarthen, with more ease both to man and beast. I have therefore taken my leave of these ferries: considering we save no time by crossing them, (not even when we have a ready passage) and so have all the trouble, danger, and expense, clear gains. I wonder that any man of common sense, who has once made the experiment, should ever ride from Pembroke to Swansey, any other way than by Caermarthen.

An honest man, at Kidwelly, told us there was no difficulty in riding the Sands. So we rode on. In ten minutes one overtook us, who used to guide persons over them. And it was well he did, or in all probability, we had been swallowed up. The whole sands are at least ten miles over, with many streams of quicksands intermixed: but our guide was thoroughly acquainted with them, and with the road on the other side. By his help, between five and six, we came, well tired, to Oxwych in Gower.

Gower is a large tract of land, bounded by Brecknockshire on the north-east, the sea on the south-west, and rivers on the other sides. Here all the people talk English, and are, in general, the most plain, loving people in Wales. It is therefore no wonder, that they receive the word with all readiness of heart.

Knowing they were scattered up and down, I had sent two persons on Sunday, that they might be there early on Monday, and so sent notice of my coming all over the Country. But they came to Oxwych scarcely a quarter of an hour before me, so that the poor people had no notice at all: nor was there any to take us in; the person with whom the Preacher used to lodge, being three miles out of town. After I had stayed a while in the street, (for there was no public house,) a poor woman gave me house-room. Having had nothing since breakfast, I was very willing to eat or drink; but she simply told me, she had nothing in

the house but a dram of gin. However, I afterwards procured a dish of tea at another house, and was much refreshed. About seven I preached to a little company, and again in the morning. They were all attention; so that even for the sake of this handful of people, I did not regret my labour.

Wednesday, August 1, It was with difficulty I reached Cowbridge, about one, where the congregation was waiting. I found they had had heavy rain great part of the day; but very little fell upon us: nor do I remember, that from the beginning of March till now, we have been in more than one heavy shower of rain, either in England, Scotland, or Wales.

I preached in the evening at Landaff; and on Thursday 2, in the town-hall at Cardiff. Saturday 4, we crossed at the New-Passage, and rode on to Bristol.

Sunday 5, I preached in Princes-Street at eight; at two, under the Sycamore-tree at Kingswood; and at five, near King's-Square, in Bristol. How many thousands in this City, do see, in this their day, the things that belong to their peace!

On Monday the 6th, our Conference began: the great point I now laboured for, was, a good understanding with all our brethren of the clergy, who are heartily engaged in propagating vital religion. Saturday 11, I took chaise early in the morning, and at night came safe to London.

Sunday 12, In the afternoon I preached in Moorfields on those comfortable words, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Thousands heard with calm and deep attention. This also hath God wrought! Monday 13, I was again as fully employed as at the Conference, in visiting Classes from morning till night. Saturday 18, I preached for the first time in our new Chapel at Snows-fields, on *O how amiable are thy tabernacles, thou Lord of Hosts!*

Sunday 19, Meeting with a pious and sensible man, who was born in the Isle of Skye, I said, "Tell me freely; did you yourself ever know a second-sighted man?" He answered, after a little pause, "I have known more than one or two." I said, "But were they not deceivers? How do

you know they were really such?" He replied, "I have been in company with them, when they dropped down as dead. Coming to themselves, they looked utterly amazed, and said, 'I have been in such a place, and I saw such and such persons' (perhaps fifty miles off) 'die in such a manner.' And when enquiry was made, I never could find, that they were mistaken in one circumstance. But the reason why it is so hard for you to get any information concerning this, is, those who have the second-sight, count it a great misfortune. And it is thought a scandal to their family."

Monday 20, I went to Canterbury, and opened our new Chapel, by preaching, on *One thing is needful.* How is it, that many Protestants, even in England, do not know, that no other consecration of Church or Chapel is allowed, much less required in England, than the performance of public worship therein? This is the only consecration of any Church in Great Britain, which is necessary, or even lawful. It is true, Archbishop Laud composed a Form of Consecration: but it was never allowed, much less established, in England. Let this be remembered by all who talk so idly of preaching in unconsecrated places.

Wednesday 22, I had designed to return to London; but being importuned to pay a visit first to Sandwich, I went over, and preached about ten, to a dull, but attentive congregation. Immediately after service we set out for Dover. In the way we were on the point of being dashed in pieces: the chariot wheels running within two or three inches or less of the edge of a bank, ten or twelve feet high. I preached in Dover at two, and returned time enough for the service at Canterbury. Thursday 23, I preached at Bethnal-Green, and in the evening at the Foundery.

Monday 27, I saw a pattern of patience, John Matthews, daily dying of a consumption; but in constant pain, weakness, weariness, and want of sleep, calmly giving himself up to God.

Sunday, September 2, After a toilsome, yet comfortable day, I set out in the Machine; and on Monday evening came to Bristol, as fresh as I left London. Monday 10, I

rode to Shepton-Mallet: I preached at noon, on *One thing is needful.* Only one man, a common disturber, behaved amiss. I was constrained to rebuke him sharply. All the people turned their eyes upon him; and, for once, he was ashamed. In the evening I preached at Bayford, near Wincaunton; and at seven in the morning, Wednesday 12, I returned to Bristol; and at six in the evening preached on Redcliff-Hill. Many were here who, I suppose, never heard me before: and attention sat on every face.

Thursday 13, I spent an hour in Lord B—'s gardens, or more properly woods. They are small to the late Duke of Kent's, in Bedfordshire, and therefore not capable of so much variety: but for the size, it is not possible for any thing of the kind to be more agreeable. And the situation, on the top of a high hill, in one of the most fruitful counties in England, gives them an advantage which even Stow gardens have not. Yet happiness is not in these shades! And if it were, yet,

> "How long? How soon will they upbraid
> "Their transitory master dead?"

Monday 17, About noon I preached at Bath: the day before Mr. Davis had preached abroad. One fruit of this was, the congregation was larger now than I remember it to have been these seven years. Thence I rode to Comb-Grove, a house built in a large grove, on the side of a high, steep hill. I found Mrs. W. the same still, with regard to her liveliness, but not her wildness; in this she was much altered. I preached at five to a small, serious congregation. And I believe few were sent empty away.

Two persons from London, who were at Bath for their health, had walked over to the preaching. Afterwards we all spent an hour in singing, and serious conversation. The fire kindled more and more, till Mrs. — asked, if I would give her leave to pray. Such a prayer I never heard before, it was perfectly an original: odd and unconnected, made up of disjointed fragments; and yet like a flame of fire. Every sentence went through my heart, and I believe the heart of

every one present. For many months I have found nothing like it. It was good for me to be here.

Tuesday 18, I preached again in the Court-yard at seven; and it was now that one of the servants, who was in tears the night before, was thoroughly convinced that God had blotted out all her sins. About noon I preached to a large congregation at Freshford, on *Now is the day of salvation.* A little before six, being determined to be no longer cooped up in the room at Bradford, I began in the main street, near the bridge. In a very short time a multitude of people ran together, and listened with all attention, till an impetuous shower drove part of them away: the rest would not stir till I concluded. I then gave notice of meeting the Society: but a crowd of people pressed in with them. Seeing their earnestness, I was unwilling to hinder them: so we had quickly another large congregation. And I know not if we have had such a season at Bradford, for twice seven years before.

Wednesday 19, At five we had such a congregation as does not use to meet here at that hour. At nine I preached again at Comb-Grove, and found again that God was there.

Is not this an instance of ten thousand, of God's choosing the foolish things of this world to confound the wise? Here is one that has not only a weak natural understanding, but an impetuosity of temper, bordering upon madness: and hence both her sentiments are confused, and her expressions odd and indigested. And yet notwithstanding this, more of the real power of God attends these uncouth expressions, than the sensible discourses of even good men, who have twenty times her understanding! Thus I have many times known God attach his power to the words of extremely weak men. The humble overlooked the weakness of the men, and rejoiced in the power of God. But all his power is unacknowledged, unfelt by those, who stumble at the weakness of the instrument. I reached Bristol time enough to preach in the evening upon Redclift-Hill. A malignant fever had lately broken out upon the very spot, which much increased the number and seriousness of the congregation.

Saturday 22, I was much refreshed by hearing the experience of Mary G., once a determined enemy to the doctrine of Perfection, opposing it with great eagerness and many reasons; but now a happy witness of it. During her hottest opposition, she never could rest in any known sin: and this at length made both pride and anger so exceedingly bitter to her, that she could have no peace till she was fully delivered from them. Sunday 23, I do not know whether we have had so large a congregation these twenty years, as this evening, at the New Square. Surely the wise world will not impute this to novelty: unless because the grace of God is ever new.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited the Societies in Somersetshire. On the following days, I met the Classes in Bristol, and narrowly enquired into the character and behaviour of each person: the rather because it had been strongly affirmed, that there were many disorderly walkers in the Society. I found a woman and a man, who, I am afraid, deserved that character. Let any one that is more clear-sighted than I, find two more, and I will thank him.

Sunday 30, The whole Society met in the evening, and jointly renewed their covenant with God, in the form recommended by Mr. Richard Allen: and many felt that God was there. It was *a day of his power* not to be forgotten, a day both of godly sorrow and strong consolation.

Monday, October 1, I left Bristol with joy, having seen the fruit of my labour. At noon, I preached at Comb-Grove, to a small congregation of earnest, simple people. I had designed to preach, in the evening, at Bradford, in the same place I did before; but Mr. R., at whose door I then stood, had now altered his mind. So I was constrained to preach in our own room, to (comparatively) a handful of people.

Tuesday 2, I breakfasted at the Devizes, with Mr. B., a black swan, a honest lawyer! Hence we rode through a most intricate road to Pewsey. I found a neighbouring gentleman had been there, moving every stone, to prevent

my preaching. I was informed, his first design was to raise a mob. Then he would have had the Church-wardens interpose. Whether they intended it or not, I cannot tell; but they neither did nor said any thing. The congregation filled a great part of the Church, and were all deeply attentive. Surely good will be done in this place, if it be not prevented by a mixture of various doctrines. Wednesday 3, I rode to Salisbury, and, going slowly forward, on Saturday 6, came to London.

Sunday 7, I preached, in the morning, at Snows-fields, and afterwards at West-street. We had a glorious opportunity at the Lord's-Supper. The rocks were broken in pieces. At five, I preached in Moorfields to a huge multitude, on *Ye are saved through faith.* A little before twelve I took the Machine for Norwich. Monday 8, we dined at Bury, where a gentlewoman came into the coach, with whom I spent most of the afternoon in close conversation and singing praises to God.

Tuesday 9, I was desired to meet Mr. B., and we had a good deal of conversation together. He seems to be a person of middling sense, but a most unpleasing address. I would hope, he has some little experience of religion: but it does not appear to advantage, as he is extremely hot, impetuous, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. He hooked me unawares into a little dispute; but I cut it short as soon as possible, knowing neither was likely to convince the other. So we met, and parted in peace.

Wednesday 10, I went to Yarmouth, where the earnest congregation was gathered, at short warning. Thursday 11, I was desired to go to Leostoff in Suffolk, nine miles south-east of Yarmouth. The use of a large place had been offered, which would contain abundance of people: but when I was come, Mr. Romaine had changed his mind: so I preached in the open air. A wilder congregation I have not seen; but the bridle was in their teeth. All attended, and a considerable part seemed to understand something of what was spoken. Nor did any behave uncivilly when I had done: and I believe a few did not lose their labour. It was

easy in the evening to observe the different spirit of the congregation at Yarmouth. Almost all seemed to feel the power of God, and many were *filled with consolation.*

Friday 11, I returned to Norwich, and enquired into the state of the Society. I have seen no people in all England or Ireland so changeable as this. This Society, in 1755, consisted of eighty-three members: Two years after, of a hundred and thirty-four: In 1758, it was shrunk to a hundred and ten. In March 1759, we took the Tabernacle; and within a month, the Society was increased to above seven hundred and sixty. But nearly five hundred of these had formerly been with James Wheatley, and having been scattered abroad, now ran together, they hardly knew why. Few of them were thoroughly awakened, most, deeply ignorant, all *bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke,* having never had any rule or order among them, but every man doing what was right in his own eyes. It was not therefore strange, that the next year, only five hundred and seven of these were left. In 1761, they were farther reduced, namely, to four hundred and twelve. I cannot tell how it was, that, in 1762, they were increased again to six hundred and thirty. But the moon soon changed, so that, in 1763, they were shrunk to three hundred and ten. This large reduction was owing to the withdrawing the Sacrament, to which they had been accustomed from the time the Tabernacle was built. They are now sunk to a hundred and seventy four. And now, probably, the tide will turn again.

Sunday 14, At seven I clearly and strongly described the height and depth of Christian Holiness. And (what is strange) I could not afterward find, that any one person was offended. At ten we had a congregation indeed; I trust all of one heart. I went, as usual, to the Cathedral in the afternoon, and heard a sound, practical sermon. About five our great congregation met, and (what has seldom been known) very quietly. We were equally quiet at the meeting of the Society, which met now for the first time on a Sunday evening. So has God stilled the madness of the people. Are not the hearts of all men in his hand?

Monday 15, At the request of many, I had given notice of a Watch-night. We had but an indifferent prelude: between six and seven, the mob gathered in great numbers, made a huge noise, and began to throw large stones against the outward doors. But they had put themselves out of breath before eight, so that when the service began, they were all gone.

Tuesday 16, In the evening the whole congregation seemed not a little moved, while I was enforcing those solemn words, *He died for all, that they who live might not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them and rose again.* The same was observable, and that in a higher and higher degree, the two following evenings. If I could stay here a month, I think there would be a Society little inferior to that at Bristol. But it must not be: they who will bear sound doctrine *only from me,* must still believe a lie.

Saturday 20, My horses meeting me at Burntwood, I rode on to Laton-Stone, and preached to a serious congregation, on *I will: be thou clean.* The following week I made a little tour through part of Kent and Sussex, where some of our brethren swiftly increase in goods. Do they increase in grace too? If not, let them take care that their money do not perish with them.

Sunday, November 4, I proposed to the Leaders, the assisting the Society for the Reformation of Manners, with regard to their heavy debt. One of them asked, "Ought we not to pay our own debt first?" After some consultations, it was agreed to attempt it. The general debt of the Society in London, occasioned chiefly by repairing the Foundery and Chapels, and by building at Wapping and Snows-fields, was about nine hundred pounds. This I laid before the Society in the evening, and desired them all to set their shoulders to the work, either by a present contribution, or by subscribing what they could pay, on the first of January, February, or March.

Monday 5, My scraps of time this week I employed in setting down my present *Thoughts upon a Single Life,*

which, indeed, are just the same they have been these thirty years. And the same they must be, unless I give up my Bible.

Thursday 8, At ten (and so every morning) I met the preachers that were in town, and read over with them the "Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation." Many pupils I had at the University: and I took some pains with them. But to what effect? What is become of them now? How many of them think either of their tutor or their God? But, blessed be God, I have had some pupils since, who will reward me for my labour. Now *I live:* for *ye stand fast in the Lord.*

Monday 12, I retired to Hoxton, to answer what was personal in the letters ascribed to Mr. Hervey. How amazing is the power of prejudice! Were it not for this, every one who knew him and me, would have cried out with indignation, "Whatever Mr. W. was, none can commend or excuse Mr. H. Such bitterness he ought not to have shewn to his most cruel enemy. How much less to the guide of his youth! To one he owns to have been his "Father and his friend!"

Monday 19, And the other afternoons of this week, I took up my cross, and went in person to the principal persons in our Society, in every part of the town. By this means, within six days nearly six hundred pounds were subscribed toward the public debt. And what was done, was done with the utmost cheerfulness. I remember but one exception. Only one gentleman squeezed out ten shillings, as so many drops of blood.

Saturday, December 1, M. B. gave me a farther account of their affairs at Laton-Stone. It is exactly *Pietas Hallensis* in miniature. What will be, does not yet appear.

Tuesday 4, I made a little excursion to Colchester. Saturday 8, I saw one who, many years ago, was a *minister of God to* us *for good*, in repressing the madness of the people, Sir John Gonson, who was nearly fifty years a magistrate, and has lived more than ninety. He is majestic in decay: having few wrinkles, and not stooping at all,

though just dropping into the grave, having no strength, and little memory or understanding. Well might that good man, Bishop Stratford pray, "Lord, let me not live to be useless!" And he had his desire: he was struck with a palsy in the evening, praised God all night, and died in the morning.

Monday 10, And the three following days, I visited Canterbury, Dover, and Sandwich, and returned to London on Friday 14. In the Machine I read Mr. Baxter's book upon Apparitions. It contains several well-attested accounts. But there are some which I cannot subscribe to. How hard is it to keep the middle way! Not to believe *too little*, or *too much!*

Sunday 16, I buried Mrs. Prior, house-keeper to Mr. P., who told me, "On —— night, just at one I rung, and said to my man coming in, 'Mrs. Prior is dead. She just now came into my room, and walked round my bed.' About two, the nurse came, and told me, she was dead. I asked, at what time she died: and was answered, 'Just at one o'clock.'"

Thursday 27, I preached and administered the Sacrament at the New Chapel in Snows-fields. How well does God order all things! By losing the former Chapel we have gained both a better house and a larger congregation.

Friday 28, Between two and three in the morning, I was sent for to John Matthews. For some months he had frequently said, "I have no more doubt of being in heaven, than if I were there already." A little before we came, one asked, "How do you do now?" He answered, "The Lord protects, for ever near." When I came in, he was perfectly sensible, but too weak to speak. Just at three I began to pray. I had scarcely prayed two minutes, when, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, he fell asleep. A man of so faultless a behaviour, I have hardly ever been acquainted with. During twenty years, I do not remember his doing or saying any thing, which I would wish to have been unsaid or undone.

Monday 31, I thought it would be worth while to make

an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music, the lion at Edinburgh was, I determined to try, whether this were the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to the Tower with one who plays on the German flute. He began playing near four or five lions. Only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention. Mean time a tyger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any principle of mechanism? Can we account for it at all?

Tuesday, January 1, 1765, This week I wrote an answer to a warm letter, published in the London Magazine, the author whereof is much displeased, that I presume to doubt of the modern astronomy. I cannot help it. Nay, the more I consider, the more my doubts increase. So that, at present, I doubt, whether any man on earth knows either the distance or magnitude, I will not say, of a fixed star, but of Saturn, or Jupiter: yea, of the sun or moon.

Sunday 6, The whole Society met in the evening. The service lasted from five till nearly nine. And I do not remember so solemn a season, since the first time we joined in renewing our covenant with God.

Monday 7, In the evening I preached at High-Wycombe: and Tuesday 8, at Witney. The congregation here, though of so late standing, may be a pattern to all England. When the service was ended, no one spoke, either in the evenings or mornings. All went silently out of the house and yard. Nay, when I followed a large part of them, I did not hear any open their lips, till they came to their own houses. Thursday 10, I preached again at Wycombe, and on Friday returned to London.

Saturday 12, I rode to Mr. D.'s, at Ovington in Essex, about six and fifty miles from the Foundery. Sunday 13, notwithstanding the rain, the Church was pretty well filled. And all gave earnest heed, while I opened and applied those

words in the Second Lesson, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.*

Titbury Church is considerably larger than this: accordingly the congregation was much larger than that in the morning. But I did not see one careless or inattentive person. All seemed resolved to *seek the Lord while he may be found.* At seven in the evening I preached again, to a small company in Mr. D.'s house, on fellowship with the Father and the Son. Tuesday 15, I returned to London.

Sunday 20, I looked over Mr. Romaine's strange book on *the Life of Faith.* I thought, nothing could ever exceed Mr. Ingham's; but really, this does: although they differ not a hair's breadth from each other: any more than from Mr. Sandiman.

I employed all my leisure hours this week in revising my letters and papers. Abundance of them I committed to the flames. Perhaps some of the rest may see the light when I am gone.

Friday 31, I was considering, how it was, that so many who were once filled with love, are now weak and faint. And the case is plain: the invariable rule of God's proceedings is, *From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.* Hence it is impossible that any should *retain* what they receive, without *improving it.* Add to this, that the more we have received, the more of care and labour is required, the more watchfulness and prayer, the more circumspection and earnestness in all manner of conversation. Is it any wonder then, that they who forget this, should soon lose what they had received? Nay, who were *taught* to forget it? Not to watch! Not to pray—under pretence of *praying always.*

Wednesday 13, I heard Ruth, an Oratorio, performed at Mr. Madan's Chapel. The sense was admirable throughout; and much of the poetry not contemptible. This joined with exquisite music, might possibly make an impression, even upon rich and honourable sinners.

Monday 18, I set out for Norwich, and spent a few days there with more comfort than I had ever done before. The

congregations were not only more numerous than ever, but abundantly more serious. And the Society appeared to be more settled, and more loving to each other. Monday 25, in my way to Yarmouth I read Dr. Watts, on "the Improvement of the Understanding." He has many just and useful observations, mixed with some that are not just, and with more that are of little use, besides that, they are trite and obvious. I preached at seven in a Preaching-house built for the General Baptists; one of the most elegant buildings I have seen; which was well filled both this and the following evening with serious and attentive hearers. There now seems to be a general call to this town: surely some will hear the voice that raises the dead. We returned to Norwich on Wednesday, and left it on Thursday morning, in a wonderful day of frost and snow, and sleet and wind. However we reached Lakenheath in the afternoon. Considering the weather, there was a large congregation. Mr. I. read the prayers, and I preached, with great liberty of spirit, on *What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*

Friday, March 1, I read prayers and preached at seven in the morning. It was noon before we could procure a post-chaise. We then pushed on, though the snow lay deep on the ground, to the great inn at Hockerill, the dearest house I ever was at: so fare it well. In the morning we went on to London.

Sunday 10, I made a collection in our congregation for the poor weavers who are out of employment. It amounted to about forty pounds. In the evening our own Society met, and contributed fourteen pounds more, to relieve a few of their own distressed members.

Monday 11, I took horse with Mr. Pennington for Bristol. In two or three hours my mare fell lame, without any discernible cause; and in an hour or two after, the beast he rode was taken ill, and grew worse and worse, till she dropped down and died. So I was glad to go into a machine which was driving by; and the next evening I reached Bristol.

Monday 18, I rode to Stroud, and in the evening preached in the new house. But a considerable part of the congregation were obliged to stand without. Toward the close of the sermon, a young man dropped down and vehemently cried to God. This occasioned a little hurry at first! but it was soon over, and all was quiet as before. After supper I was speaking a little, when a young gentleman cried out, "I am damned," and fell to the ground. A second did so quickly after, and was much convulsed, and yet quite sensible. We joined in prayer, but had not time (it growing late) to wrestle with God for their full deliverance.

Tuesday 19, We rode to Worcester, and had the pleasure of spending an hour with Mr. R—, a sensible, candid man. But who is proof against prejudice? Especially when those who labour to infuse it, converse with him daily, and those who strive to remove it, not two hours in a year.

We came to Birmingham in the evening, and had a comfortable season with the great congregation. Wednesday 20, M. Lewen took me in a post-chaise to Derby, where the New House was thoroughly filled: and the people behaved in a quite different manner from what they did when I was here last. Thursday 21, we went on, though with much difficulty, being often ready to stick fast, to Sheffield. The house here is full twice as large as it was. And so is the congregation. The little differences which had been for some time among the people, were now easily adjusted. And I left them all, united in love, and resolved to strengthen each other's hands.

Saturday 23, we took horse in a furious wind, which was ready to bear us away. About ten I preached in Bradwell, in the High-Peak, where, notwithstanding the storm, abundance of people were got together. I had now an opportunity of enquiring concerning Mr. B—y. He did run well; till one offence after another swallowed him up: but he scarcely enjoyed himself after. First his oldest daughter was snatched away: then his only son; then himself. And only two or three of that large family now remain.

Sunday 24, At seven I preached at Manchester, on *I beseech you, suffer the word of exhortation*, and observed, that the exhortation which it is particularly difficult to suffer, is

that to accept of salvation *now*, and *now* to improve the whole grace of God. The evening congregation was far larger than the house could contain, and all seemed to have the hearing ear. Tuesday 26, it rained all the way to Little Leigh; but from thence we had a pleasant ride to Chester.

As several ships were ready to sail from Park-gate, I waited here two days: but the wind continuing foul, on Friday 29, I crossed over to Liverpool. I was surprised at the evening congregations, particularly on Sunday. The house, even with the addition of three new galleries, would not nearly contain the congregation: and I never before observed the word to take such effect upon them. So that I was not sorry the wind continued in the same point, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Only it shifted a little on Wednesday morning; on which some impatient Captains sailed immediately. But in a few hours it came full west again: so that they were glad to get well back.

Thursday, April 4, I rode to Bolton, and not being expected, was the more welcome. The house was filled in the evening, and the hearts of many filled with joy and peace in believing. April 5, being Good-Friday, Mr. Johnson preached at five; I preached at twelve and at six. What a blessed calm has God given at length to this poor, shattered Society! For many years the men of bitter and contentious spirits, were harrassing them continually. But they are now sunk into quiet, formal Presbyterians: and those they have left enjoy God and one another.

Saturday 6, I returned to Liverpool: and on Wednesday 10, the wind continuing west, I set out northward, and in the evening, found a friend's house, James Edmondson's, near Garstang. Thursday 11, we rode on to Francis Gilbert's, at Kendal, where there is now a real work of God. The genuine Gospel now takes root, and sinners are converted to God.

Saturday 13, We rode through much wind and rain to Barnard-castle. In the evening I preached in the New Preaching House, (not opened before) and at eight in the morning. I would have preached abroad on Sunday even-

ing: but the weather drove us into the house. And God was there, both to invite sinners, and to comfort believers. Afterwards I spent an hour with those, who once believed they were saved from sin. I found here, as at London, about a third part who held fast their confidence. The rest had suffered loss, more or less, and two or three were shorn of all their strength.

Monday 15, I rode on to Newcastle, where I was quite unexpected. I found, both the hearers, the Society, and the believers increased since I was here last. And several more believe they are saved from sin. Mean time Satan has not been idle. Two were following George Bell step by step, as to the "not needing self-examination," the "not being taught by man," and most of his unscriptural extravagancies: but as they appeared to be still of an advisable spirit, for the present at least the snare was broken.

Thursday 18, I went to Durham with Miss Lewen, and spent an hour with her father. He behaved with the utmost civility; said I had done his daughter more good than all the physicians could do: and he should be exceedingly glad if she would go to London again, at the approach of winter. At three I preached to the poor colliers at Gateshead Fell. How do these shame the colliers of Kingswood! Flocking from all parts on the week-days as well as Sundays; such a thirst have they after the good word!

Friday 19, I had a little time with that venerable monument of the grace of God, Henry Jackson. He is just dropping into the grave, being now quite bed-ridden, but praising God with every breath.

Monday 22, Two of our friends took me in a post-chaise to Alnwick. But the road was so intolerably bad, that we were ready to stick fast again. And it was past seven before I reached the town, where I found notice had been given of my preaching. Hearing the congregation waited for me, I went to the town-hall, and began without delay. About one in the morning we had a violent storm of thunder and lightning. The house being full of dragoons, M. L. and M. D. were constrained to lodge in the same room with

our landlady, who being waked by the storm, and thoroughly terrified, began praying aloud. M. D. laid hold on the opportunity to speak very closely to her. The words seemed to sink into her heart. Who knows, but they may bring forth fruit?

Tuesday 23, I preached at Dunbar about noon, and in the evening at Edinburgh. My coming was quite seasonable, (though unexpected) as those bad letters, published in the name of Mr. Hervey, and reprinted here by Mr. John Erskine, had made a great deal of noise. Wednesday 24, I preached at four in the afternoon on the ground where we have laid the foundation of our house, Friday 26, about noon I preached at Musselborough, where are a few living souls still. In the evening we had another blessed opportunity at Edinburgh, and I took a solemn leave of the people. Yet how I should be able to ride, I knew not. At Newcastle I had observed a small swelling, less than a pea; but in six days it was as large as a pullet's egg, and exceedingly hard. On Thursday it broke. I feared riding would not agree with this, especially a hard-trotting horse. However, trusting God, I set out early on Saturday morning: before I reached Glasgow, it was much decreased: and in two or three days more it was quite gone. If it were a boil, it was such an one as I never heard of. For it was never sore first or last, nor ever gave me any pain.

This evening I preached in the hall of the hospital: the next day, morning and afternoon, in the yard. So much of the form of religion is here still, as is scarcely to be found in any town in England. There was once the power too. And shall it not be again? Surely the time is at hand.

Monday 29, I rode with James Kershaw through a fruitful Country, to Killmarnock, and thence to Ayr. After a short bait at Maybole in the afternoon, we went on to Girvane, a little town on the sea-shore. Tuesday 30, we rode over high and steep mountains, between Ballintrae and Strangrawer: where we met with as good entertainment of every kind, as if we had been in the heart of England.

We reached Port-Patrick about three o'clock, and were

immediately surrounded with men offering to carry us over the water. But the wind was full in our teeth. I determined to wait till morning, and then go forward or backward, as God should please.

Wednesday, May 1, The wind was quite fair: so as soon as the tide served, I went on board. It seemed strange to cross the sea in an open boat, especially when the waves ran high. I was a little sick, till I fell asleep. In five hours and a half we reached Donaghadee: but my mare could not land till five hours after; so that I did not reach Newtown till past eight.

I spent the next day here, endeavouring to lift up the hands of a poor, scattered, dejected people. In the evening I preached on the Green; though it was exceedingly cold, none of the congregation seemed to regard it. And a few of them do remember from whence they are fallen, and resolve to do the first works.

Friday 3, I rode on to Lisburn, and in the evening preached in the Market-house. The wind was as keen as in December: yet a large congregation attended. I then met what was left of the Society: and the spirits of many that were faint revived. Saturday 4, I preached in the Room at five, which had been discontinued for three years. And this alone would account for the scattering of the people, and the deadness of them that remained. In the evening I preached in the Linen-hall, so called, a large square, with piazzas on three sides of it. And so deep an attention I never saw in the people of Lisburn before.

Sunday 5, For the sake of the Country people, I delayed the morning preaching till half an hour past nine. At eleven the Church service began, and we had an useful sermon, on *Follow peace with all men and holiness.* At five I preached in the Linen-hall again, to a numerous congregation, on *Yea, doubtless and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.*

Monday 6, I rode to Newry, and in the evening preached in the Market-house, on *Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.* The whole congregation

seemed affected, this as well as the next evening: indeed more than I had seen them for some years. Hence, Wednesday 8, I rode to Terryhugan, and found much of the power of God among that plain, simple-hearted people. Here Mr. Ryan overtook me, and led me to Clanmain, where we had, as usual, a lively, earnest congregation: most of whom, (except those that came from far) were present again at five in the morning. About eleven I preached at the Grange, a small village, about five miles from Clanmain. Friday 10, I took Mr. Ryan with me, and set out for Londonderry. When we had rode about twelve miles, a road turned short to the left: but having no direction to turn, we went straight forward, till a woman running after us, (taking one of us, I know not why, for a doctor) told us the case of her poor husband, who, she said, had kept his bed for seven weeks. After riding half an hour, we found we were out of our way, and rode back again. By this means we went by the house where the man lay. When I alighted and went in, I quickly saw, that he needed something more than I had prescribed before. Who knows but our losing the way may be the means of saving the poor man's life?

In the afternoon, after riding through a fruitful Country, (one mountain only excepted) we came to Omagh, the shire town of the county of Tyrone. We found a good inn; but were not glad, when we heard there was to be dancing that night in the room under us. But in awhile, the dancers removed to the shire-hall. So we slept in peace.

Saturday 11, Having no direction to any one in Derry, I was musing what to do, and wishing some one would meet me and challenge me, though I knew not how it could be, as I never had been there before, nor knew any one in the town. When we drew near it, a gentleman on horseback stopped, asked me my name, and shewed me where the preacher lodged. In the afternoon he accommodated me with a convenient lodging at his own house. So one Mr. Knox is taken away, and another given me in his stead. At seven I preached in the Linen-hall, (a square so called) to

the largest congregation I have seen in the north of Ireland. The waters spread as *wide* here as they did at Athlone. God grant they may be as *deep!*

Sunday 12, At eight I preached there again, to an equal number of people. About eleven Mr. Knox went with me to Church, and led me to a pew, where I was placed next the Mayor. What is this? What have I to do with honour? Lord, let me always *fear*, not *desire* it. The afternoon service was not over till about half past six. At seven I preached to nearly all the inhabitants of the City. I think, there was scarcely one who did not feel that God was there. So general an impression upon a congregation I have hardly seen in any place.

Monday 13, and the following days, I had leisure to go on with the Notes of the Old Testament. But I wondered at the situation I was in, in the midst of rich and honourable men! While this lasts it is well. And it will be well too, when any or all of them change their countenances:

"And wonder at the strange man's face,
"As one they ne'er had known."

Tuesday 14, I wrote the following letter to a friend:

"Dear Sir, *Londonderry, May* 14, 1765.

"Your manner of writing needs no excuse. I hope you will always write in the same manner. Love is the plainest thing in the world: I know this dictates what you write: and what need of ceremony?

"You have admirably well expressed what I mean by an opinion, contradistinguished from an essential doctrine. Whatever is 'compatible with love to Christ and a work of grace,' I term an opinion. And certainly the holding particular election and final perseverance is compatible with these. 'Yet, What fundamental errors,' you ask, 'have you opposed with half that fervency as you have these opinions?' I have printed nearly fifty sermons, and only one of these opposes them at all. I preach about eight hundred sermons in a year; and, taking one year with another, for twenty years past, I have not preached eight sermons in a year upon the

subject. But, 'How many of your best preachers have been thrust out because they dissented from you in these particulars!' Not one, best or worst; good or bad, was ever thrust out on this account. There has not been a single instance of this kind. Two or three, (but far from the best of our preachers) voluntarily left us, after they had embraced those opinions; but it was of their own mere motion. And two I should have expelled for immoral behaviour, but they withdrew, and pretended 'they did not hold our doctrine.' Set a mark therefore on him that told you that tale, and let his word for the future go for nothing.

"Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession? are not only the main, but the sole enquiries I make in order to his admission into our Society. If he is a Dissenter, he may be a Dissenter still: but if he is a Churchman, I advise him to continue so; and that for many reasons, some of which are mentioned in the tract upon that subject.

"'I think on justification just as I have done any time these seven and twenty years; and just as Mr. Calvin does.' In this respect, I do not differ from him an hair's breadth.

"But the main point between you and me is perfection. 'This,' you say, 'has no prevalence in these parts, otherwise I should think it my duty to oppose it with my whole strength; not as an opinion, but as a dangerous mistake, which appears to be subversive of the very foundation of Christian experience, and which has in fact given occasion to the most grievous offences.'

"Just so my brother and I reasoned thirty years ago, 'as thinking it our duty to oppose predestination with our whole strength; not as an opinion, but as a dangerous mistake, which appeared to be subversive of the very foundation of Christian experience, and which has in fact given occasion to the most grievous offences.'

"That it has given occasion to such offences I know; I can name time, place, and persons. But still another fact stares me in the face. Mr. H. and Mr. N. hold this, and

yet I believe these have real Christian experience. But if so, this is only an opinion: it is not subversive, (here is clear proof to the contrary) of the very foundations of Christian experience. It is 'compatible with love to Christ, and a genuine work of grace.' Yea, many hold it, at whose feet I desire to be found in the day of the Lord Jesus. If then I 'oppose this with my whole strength,' I am a mere bigot still. I leave you in your calm and retired moments to make the application.

"But, How came this opinion into my mind? I will tell you with all simplicity. In 1725, I met with Bishop Taylor's Rules of Holy Living and Dying. I was struck particularly with the chapter upon Intention, and felt a fixed intention to give myself up to God. In this I was much confirmed soon after by the Christian Pattern, and longed to give God all my heart. This is just what I mean by perfection now. I sought after it from that hour.

"In 1727, I read Mr. Law's Christian Perfection and Serious Call, and more explicitly resolved to be all devoted to God, in body, soul, and spirit. In 1730 I began to be *homo unius libri;* to study, comparatively, no book but the Bible. I then saw in a stronger light than ever before, that only one thing is needful, even faith that worketh, by the love of God and man, all inward and outward holiness; and I groaned to love God with all my heart, and to serve him with all my strength.

"January 1, 1733, I preached the sermon on the circumcision of the heart; which contains all that I now teach concerning salvation from all sin, and loving God with an undivided heart. In the same year I printed (the first time I ventured to print any thing) for the use of my pupils, 'a collection of Forms of Prayer.' And in this I spoke explicitly of giving the whole heart, and the whole life to God. This was then, as it is now, my idea of perfection, though I should have started at the word.

"In 1735, I preached my farewel sermon at Epworth in Lincolnshire. In this likewise I spoke with the utmost clearness of having one design, one desire, one love, and of pur-

suing the one end of our life, in all our words and actions.

"In January, 1738, I expressed my desire in these words:

'O grant that nothing in my soul
'May dwell but thy pure love alone!
'O may thy love possess me whole,
'My joy, my treasure, and my crown.
'Strange flames far from my heart remove!
'My every act, word, thought, be love.'

"And I am still persuaded, this is what the Lord Jesus hath bought for me with his own blood.

"Now, whether you desire and expect this blessing or not, is it not an astonishing thing, that you or any man living should be disgusted at me for expecting it? And that they should persuade one another that this hope is 'subversive of the very foundations of Christian experience?' Why then, whoever retains it, cannot possibly have any Christian experience at all! Then my Brother, Mr. Fletcher, and I, and twenty thousand more, who seem both to fear and to love God, are in reality children of the devil, and in the road to eternal damnation!

"In God's Name, I intreat you, make me sensible of this. Shew me by plain, strong reasons, what dishonour this hope does to Christ, wherein it opposes justification by faith, or any fundamental truth of religion. But do not wrest, and wiredraw, and colour my words, as Mr. Hervey, (or Cudworth) has done, in such a manner, that when I look in that glass, I do not know my own face! 'Shall I call you,' says Mr. Hervey, 'my father, or my friend? For you have been both to me.' So I was, and you have as well requited me! It is well my reward is with the Most High.

"Wishing all happiness to you and yours, I am, dear Sir, your affectionate brother and servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

On Wednesday and Thursday I spoke severally to the members of the Society. I found, just as I expected, that the work of God here is exceedingly shallow: yet, while so many flock to hear, one cannot doubt, but God will cut some of them to the heart.

Sunday 19, Mr. S., one of the Curates, preached an excellent sermon, on *Receiving the Holy Ghost*. I afterwards accepted his invitation to dinner, and found a well-natured, sensible man, and one well acquainted with every branch of learning, which we had occasion to touch upon. At seven I preached, on *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ*. And truly the people of this place will hear sound doctrine. Wednesday 22, I exhorted the little Society, to avoid sloth, prodigality, and sluttishness; and on the contrary, to be patterns of diligence, frugality, and cleanliness.

Thursday 23, Lighting on a volume of Mr. Seed's sermons, I was utterly surprised. Where did this man lie hid, that I never heard of him all the time I was at Oxford? His language is pure in the highest degree; his apprehension clear, his judgment strong: and for true, manly wit, and exquisite turns of thought, I know not if this century has produced his equal.

Saturday 25, Both in the morning and evening, I spoke as closely and sharply as I could. But yet I cannot find the way to wound the people. They are neither offended nor convinced.

Ever since I came hither, I have been amazed at the honesty which runs through this City. None scruples to leave his house open all day, and the door only on the latch at night. Such a thing as theft is scarcely heard of at Derry: no one has the least suspicion of it. No wonder, therefore, that the inhabitants never suspect themselves to be sinners. O what pity that honesty should be a bar to salvation! Yet so it is, if a man put it in the place of Christ.

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. XIV.

FROM MAY 27, 1765, TO MAY 18, 1768.

MONDAY, May 27, 1765, I took my leave of Londonderry. Mr. Knox sent his servant to conduct me to Sligo, being now as affectionate as Mr. P., of Sligo, was the first time I was there. Keeping a steady pace, we rode fifteen miles, so called, in four hours and a half, and came at noon to Ballimasy. Here we were shewn into a room, where lay a young man, brought near death by a vomiting of blood. Perhaps we were brought into this room, at this time, to save a poor man's life. As we were riding through the mountains in the afternoon, we overtook one who was just come from Derry, and heard me preach all the time I was there, both in the evening and the morning. I talked plainly both to her and her husband, and they expressed all possible thankfulness.

At five we reached Donegall, the county town. What a wonderful set of county towns are in this kingdom! Donegall, and five more, would not, all together, make up such a town as Islington. Some have twenty houses in them. Mayo three, and Letrim, I think, not one. Is not this owing in part to the fickleness of the nation, who seldom

like any thing long, and so are continually seeking new habitations, as well as new fashions, and new trifles of every kind?

Tuesday 28, We breakfasted at Ballyshannon, I believe, the largest and pleasantest town in the county. Beyond it, a good-natured man overtook me, with whom I talked largely and closely. He seemed much affected; if it continues, well: if not, I am clear of his blood. About twelve we stopped at a little house: but a cloud of smoke soon drove us out of the first room, into another where the landlord lay, with a grievously bruised and swelled leg. I directed him how to cure it, and thence took occasion to give him some farther advice. Several eagerly listened as well as himself: perhaps some will remember it.

In the evening I took my usual stand in the Market-house at Sligo. But here, how was the scene changed! I have seen nothing like this since my entrance into the kingdom. Such a total want of good sense, of good manners, yea, of common decency, was shewn by not a few of the hearers! It is good to visit Sligo after Londonderry: honour and dishonour balance each other. Have we done nothing here yet? Then it is high time to begin, and try if something can be done now. In the two following days I spoke as strongly as I could: and my labour was not in vain. The congregation increased very considerably, and appeared to be of another spirit. They behaved better the second night than the first, and far better the third night than the second. Many of them, I believe, had a fresh call from God: and at the meeting of the Society he was eminently present. So that, notwithstanding their decay, I could not but hope there will be a *blessing in the remnant*.

I expected one to meet me at Sligo: but none appearing, I set out alone at five in the morning, June 1, purposing to ride the new road to Castlebar. But on second thoughts I rode straight on to Foxford. At the entrance of the town I met three gentlewomen, one of them turned and cried out, "Is not that Mr. Wesley?" I thought it odd, but rode

on. At the other end of the town a gentleman met me, and taking hold of my bridle, said, "Sir, I must beg you to turn back, and dine with me at the barracks. There is a lady whom you know, and who will be very glad to see you." I went back, and found one whom I had wished to see, more than most persons in the nation, but scarcely ever expected to see more: it was Miss B——n, of Sligo. And I found Mrs. S——n (now a widow) just the same amiable woman that Miss B——n was. I spent an hour or two in close, serious conversation, admiring the good Providence of God! So I could not go the new road, which misses Foxford, because God had work for me to do there.

About seven I preached at Castlebar, on *the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.* I found another kind of people here than at Sligo, and was much refreshed among them. Sunday 2, most of the gentry in the town being at the Court-house in the evening, my text was, *We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.* I know not that ever I spake more plainly, though I supposed many would be offended: but I was mistaken; high and low seemed to approve. Some, I hope, profited.

Monday 3, I rode to Newport, and preached at one, to the largest congregation I remember to have seen there: and on Tuesday evening I took a solemn leave of the congregation at Castlebar.

Wednesday 5, At five I took horse with a friend, who undertook to bear me company to Galway. We faced the sun all the day; but light clouds and a small breeze made the heat tolerable. After resting an hour at Hollymount, (where the gardens, water-works, and once lovely walks, swiftly running to ruin, give a striking proof, that *the fashion of this world passeth away,*) we rode on to Mr. Lambert's, near Hedford, (a plain, open, hospitable man) and thence to Galway, one of the largest towns I have seen since I left Glasgow. Our Room being small, some of our well-meaning friends were earnest for my preaching in the Exchange. Because I would not disoblige them, I be-

gan at seven; and was suffered to go on for a full quarter of an hour! *The beasts of the people* (just as I expected) then roaring louder and louder, I walked through them without any hindrance or affront, and returned quietly to my lodgings. A large retinue attended me to the door; but it was only to gape and stare; none taking the pains either to lift up a hand, or to say any thing, bad or good.

Thursday 6, I was brought on my way by Lieutenant Cook, who was in all the actions at Fort William-Henry, at Louisbourg, Quebec, Martinico, and the Havannah, and gave a more distinct account of those eminent scenes of Providence than ever I heard before. Although he was so often in the front of the battle, both against Indians, French, and Spaniards, and in the hottest fire, both advancing and retreating, he never received one wound. So true is the odd saying of King William, that "every bullet has its billet." Between five and six we reached Ennis, after a warm day, which much exhausted my strength: but it was soon repaired; and the serious, well-behaved congregation (though many of them were people of fortune) made amends for the turbulent one at Galway. Such is the chequer-work of life!

Friday 7, I rested at Ennis; and it was well I did: for even in the house the heat was scarcely supportable. Saturday 8, I rode to Limerick, and found the Preaching-house just finished. I liked it the best of any in the kingdom, being neat, yea, elegant, yet not gaudy. Sunday 9, in the evening I preached at Mardyke. The heat was violent, even at six: nevertheless there was a numerous congregation, both of Protestants and Papists. Some of the latter behaved with remarkable indecency, talking and laughing, as at a play. I turned and reproved them: they took it well, and neither laughed nor talked any more. In the following week I spoke to each member of the Society, and had much satisfaction among them. Concerning several of them, there is all reasonable proof, that they have given God all their heart. Many others are groaning after full salvation, and all the rest are free from outward blame.

Why may not every Christian Community come as far as this?

Wednesday 12, In the evening I preached near Mardyke, on a smooth grassy place, to, I think, the largest congregation which I ever saw in Limerick. A solemn awe seemed to sit on every face, while I declared in strong words, *He died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him.* The next day the rain began, so, that all the following days, I was constrained to preach in the house.

Friday 14, About noon I preached at Ballygarane, to the small remains of the poor Palatines. As they could not get food and raiment here, with all their diligence and frugality, part are scattered up and down the kingdom, and part gone to America. I stand amazed! Have landlords no common sense, (whether they have common humanity or not) that they will suffer such tenants as these to be *starved* away from them? In the evening I preached at New-Market, to a larger congregation of Papists, as well as Protestants, both in the evening and morning, than I remember to have seen there before. For the present, many were full of good resolutions: and *Why should ye revolt any more?*

Sunday 16, was a Sabbath indeed. Both in the morning and afternoon, many were filled with consolation. Few were absent at five, Monday 17, when I cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

Two or three of them were desirous to bear me company for a day's journey. Before noon we were met by a violent shower, which drove us into a little cabin, where were a company of children, with their mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. They seemed much frighted; but one of our company, who spoke Irish, soon took away their fears. We then sang a hymn, and went to prayer. They gaped and stared abundantly: and when we went away, after giving them a small piece of money, they followed us with a thousand blessings.

At seven I preached in the Market-house at Kilfinane. Well nigh all the town, Irish, English, and Germans, Pro-

testants and Papists, presently gathered together. At first, most of the Papists stood aloof; and so did several of the genteeler people: but by degrees they drew in, and mixed with the congregation. And I believe all of them felt, that God was there. When I went to my lodgings, they crowded after me, so that the house was quickly filled. I exhorted and prayed again, till I found it was full time both for them and me to go to rest.

To-day I received from Prudence Nixon herself, the strange account of her late husband. In November last, on a Sunday evening, he was uncommonly fervent in prayer, and found such a desire as he never had before, *to depart, and to be with Christ.* In the night she awaked, and found him quite stiff, and without either sense or motion. Supposing him to be either dying or dead, she broke out into a vehement agony of prayer, and cried for half an hour together, "Lord Jesus! give me George! Take him not away." Soon after, he opened his eyes, and said earnestly, "You had better have let me go." Presently he was raving mad, and began to curse and blaspheme in the most horrid manner. This he continued to do for several days, appearing to be under the full power of an unclean spirit. At the latter end of the week, she cried out, "Lord, I am willing! I am willing he should go to thee." Quickly his understanding returned, and he again rejoiced with joy unspeakable. He tenderly thanked her for giving him up to God, kissed her, lay down, and died.

Tuesday 18, The town seemed to be all alive a little after four o'clock. So, finding the congregation ready, I began a little before five. A cry soon arose of young and old, on the right hand and on the left. But in many, it was not so much the voice of sorrow, as of joy and triumph. A fair beginning this! But who can tell what the end will be? About nine we rode through Doneraile, one of the pleasantest towns in the kingdom: but a man came galloping after us, and said, "All the town begs you will stop, and give them a sermon." I turned back, and took my stand in the main street. Men, women, and children, flocked from all

sides. There was no disturbance of any kind, while I declared *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Fair blossoms again! And who knows but some of these may bring forth fruit unto perfection?

In the evening I came to Cork, and at seven was surprised at the unusual largeness of the congregation. I had often been grieved at the smallness of the congregation here; and it could be no other, while we cooped ourselves up in the house. But now the alarm is sounded abroad, people flock from all quarters. So plain it is, that field-preaching is the most effectual way of overturning Satan's kingdom.

Thursday 20, At seven in the evening I stood in a vacant place near Blackpool, famous from time immemorial for all manner of wickedness, for riot in particular, and cried aloud, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel!* Abundance of Papists gathered at a distance; but they drew nearer and nearer, till nine parts in ten mingled with the congregation, and were all attention. Surely this is the way to spread religion: to publish it in the face of the sun.

Friday 21, I rode over to Bandon, and preached at seven in the main street. The congregation was exceedingly large: so it was, in proportion, at five in the morning. Sunday 23, I preached at eight near the upper Market-house. Till now I did not observe that all I could say, made any impression upon the hearers. But the power of God was now eminently present: and all seemed to be sensible of it. About five I began in George's-street, at Cork, the opposite corner of the town from the New Room. Many of the chief of the City were of the audience, Clergy as well as Laity. And all but two or three, were not only quiet, but serious, and deeply attentive. What a change! Formerly we could not walk through this street, but at the peril of our lives!

Monday and Tuesday, I spoke, one by one, to the members of the Society. They are now two hundred and ninety-five, fifty or sixty more than they have been for some years. This is owing, partly to the preaching abroad, partly to the meetings for prayer in several parts of the City.

These have been the means of awakening many gross sinners, of recovering many backsliders, of confirming many that were weak and wavering, and bringing many of all sorts to the public preaching. At seven I went once more to Blackpool, where the congregation was far larger than before. Abundance of Papists stole in among them, a very few standing aloof. O what a day of God's power is this! May he fulfil in us all his good pleasure!

Friday 28, After giving our brethren a solemn caution, not to *love the world, nor the things of the world*, I left them with more satisfaction than ever, as there is reason to hope, that they will be tost to and fro no more, but steadily adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. About seven in the evening, I began in the Exchange at Youghal. Four or five noisy men disturbed those that were near them, till I reproved them sharply. The whole congregation then behaved with the utmost decency.

Saturday 29, I preached at five in a room, that would contain four or five hundred people. But the word does not yet sink into their hearts; many are *pleased;* but few *convinced.* In the evening I went to the Exchange again. The congregation was almost doubled, whom I exhorted to *ask for the old path, the good way,* and to *walk therein.* Afterwards I met the infant Society, consisting of nineteen members: all of whom are full of good desires, and some know in whom they have believed.

Sunday 30, At eight the congregation was both larger and more affected than ever. I was glad to see a large and tolerably serious congregation in the Church. It was once a spacious building; but more than half of it now (a common thing in Ireland!) lies in ruins. In the evening I preached to a multitude of people in the main street. A few gentry soon walked away: but the bulk of the congregation were deeply attentive. What a harvest is ready for zealous labourers! When wilt thou thrust them out into thy harvest?

Monday, July 1, I rode to Waterford, and preached in a little court, on our *Great High Priest, who is passed*

into heaven for us. But I soon found, I was got above most of my hearers: I should have spoken of death or judgment. On Tuesday evening I suited my discourse to my audience, which was considerably increased; but much more the next evening: and deep attention sat on almost every face. The room was well filled on Thursday morning, and the poor people were so affectionate, that it was with difficulty we were able to break from them, amidst abundance of prayers and blessings.

At seven in the evening I preached in the Assembly-room at Kilkenny, to many well-dressed, reputable people, some of whom attended again at five in the morning. In the evening the congregation was increased, in seriousness as much as in number, while I enforced those awful words, *God now commandeth all men every where to repent.* I never spoke plainer. Yet I did not hear of any that were offended. What an alteration is there in this City within six or eight years!

Saturday 6, We rode to Portarlington. At seven I preached in the Market-house, to a numerous congregation. Nearly as many were present at eight in the morning. I had great liberty of speech: and the manner wherein they *suffered the word of exhortation,* persuaded me it would not be in vain.

We came to Mountmellick before the Church began, and were glad to find it was Sacrament Sunday. In the evening I preached on one side of the Market-place, on our Lord's lamentation over Jerusalem, to almost all the Protestants in the town, and not a few of the Papists. To these I made a particular application, in the conclusion of my discourse. Indeed I never found so great a concern for them as since I came last into the kingdom.

Monday 8, I preached in the Market-place once more, and it was a solemn hour. I left many of the people much alive to God, and athirst for his whole image. I preached at Tullamore in the evening. At five in the morning the house was nearly full. While I was preaching on Tuesday evening in the Market-place, we had several showers; but

few went away. Here likewise I was constrained to address myself to the Papists in particular, and to exhort them, never to rest, till they were partakers of *the common salvation*.

About eleven we were waked with a cry of fire, which was at the next door but one. The flame shone so that one might see to pick up a pin, and the sparks flew on every side. So that it was much feared, the neighbouring houses would take fire, as several of them were thatched; but the violent rain, which fell an hour before, had made the thatch so wet that it could not catch quickly. And in less than two hours all the fire was quenched. So we slept the rest of the night in peace.

Wednesday 10, I preached at Clara about noon, and in the evening at Athlone. The two next evenings I preached in the Market-house, for the sake of the Papists, who durst not come to the Room. Saturday 13, I read Sir Richard Cox's History of Ireland. I suppose it is accounted as authentic as any that is extant. But surely never was there the like in the habitable world! Such a series of robberies, murders, and burning of houses, towns and countries, did I never hear or read of before. I do not now wonder Ireland is thinly inhabited, but that it has any inhabitants at all! Probably it had been wholly desolate before now, had not the English come, and prevented the implacable wretches from going on, till they had swept each other from the earth.

In the afternoon I rode to Aughrim, and preached about seven to a deeply serious congregation, most of whom were present again at eight in the morning, on Sunday 14. About five I began in my usual place at Athlone, on the Connaught side of the river. I believe the congregation (both of Protestants and Papists,) was never so large before. Some were displeased at this: and several pieces of turf were thrown over the houses, with some stones. But neither one nor the other could in the least interrupt the attention of the people. Then a Popish miller (prompted by his betters, so called) got up to preach over against me. But

some of his comrades throwing a little dirt in his face, he leaped down in haste to fight them. This bred a fray, in which he was so roughly handled, that he was glad to get off with only a bloody nose.

Monday 15, I had the pleasure of meeting many of my friends from various parts at Cooly-lough. I preached at twelve under the shade of some spreading trees, and again at six in the evening. Tuesday 16, I preached at Tyrrels-pass, with a peculiar blessing from God, though many persons of fortune were in the congregation. But the poor and the rich are his.

Wednesday 17, I preached in the Grove at Eden-derry. Many of the Quakers were there, (it being the time of their general meeting) and many of all sorts. I met here with the journal of William Edmundson, one of their preachers in the last century. If the original equalled the picture (which I see no reason to doubt) what an amiable man was this! His *opinions* I leave: but what a *spirit* was here! What faith, love, gentleness, long-suffering! Could *mistakes* send such a man as this to hell? Not so. I am so far from believing this, that I scruple not to say, "Let my soul be with the soul of William Edmundson!"

Thursday 18, The wind in our faces tempering the heat of the sun, we had a pleasant ride to Dublin. In the evening I began expounding the deepest part of the Holy Scripture, namely, the first Epistle of St. John; by which, above all other, even inspired writings, I advise every young preacher to form his style. Here are sublimity and simplicity together, the strongest sense and the plainest language! How can any one that would *speak as the Oracles of God*, use harder words than are found here?

Sunday 21, Between eight and nine I began preaching in the Barrack-square, to such a congregation as I never saw in Dublin before: and every one was as quiet as if we had been in the new square at Bristol. What a change since Mr. Whitefield, a few years ago, *attempted* to preach near this place!

Monday 22, I rode to Donard, a little town in the county

of Wicklow. Here I met with more noise, and stupid, senseless impudence, than I have found since I left England. But the chief man of the town having handled one of the disturbers roughly, and another of them being knocked down, (not by a Methodist,) I concluded my discourse without any farther hindrance.

July 23, I began, as usual, at five. About the middle of the sermon, the rain (which was exceedingly wanted) began, and drove us into our friend's house; where I found his daughters and five sisters all rejoicing in God their Saviour. Hence I rode to Baltinglass. But I had scarcely spoken five minutes, when the rain drove us into the house here also. I had designed to preach at Carlow in the evening; but the difficulty was, where to find a place: our house was too small; and there was little prospect of preaching quietly in the street. While we were considering, one of the chief persons in the town sent to desire I would preach in her Court-yard. This I did to a multitude of people, rich and poor; and there was no disturbance at all: nor did I observe, that any went away, though we had a sharp shower almost as soon as I began.

Wednesday 24, I rode, in the hottest day I have felt this year, to Dublin. Thursday and Friday morning I spent in a conference with our preachers: in the afternoons I spoke to the members of the Society. I left four hundred and forty, and find above five hundred; more than ever they were since my first landing in the kingdom. And they are not increased in number only; but many of them are rejoicing in the pure love of God. And many more refuse to be comforted, till they can witness the same confession.

Sunday 28, I preached in the Barrack-square, both morning and afternoon. The morning congregation was far larger than last week: but this was doubled in the afternoon. At both times my heart was much enlarged towards them, and my voice so strengthened, that, I suppose, several thousands more might have distinctly heard every sentence.

Monday 29, I was desired by some friends to take a ride to the Dargle, ten or twelve miles from Dublin: one of the

greatest natural curiosities, they said, which the kingdom affords. It far exceeded my expectation. You have a high and steep mountain, covered with stately wood, up the side of which a path is cut, and seats placed at small distances. A deep vale, through which runs a clear river, lies between this and another high mountain, whose sides are clothed with tall trees, row above row, from the river to the very top. Near the summit of the first mountain, you have an opening on the one hand which commands the fruitful counties of Kildare, Dublin, and Lowth, as far in a clear sunshiny day, as the huge mountains of Newry: on the other hand is a fine landscape of meadows and fields, that terminates in a sea prospect. Adding this to the rest, it exceeds any thing which I have seen in Great-Britain. And yet *the eye is not satisfied with seeing!* It never can till we see God.

Wednesday 31, At the earnest desire of a friend, I suffered Mr. Hunter to take my picture. I sat only once, from about ten o'clock to half an hour after one. And in that time he began and ended the face; and with a most striking likeness.

Friday, August 2, One informed me, that the Captain with whom I had agreed for my passage, was gone without me, but had taken my horse. I was content, believing all was for the best. But we soon heard he was fallen down a few miles. So we took a boat and followed him; and about ten we went on board the Felicity, bound for Whitehaven. In about an hour we set sail. Soon after, the wind turned, and was against us most part of Saturday and Sunday. On Sunday I preached to our little congregation, thirteen in all, on *The kingdom of heaven is at hand: Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* In a short time the wind sprung up fair, but with intervals of calm. So that we did not reach Whitehaven Quay, till Tuesday 6, between twelve and one in the morning. After sleeping two or three hours, I hastened away, and in the afternoon came to Carlisle. Some friends waited for me here. We purposed setting out early in the morning: but one of our company being taken ill, we waited some hours, so that we did not reach Newcastle till about one on Thursday morning.

I scarcely ever saw the people here so much alive to God: particularly those who believe they are saved from sin. I was ready to say, *It is good for me to be here:* but I must not *build tabernacles.* I am to be a wanderer on earth, and desire no rest, till my spirit return to God.

Sunday 11, I preached about seven at the Fell, to our honest, lively colliers: and about two in the afternoon, in the Square at Hartley, eleven miles from Newcastle. Thence I hastened back to the Garth-heads, where was the largest congregation which has been there for many years. Afterwards several hundreds of us met at the Room, and solemnly renewed our Covenant with God. About eight I was so tired I could hardly stand: but after speaking another hour, all my weariness was gone, and I was as lively and strong as at eight in the morning.

Monday 12, I went to Sunderland. Here likewise is a people ready prepared for the Lord. Tuesday 13, I purposed to preach abroad at Durham; but the rain hindered. As many as could hear, behaved well; and many felt that God was there. At Yarm, in the evening, one would have thought, the whole congregation loved or feared God: so much thought appeared in all their faces: so much decency in their behaviour.

Wednesday 14, I preached in the evening at Leeds, and next morning rode to Huddersfield. Mr. Venn having given notice on Sunday of my preaching, we had a numerous congregation. We had a warm ride from hence to Manchester. But as my day, so was my strength.

Friday 16, I rode over to Chester, and preached to as many as the new house would well contain. We had likewise a numerous congregation on Saturday morning as well as evening. How the grace of God concurs with his Providence! A new house not only brings a new congregation, but likewise (what we have observed over and over again) a new blessing from God. And no wonder, if every *labour of love* finds even a present reward.

Sunday 18, The house contained the morning congregation. But in the evening, multitudes were constrained to go

away. So does Truth win its way against all opposition, if it be steadily declared with meekness of wisdom!

Monday 19, I preached in Norwich at ten, and at Manchester in the evening. Our Conference began on Tuesday 20, and ended on Friday 23. Sunday 25, having been all the week greatly straitened for room, I preached at seven in the new square. The congregation was exceedingly large; yet generally and deeply attentive. About one I preached at Stockport, on a green at the south end of the town. It was sultry hot; but few regarded it; for God *sent a gracious rain upon his inheritance.*

At six in the evening I preached at Macclesfield, and setting out early in the morning, by long stages came to Birmingham, where a large congregation waited for me. I began immediately to apply these comfortable words, *Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.* I soon forgot my weariness and the heat of the place. God was there, and it was enough. On Tuesday 27, I rode on to Stroud, and the next morning to Bristol. After resting three or four days, on Monday, September 2, I set out for Cornwall, and preached that evening at Middlesey. Tuesday 3, I rode to Tiverton, and in the evening preached near the east end of the town, to a large and quiet audience. Wednesday 4, I rode on to North Taunton; a village where several of our preachers had preached occasionally. About six I went to the door of our inn: but I had hardly ended the psalm, when a clergyman came, with two or three (by the courtesy of England called) gentlemen. After I had named my text, I said, "There may be some truths which concern some men only. But this concerns all mankind." The minister cried out, "That is false doctrine, that is predestination." Then the roar began, to second which they had brought an huntsman with his hounds. But the dogs were wiser than the men: for they could not bring them to make any noise at all. One of the gentlemen supplied their place. He assured us he was such, or none would have suspected it. For his language was as base, foul, and porterly, as ever was heard at Billingsgate. Dog, rascal, puppy, and the like terms,

adorned almost every sentence. Finding there was no probability of a quiet hearing, I left him the field, and withdrew to my lodging.

Thursday 5, We had a pleasant ride to Millhouse, where I preached at five to a deeply serious congregation. The next day at noon I preached in a field near Camelford, it being the Fair-day, on *Come, and buy wine and milk, without money and without price.* I preached within at Port Isaac, because of the rain: but many were constrained to stand without. It was a glorious opportunity; God showering down his blessing on many souls.

Saturday 7, I rode to St. Cuthbert, and found Mr. Hoskins weak in body, but happy in God. He was just able to ride to the Church-town in the evening, where a serious congregation soon assembled. Sunday 8, about eight, I preached at St. Agnes: at one, in the main street at Redruth. But still a larger congregation was at Gwenap in the evening, equal to any I have seen in Moorfields. Yet, I think, they all heard, while I enforced, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?*

After preaching I returned to Redruth: where hearing an exceedingly strange story, I sent for the person herself, Grace Paddy, a well-bred, sensible young woman. I can speak of her now without restraint, as she is safe in Abraham's bosom. She said, "I was harmless, as I thought, but quite careless about religion, till about Christmas, when my brother was saying, 'God has given me all I want: I am happy as I can live.' This was about ten in the morning. The words went like an arrow to my heart. I went into my chamber and thought, 'Why am I not so? O, I cannot be, because I am not convinced of sin.' I cried out vehemently, 'Lord, lay as much conviction upon me as my body can bear.' Immediately I saw myself in such a light, that I roared for the disquietude of my heart. The maid running up, I said, 'Call my brother.' He came; rejoiced over me; said, 'Christ is just ready to receive you! Only believe!' and went to prayer. In a short time all my trouble was gone, and I did believe all my sins were blotted out.

But in the evening I was thoroughly convinced of my want of a deeper change. I felt the remains of sin in my heart, which I longed to have taken away. I longed to be saved from all sin, to be *cleansed from all unrighteousness*. And at the time Mr. Rankin was preaching, this desire increased exceedingly. Afterwards he met the Society. During his last prayer I was quite overwhelmed with the power of God. I felt an inexpressible change, in the very depth of my heart. And from that hour I have felt no anger, no pride, no wrong temper of any kind: nothing contrary to the pure love of God, which I feel continually. I desire nothing but Christ: and I have Christ always reigning in my heart. I want nothing. He is my sufficient portion in time and in eternity."

Such an instance I never knew before: such an instance I never read of. A person convinced of sin, converted to God, and renewed in love, within twelve hours! Yet it is by no means incredible; seeing one day is with God as a thousand years.

Monday 9, The Room would by no means contain the congregation at five in the morning. How is this town changed! Some years since a Methodist Preacher could not safely ride through it. Now, high and low, few excepted, say, *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.* About one I preached at Portkellis: at six in Crowan. I admire the depth of grace in the generality of this people: so simple, so humble, so teachable, so serious, so utterly dead to the world!

Tuesday 10, They filled the house at five. I preached in Breag at twelve, under a lovely shade of trees. About six I began at St. John's, near Helston, once as furious a town as Redruth. Now almost all the gentry of the town were present, and heard with the deepest attention. Wednesday 11, perceiving that my voice began to fail, I resolved to preach, for a while, but twice a day. In the evening I preached in a little ground at Newlin, to a numerous congregation. None behaved amiss but a young gentleman, who seemed to understand nothing of the matter.

Thursday 12, Coming to St. Just, I learned that John

Bennets had died some hours before. He was a wise and a good man, who had been above twenty years a father to that Society. A little before his death he examined each of his children,' concerning their abiding in the faith. Being satisfied of this, he told them, "Now I have no doubt but we shall meet again at the right hand of our Lord." He then cheerfully committed his soul to him, and fell asleep. On the numerous congregation in the evening I enforced those solemn words, *There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.*

Friday 13, I rode to St. Ives, and in the evening preached on the sea-shore. But though there was little wind, yet the noise of the waves prevented many from hearing. Saturday 14, about noon I preached at the Hale, a small arm of the sea, which runs up into the land, two or three miles from St. Ives, and makes a tolerable harbour. In the evening we procured a more convenient place at St. Ives, a meadow on the side of the hill, where the people stood before me, row above row, to a considerable distance. On Sunday 15, we had nearly the same congregation at seven in the morning; to whom I explained, *Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.* At one I preached in Lelant, three miles from St. Ives: and at five in the same meadow, to a larger congregation than before. Indeed the whole town seems moved: the truths we preach being so confirmed by the lives of the people.

Monday 16, We had our Quarterly Meeting at Redruth: and it appeared, by the accounts from all parts, that the flame, which was kindled the last year, though abated, is not extinguished. At six I began on the Market-house steps, as usual, to a very numerous congregation. But I had not finished the hymn when Mr. C. came, and read the act against riots. I said, "Mr. C., I did not expect this from you: I really thought you had more understanding." He answered not, but stood like one astonished, neither moving hand nor foot. However, I removed two or three hundred yards, and quietly finished my discourse.

Tuesday 17, I rode to Medros, near St. Austle, where we

had the Quarterly Meeting for the Eastern Circuit. Here likewise we had an agreeable account of a still increasing work of God. This Society has eighty-six members, and all rejoicing in the love of God. Fifty-five or fifty-six of these believe he has saved them from all sin. And their life no way contradicts their profession. But how many will endure to the end?

Wednesday 18, I set out for Plymouth-Dock. In the way we called on one of our friends near Liskard, and found his wife, once strong in faith, in the very depth of despair. I could not but admire the Providence of God, which sent us so seasonably thither. We cried strongly to God in her behalf, and left her not a little comforted.

The Society at the Dock had been for some time in a miserable condition. Disputes had run so high, concerning a worthless man, that every one's sword was set, as it were, against his brother. I shewed them how Satan had desired to have them, that he might sift them as wheat: and afterwards told them, there was but one way to take: to pass an absolute act of oblivion: not to mention, on any pretence whatever, any thing that had been said or done on either side. They fully determined so to do: if they keep that resolution, God will return to them.

Thursday 19, I rode to Tiverton, and preached to a deeply serious congregation. Friday 20, I preached at noon in Hillfarrance, near Taunton, where I had not been for fifteen years. Saturday 21, I preached about noon at Shepton-Mallet, and then went on to Bristol.

Wednesday 25, About one I preached at Paulton, under a large, shady tree. My own soul, and I trust many others, were refreshed, while I was describing our fellowship with the Father and the Son. After visiting the other neighbouring places, on Saturday 28, at noon, I preached in Bath. But I had only the poor to hear, there being service at the same time in Lady H.'s Chapel. So I was just in my element. I have scarcely ever found such liberty at Bath before.

Monday 30, And the two following days, I examined

the Society at Bristol, and was surprised to find fifty members fewer than I left in it last October. One reason is, Christian perfection has been little insisted on. And wherever this is not done, be the preachers ever so eloquent, there is little increase, either in the number or grace of the hearers.

Saturday, October 5, I spent some time with the children at Kingswood. They are all in health. They behave well. They learn well. But, alas! (two or three excepted) there is no life in them!

About this time the oldest preacher in our connexion, Alexander Coats, rested from his labours. A little account of his death, one who was in the house sent me in these words:

"*Newcastle, October* 7, 1765.

"I had an opportunity the last evening of seeing our dear aged brother Coats. A few days before he was sorely tempted by the enemy; but near the close, he had perfect peace. His faith was clear; and he found Christ precious, his portion and his eternal all. I asked him a little before he died, if he had *followed cunningly-devised fables:* He answered, 'No, no, no.' I then asked him, whether he saw land: He said, 'Yes, I do.' And after waiting a few moments at anchor, he put into the quiet harbour."

Wednesday 9, I read Mr. Jones's ingenious essay on the Principles of Natural Philosophy. He seems to have totally overthrown the Newtonian Principles. But whether he can establish the Hutchinsonian, is another question.

Friday 11, We observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Sunday 13, we met in the evening, jointly to renew our covenant with God. It was, as usual, a time of remarkable blessing. Monday 14, in the evening I preached at Shaftesbury, and on Tuesday at Wincaunton. Riding homeward we saw the pond, in which a great man, a few weeks since, put an end to a wretched life. And is death more welcome than life, even to a man that wallows in gold and silver?

Sunday 20, I preached a funeral sermon at Kingswood, over the remains of Susanna Flook; who, a few days before,

rose up and said, "I am dying;" and dropped down dead. So little security is there in youth or health! *Be ye therefore likewise ready!*

Monday 21, I went in the Coach to Salisbury, and on Thursday 24, I came to London. Monday 28, I breakfasted with Mr. Whitefield, who seemed to be an old man, being fairly worn out in his Master's service, though he has hardly seen fifty years. And yet it pleases God, that I, who am now in my sixty-third year, find no disorder, no weakness, no decay, no difference from what I was at five and twenty: only that I have fewer teeth, and more grey hairs!

Thursday, November 7, A fire broke out, near the corner of Leadenhall-street, which, the wind being exceedingly high, soon seized on both the corners of the street, and both the corners of Cornhill, and in a few hours destroyed above three-score houses: yet no lives were lost. Even Mr. Rutland, at whose house it began, and his whole family, were preserved, part escaping through the chamber window, part over the top of the house.

Sunday 24, I preached on those words in the Lesson for the day, *The Lord our Righteousness*. I said not one thing which I have not said, at least, fifty times within this twelve-month. Yet it appeared to many entirely new, who much importuned me to print my sermon, supposing "it would stop the mouths of all gainsayers." Alas for their simplicity! In spite of all I can print, or say, or do, will not those who seek occasion of offence, find occasion?

Monday, December 2, I went to Canterbury. I had received most tragical accounts, as if the Society were all fallen from grace, if ever they had any. I determined to search this to the bottom. To this end I examined them one by one: and was agreeably surprised, to find them all, none excepted, upright and blameless in their behaviour. Tuesday 3, I rode to Dover, and found a little company more united together than they have been for many years. Whilst several of them continued to rob the King, we seemed to be ploughing upon the sand. But since they have cut off the

right hand, the word of God sinks deep into their hearts.

Wednesday 4, I preached about noon at Sandwich, and in the evening at Margate. A few people here also join in helping each other, to work out their salvation. But the minister of the parish earnestly opposes them, and thinks he is doing God service!

Thursday 5, I rode back to Faversham. Here I was quickly informed, that the mob and the magistrates had agreed together to drive Methodism, so called, out of the town. After preaching, I told them what we had been constrained to do, by the Magistrate at Rolvenden; who, perhaps, would have been richer by some hundreds of pounds, had he never meddled with the Methodists; concluding, "Since we have both God and the Law on our side, if we can have peace by fair means, we had much rather, we should be exceedingly glad: but, if not, we will have peace."

Saturday 7, I returned to London. Wednesday 11, I had much conversation with Mr. D—e, lately a Romish Priest. What wonder is it, that we have so many converts to Popery, and so few to Protestantism; when the former are sure to want nothing, and the latter almost sure to starve?

Thursday 12, I rode over to Laytonstone, and found one truly Christian family. This is, what that at Kingswood should be; and would, if it had such governors. Friday 13, I examined the children one by one. Several of them did find the love of God. One enjoys it still, and continues to walk humbly and closely with God.

Sunday 15, I buried the remains of Henry Perronet, who had been a child of sorrow from his infancy. But from the time he was taken ill, his mind was more and more composed. The day and night before his death, he was praying continually, till all fear being taken away, he cheerfully gave up his spirit to God.

Wednesday 18, Riding through the Borough, all my mare's feet flew up, and she fell with my leg under her. A gentleman stepping out, lifted me up, and helped me into his shop. I was exceedingly sick, but was presently re-

lieved by a little hartshorn and water. After resting a few minutes, I took a coach; but when I was cold, found myself much worse, being bruised on my right arm, my breast, my knee, leg, and ankle, which swelled exceedingly. However, I went on to Shoreham, where, by applying treacle twice a day, all the soreness was removed, and I recovered some strength, so as to be able to walk a little on plain ground. The word of God does, at length, bear fruit here also, and Mr. Perronet is comforted over all his trouble. Saturday 21, being not yet able to ride, I returned in a chariot to London.

Sunday 22, I was ill able to go through the service at West-street; but God provided for this also: Mr. Greaves, being just ordained, came straight to the Chapel, and gave me the assistance I wanted.

Thursday 26, I should have been glad of a few days rest; but it could not be at this busy season: however, being electrified morning and evening, my lameness mended, though but slowly.

Wednesday, January 1, 1766, a large congregation met in the Foundery, at four o'clock, and ushered in the New Year with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. In the evening we met, as usual, at the Church in Spital-fields, to renew our covenant with God. This is always a refreshing season, at which some prisoners are set at liberty.

Friday 3, Mr. B. called upon me, now calm and in his right mind. God has repressed his furious, bitter zeal, by means of Mr. Whitefield. He, (Mr. W.) *made* the first breach among the *Methodists:* O that God may impower him to *heal* it! Sunday 5, in the evening I went to Lewisham. Thursday 9, I read Bishop Lowth's Answer to Bishop Warburton. If any thing human could be a cure for pride, surely such a medicine as this would!

Monday 13, I went in the Machine to Bury, and preached to a small, serious congregation. Tuesday 14, the frozen road being exceedingly rough, our Machine broke down before day. However, it was patched up so as to carry us to Budsdale; and in the evening I preached at Yarmouth.

The work of God was increasing here when poor B. W. was converted to Calvinism. Immediately he declared open war, tore the Society in pieces, took all he could to himself, wholly quitted the Church, and raised such a scandal as will not soon be removed. Yet, doubtless, he who turned the young man's head, thinks he has *done God service.*

Thursday 16, I rode to Norwich, and preached at seven in a large place called The Priory. The room, I suppose, was formerly the Chapel; I like it the better on that account. After spending three days here more agreeably than I had done for many years, on Monday 20, I left a Society of a hundred and seventy members, regular and well united together. In the evening, the Machine put up at the White Elm. On Tuesday morning I reached Colchester. I found the Society here slowly recovering from the mischief done by offence and disputing together. I had great liberty of speech both morning and evening, and God seemed strongly to apply his word. Surely they will, at length, learn to *bear one another's burdens:* then will *the wilderness blossom and bud as a rose.*

Friday 24, I returned to London. Tuesday 28, our brethren met together to consider our temporal affairs. One proposed, that we should, in the first place, pay off the debt of the Society, which was five hundred pounds. Towards this a hundred and seventy were subscribed immediately. At a second meeting, this was enlarged to three hundred and twenty. Surely God will supply the rest.

Friday 31, Mr. Whitefield called upon me. He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes.

Sunday, February 2, I dined with W. Welsh, the Father of the late Society for Reformation of Manners. But that excellent design is at a full stop. They have indeed convicted the wretch, who, by wilful perjury, carried the cause against them in Westminster-hall. But they could never recover the expense of that suit. Lord, how long shall the ungodly triumph!

Wednesday 5, One called upon me, who had been cheated out of a large fortune, and was now perishing for want of bread. I had a desire to clothe him and send him back to his own Country; but was short of money. However, I appointed him to call again in an hour. He did so; but before he came, one from whom I expected nothing less, put twenty guineas into my hand. So I ordered him to be clothed from head to foot, and I sent him straight away to Dublin. Monday 10, and the four following days, I wrote a catalogue of the Society, now reduced from eight and twenty hundred to about two and twenty. Such is the fruit of George Bell's enthusiasm, and Thomas Maxfield's gratitude!

Monday 17, I preached at Sundon. And many looked as if they understood something of what was said. Tuesday 18, I went on to Bedford, and found James Glasbrook had just buried his wife, a woman of fine understanding and an excellent spirit, snatched away in the dawn of her usefulness. *What thou dost, we know not now!* We wonder and adore! The next day I rode over to Copley, where she died, and preached her funeral sermon. In the evening I preached at Bedford, and found God was there also.

And "where thy presence is display'd, is heaven."

Thursday 20, I preached at Hertford, and in the evening at Layton-stone. Friday 21, I preached at Old Ford, near Bow. Part of the congregation were deeply serious; the other part wild and stupid enough. But the bridle was in their mouth, so that they made no noise; nay, and were, in a manner, attentive.

Sunday 23, In the evening I went to Lewisham, and finished the Notes on the book of Job. About this time, one of Henry Jackson's daughters gave me the following letter from her sister:

"*Newcastle, February* 23, 1766.

"On Thursday, the 13th of this month, my honoured father looked so beautiful and comely, that we all wondered. At night, in his first sleep, he was taken very ill. On Friday morning I asked him, what he could take: he answer-

ed, 'I am to eat no more.' His illness increased: but he was still calm and composed, and resigned to the will of God. Indeed I always beheld in him such faith, love, and divine resignation, as I never saw in any other. On Sunday he said, 'Now my soul is prepared, and made ready to meet the Lord.' From this time he was filled with longing desires, to depart and to be with Christ; crying out, 'I cannot stay: I must go to my beloved, to be with him for ever.' Monday 17, he said, '*I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the righteous Judge shall give me at that day.*' Tuesday 18, after receiving the blessed Sacrament, he declared to the Minister, 'My anchor is cast within the veil, both sure and immovable.' And as long as he had his speech, he preached Christ to every one that came to see him. Indeed his whole life for many years was but one dedication of his body and soul to God, praying continually, and being lost in praise and thanksgiving to his adorable Saviour. In all the various dispensations of God's Providence towards him and his family, he was still magnifying and praising his holy name, always thankful, humble, loving, and obedient. Nothing was able to move him one moment, or put him out of temper; but he received every thing from the hand of God, with faith, patience, and resignation. Before his speech failed, he blessed all his children, grand-children, and great-grand-children; and on Thursday morning, February 20, yielded up his soul to God, being ninety-nine years and five months old."

Saturday, March 1, I read Bishop Lowth's ingenious Lectures *De Poesi Hebræa*, far more satisfactory than any thing on that subject which I ever saw before. He shews clearly, that the noblest poetry may subsist, without being beholden either to rhyme or fixed measures.

Thursday 6, Our brethren met once more, on account of the public debt. And they did not part, till more than the whole, (which was six hundred and ten pounds) was subscribed.

Sunday 9, In the evening I went to Knights-bridge, and in the morning, took the Machine for Bristol, where I preached (as I had appointed) on Tuesday evening, and met the Society. Wednesday 12, I rode over to Kingswood, and having told my whole mind to the masters and servants, spoke to the children in a far stronger manner, than ever I did before. I will kill or cure: I *will* have one or the other, a *Christian* School, or none at all.

Sunday 16, I preached in Princes-street at eight, on *Awake, thou that sleepest:* and at the Square in the evening, to a listening multitude, on *Come, Lord Jesus!* At Kingswood we had such a congregation at ten, as has not been there for several years. And I had the satisfaction to find four of our children again rejoicing in the love of God.

Monday 17, I rode to Stroud, the sun shining as in May. Seventeen such days in the beginning of March, I suppose few men have known. But on Tuesday the weather entirely changed; and the piercing north-east wind, this and the two following days, was scarcely supportable. At seven I preached in the Room at Painswick, and about ten came to Cheltenham. Here I was in a strait: the house would not hold half the people; and the wind was keen enough. However, I thought this the less evil of the two, and so preached abroad, where we were tolerably sheltered. And I did not observe, that any, rich or poor, went away till I concluded.

I reached Evesham about five in the evening, and preached about six with tolerable quiet. But as we returned, the mob, encouraged by the wretched Magistrate, were rude and noisy enough. Yet as they neither saluted us with stones, nor dirt, we were well contented.

Wednesday 19, We called at a little Inn, about sixteen miles from Evesham. But as Duncan Wright and I had our hoods on, the good woman was frighted, and did not care to take us in. So we rode a mile or two farther to another house, where we came in season. After a little talk, the woman of the house said, "I fear, it is not so well with me as it was once. Before I married, I used to

kneel down in the cow-house, to pray to God for all I wanted. But now I am encumbered with worldly cares; and yet God has not forgotten me. Last winter, when my husband had lost the use of all his limbs, I prayed to God for him, and he was well." This woman knew nothing about the Methodists; but God is nigh to all that call upon him.

In the evening I preached at Birmingham. Towards the close, the mob gathered; but they were restrained till I had concluded. Thursday 20, it was as much as we could do, to bear the cold before sun-rise. However, we came well to Burton before eleven, where I preached to an exceedingly serious congregation. In the evening I preached at Nottingham, in the new house, thoroughly filled with serious hearers. Indeed there is never any disturbance here. And there could be none any where, if the Magistrates were lovers of peace, and exerted themselves in the defence of it.

Sunday 23, I had thoughts of preaching in the Market-place. But the snow which fell in the night made it impracticable. In the morning the house contained the congregation: but in the evening many were constrained to go away. There seems to be now, (what never was before) a general call to the town.

Monday 24, We rode to Derby. I never saw this house full before, the people in general being profoundly careless. I endeavoured to shew them their picture, by enlarging on those words, *Gallio cared for none of these things.*

Tuesday 25, At ten, I preached in their new house at Creitch, about twelve miles from Derby, to a loving, simple-hearted people, many of whom *felt* what I spoke of *fellowship with the Father, and with the Son.* Thence we rode on through several heavy showers of snow to Sheffield, where, at six, we had a numerous congregation. There has been much disturbance here this winter. But to night all was peace.

Thursday 27, I preached in the morning at a little village, near Eyam, in the High-Peak. The eagerness with which the poor people devoured the word, made me amends for the cold ride over the snowy mountains. The same earnestness

I observed in the congregation at Macclesfield: and yet hardly a third part of those I formerly examined, now retain the glorious liberty which they then enjoyed.

March 28, being Good-Friday, as soon as we came from Church, I began at Stockport, on *We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.* At six in the evening I preached at Manchester, and on Saturday and Easter-day. In the evening I explained to the Society, the nature of the yearly subscription. On this one sent me the following letter:—

"GOOD SIR, *March* 31, 1766.

"I thought proper to send you a few lines, concerning what you spoke of last night. How good it was, that you put us all together as one family! That each might do his utmost to help all his brethren! Had you spoke of this sooner, and opened your mind freely as you did yesterday; where I have given one shilling, I would have given one pound. My heart was rejoiced at the good news, so as my tongue cannot express. I was ready to cry out with Zaccheus, *Lo, the half of my goods I give to the poor.* I have sent you two guineas, towards carrying on the work of the Lord. And may the blessing of the Lord go with it: for I give it freely: I would rather it had been two score.

"W. N."

Tuesday, April 1, On a close examination, out of more than fifty persons, who two or three years ago were filled with the love of God, I did not find above a third part who had not suffered loss. But almost all were deeply sensible of their loss, and earnestly groaning for what they once enjoyed.

Wednesday 2, We rode through heavy rain to Chester. Friday 4, I visited a poor woman, who has been ill eight years, and is not yet weary or faint in her mind. A heavy-laden sinner desired to receive the Sacrament with her, and found rest to her soul; and from that hour increased every day in the knowledge and love of God.

Monday 7, I preached at Warrington about noon, to a large congregation, rich and poor, learned and unlearned.

I never spoke more plainly: nor have I ever seen a congregation listen with more attention. Thence I rode to Liverpool, and thoroughly regulated the Society, which had great need of it. Wednesday 9, I took much pains with a sensible woman, who had taken several imprudent steps: but it was labour lost: neither argument nor persuasion made the least impression. O what power less than Almighty can convince a thorough-paced enthusiast!

Thursday 10, I looked over the wonderful deed, which was lately made here: on which I observed, 1, It takes up three large skins of parchment, and so could not cost less than six guineas: whereas our own Deed, transcribed by a friend, would not have cost six shillings. 2, It is verbose beyond all sense and reason, and withal, so ambiguously worded, that one passage only might find matter for a suit of ten or twelve years in Chancery. 3, It every where calls the House a *Meeting-house*, a name which I particularly object to. 4, It leaves no power either to the Assistant or me, so much as to place or displace a Steward. 5, Neither I, nor all the Conference have power to send the same Preacher two years together. To crown all, 6, If a Preacher be not appointed at the Conference, the Trustees and the congregation are to choose one by *most votes!* And can any one wonder I dislike this Deed, which tears the Methodist discipline up by the roots? Is it not strange, that any who have the least regard either for me or our discipline, should scruple to alter this uncouth deed!

Friday 11, I preached near Wigan to a large number of serious, well behaved people, mixed with a few as stupidly insolent creatures, as I ever saw. Finding them proof both against reason and persuasion, at length I rebuked them sharply. This they understood, and quickly retired. So I concluded in peace.

Saturday 12, I was desired to preach at Brinsly, three or four miles from Wigan. The sun shone hot, but I had some shelter: and the artless people drank in every word. About six I began in the street at Bolton. The wind was then high and cold enough. But I soon forgot it, and so

did most of the people, being almost as thirsty as those at Brinsly. When I began on Sunday in the afternoon, the wind was exceedingly sharp; but it fell in a few moments, and we had a mild, agreeable summer evening

Monday 14, I preached at Middleton, six miles from Manchester. A sharp shower of hail began in the middle of the sermon; but scarcely any went away. Tuesday 15, we rode to Chapel-en-le-Firth. We had a rough salutation in riding through the town: at the end of which a multitude of people gathered together, in a convenient meadow. I preached on, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* God spoke in his word. It was an acceptable time, and few went empty away.

In riding over the dreary mountains of the High-Peak, we met with several storms. But we were no worse when we came to Rotherham, where I preached in the evening. The spirit of the congregation was able to enliven the dullest preacher. Indeed it was *good to be here.* Wednesday 16, about two in the afternoon, I had another kind of congregation at Doncaster, wild and stupid enough. Yet all were tolerably civil, many attentive, and some affected. Thence we hasted to Epworth. Here I took knowledge of the same spirit as at Rotherham. What a blessing is it to be with those who are alive to God! But how few duly value this blessing!

Friday 18, I set out for the eastern part of Lincolnshire, and after preaching at Awkborough and Barrow in the way, came the next day to our old friends at Grimsby. It put me in mind of Purrysburg in Georgia. It was one of the largest towns in the county. It is now no bigger than a middling village, containing a small number of half-starved inhabitants, without any trade, either foreign or domestic. But this they have; they love the Gospel, hardly six families excepted. And a large proportion of them has found, *it is the power of God unto salvation.*

Monday 21, Between nine and ten I began preaching in an open place at Lowth. The mob here used to be exceedingly boisterous; but none now opened his mouth. How

easily, when it seems Him good, does God *still the madness of the people!*

Hence we rode to Trustthorpe in the Marsh, where a multitude of plain, simple-hearted people assembled. When I met the Society after preaching, abundance of them crowded in: many of whom, while we were wrestling with God in prayer, cried out with a loud and bitter cry. But it was not long before some of them rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

Tuesday 22, I preached to a congregation of a very different kind, at Horncastle. John Hill has done more mischief here than a man of far greater talents can do good. By that unhappy division of the Society, he has opened the mouths of all the gainsayers: and to complete the scandal, he and six and twenty more have been dipped! *Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel!*

Wednesday 23, I preached at five; in Torrington at nine, and about two, at Scotter, where the poor people now enjoy great quietness, by means of Sir N. H. About six I preached at Ferry. I do not choose to preach above twice or thrice in a day. But when I am called to do more, it is all one. I find strength according to my need. Thursday 24, I rode to Epworth, and the next day, through heavy rain, to Swainfleet. I supposed, as the rain kept many from coming, the Preaching-house would contain the congregation; but it would not. However, as the doors and windows were open, I believe most of them could hear. And the eagerness with which they heard made me hope, they will not be forgetful hearers.

Sunday 27, I rode over to Misterton, and visited a young woman, who, a year or two since, was struck first with a deep melancholy, and soon after with utter distraction. We were quickly convinced whence her disorder came. Let physicians do all they will or can; yet it will be found in the end, that *this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.*

After preaching I hastened away to Haxey, and came thither before the Church began. The curate preached a very harmless sermon against the Methodists. Between one

and two I preached at Westwood-side, on *Behold, now is the day of salvation!* And it seemed as if all had ears to hear. About four I began in the Market-place at Epworth, on *He beheld the city, and wept over it.* And such a call I think the inhabitants of this town scarcely ever had before.

Monday 28, I preached at Thorne. Although a great part of the congregation had never heard one preach under a tree before, yet they behaved extremely well. Before we came to York, I was thoroughly tired. But my strength quickly returned: so that after preaching to a large congregation, and meeting the Society, I was fresher than when I began. Tuesday 29, I preached at noon in the new house at Thirsk, almost equal to that at Yarm. And why not quite, seeing they had the model before their eyes, and had nothing to do but to copy after it? Is it not an amazing weakness, that when they have the most beautiful pattern before them, all builders will affect to mend something? So the *je ne scai quoi* is lost, and the second building scarcely ever equals the first.

I preached at Yarm in the evening, and the next day at Newcastle. I know not to what it is owing, that I have felt more weariness this spring, than I had done before for many years: unless to my fall at Christmas, which perhaps weakened the springs of my whole machine, more than I was sensible of.

Thursday, May 1, I enjoyed a little rest. I do not find the least change in this respect. I love quietness and silence as well as ever: but if I am called into noise and tumult, all is well. Sunday 4, the rain constrained me to preach in the Room, both in the morning and evening. But it was fair at two, while I preached abroad at the Fell, where the Room could not contain one half of the congregation. Tuesday 6, I rode to Sunderland. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings I preached in Monkwearmouth Church. Saturday 10, I spent an agreeable hour at a Quaker's, a man of large substance. His spirit put me in mind of Thomas Keene. May thy last end be like his!

Sunday 11, The weather not permitting me to preach

abroad, I preached in the Room, morning and evening, and about eleven in Monkwearmouth Church. In the evening some hundreds of us solemnly renewed our Covenant with God; and He answered many in the joy of their hearts. Monday 12, after preaching at South-Shields about noon, and at North-Shields in the evening, I returned to Newcastle.

In the following days I preached at as many of the neighbouring places as I could: and on Monday 19, set out northward. About two I preached to the honest colliers at Placey, and in the evening at Morpeth. Tuesday 20, about noon, I preached at Felton. There were many hearers, though the wind was extremely sharp. And most of them were attentive; but very few seemed to understand any thing of the matter. I preached at Alnwick in the evening. Wednesday 21, we spent an hour in the castle and the gardens, which the Duke is enlarging and improving daily, and turning into a little paradise. What pity, that he must leave all these, and die like a common man!

Thursday 22, At eleven I preached in the street at Belford, fifteen miles beyond Alnwick. The hearers were seriously attentive, and a few seemed to understand what was spoken. Between six and seven I preached in the town-hall at Berwick. I had an uncommon liberty in speaking, and a solemn awe sat on the faces of all the hearers. Is God again visiting this poor, barren place?

Friday 23, When I came to Old Camus, I found notice had been given of my preaching about a mile off. So I took horse without delay, and rode to Coppersmith, where the congregation was waiting. I spoke as plainly as I possibly could. But very few appeared to be at all affected. It seems to be with them, as with most in the north; they *know* every thing, and *feel* nothing. I had designed to preach abroad at Dunbar in the evening. But the rain drove us into the house. It was for good. I now had a full stroke at their hearts; and I think some felt themselves sinners.

Saturday 24, In the afternoon, notice having been given a week before, I went to the Room at Preston-pans; and I

had it all to myself; neither man, woman, nor child offered to look me in the face. So I ordered a chair to be placed in the street; then forty or fifty crept together. But they were mere stocks and stones; no more concerned, than if I had talked Greek. In the evening I preached in the New-Room at Edinburgh, a large and commodious building.

Monday 26, I spent some hours at the meeting of the National Assembly. I am very far from being of Mr. Whitefield's mind, who greatly commends the solemnity of this meeting. I have seen few less solemn: I was extremely shocked at the behaviour of many of the members. Had any preacher behaved so at our Conference, he would have had no more place among us. Wednesday 28, I preached at Leith, and spoke exceedingly plain. A few received the truth in the love thereof.

Sunday, June 1, Many of the ministers were present at seven, with a large and serious congregation. In the afternoon I heard a thundering sermon in the New Kirk, occasioned by Mr. Jardin, a minister, dropping down dead in the assembly a day or two before. I preached in the evening, on *The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!* A few, I trust, closed with the invitation.

Monday 2, I came to Dundee wet enough. But it cleared up in the evening; so that I preached abroad, to a large congregation; many of whom attended in the morning. Tuesday 3, the congregation was still larger than in the evening: but on Wednesday the rain kept us in the house. Thursday 5, it being fair, we had a more numerous congregation than ever: to whom, after preaching, I took occasion to repeat most of the plausible objections which had been made to us in Scotland. I then shewed our reasons for the things which had been objected to us: and all seemed to be thoroughly satisfied.

The sum of what I spoke was this:

I love plain dealing. Do not you? I will use it now. Bear with me.

I hang out no false colours, but shew you all I am, all I intend, all I do.

I am a member of the Church of England: but I love good men of every Church.

My ground is the Bible. Yea, I am a Bible bigot. I follow it in all things, both great and small.

Therefore, 1, I always use a short private prayer, when I attend the public service of God. Do not you? Why do you not? Is not this according to the Bible?

2, I stand whenever I sing the praise of God in public. Does not the Bible give you plain precedents for this?

3, I always kneel before the Lord my Maker, when I pray in public.

4, I generally in public use the Lord's Prayer; because Christ has taught me, when I pray, to say—

I advise every preacher connected with me, whether in England or Scotland, herein to tread in my steps.

Friday 6, We went to Aberdeen, about seventy measured miles. The congregation in the evening was larger than the usual one at Edinburgh. And the number of those that attended in the morning, shewed they were not all curious hearers.

Sunday 8, Knowing no reason why we should make God's day the shortest of the seven, I desired Joseph Thompson to preach at five. At eight I preached myself. In the afternoon I heard a strong, close sermon, at Old Aberdeen: and afterward preached in the College-Kirk to a very genteel, yet serious congregation. I then opened and enforced *The way of holiness*, at New Aberdeen, on a numerous congregation. Monday 9, I kept a watch-night, and explained to abundance of genteel people, *One thing is needful:* a great number of whom would not go away, till after the noon of night.

Tuesday 10, I rode over to Sir Archibald Grant's. The Church was pretty well filled: and I spoke exceedingly plain. Yet the hearers did not appear to be any more affected than the stone walls. Wednesday 11, I returned to Aberdeen, where many of the people are much alive to God. With these our labour has not been in vain. And they are worth all the pains we have taken in Scotland.

Friday 13, We reached Brechin, a little before twelve. Quickly after, I began preaching in the Flesh-market, on *One thing is needful.* It being the fair-day, the town was full of strangers: and perhaps some of them were found of Him they sought not. I preached in the evening at Dundee, with greater liberty than ever before. Saturday 14, it rained from the moment we set out, till (about one) we came to King-horn. Finding the boat was not to move till four o'clock, I purposed to hire a pinnace. But the wind springing up fair, I went into the large boat. Quickly it fell calm again: so that we did not get over till past seven.

Sunday 15, our room was very warm in the afternoon, through the multitude of people: a great number of whom were people of fashion, with many ministers. I spoke to them with the utmost plainness: and I believe not in vain. For we had such a congregation at five in the morning as I never saw at Edinburgh before. It is scarcely possible to speak too plain in England: but it is scarcely possible to speak plain enough in Scotland. And if you do not, you lose all your labour: you plough upon the sand.

Monday 16, I took a view of one of the greatest natural curiosities in the kingdom; what is called Arthur's Seat, a small, rocky eminence, six or seven yards across, on the top of an exceedingly high mountain, not far from Edinburgh. The prospect from the top of the castle is large: but it is nothing in comparison of this. In the evening we had another Sunday's congregation; who seemed more affected than the day before. Tuesday 17, it rained much; yet abundance of people came: and again God made bare his arm. I can now leave Edinburgh with comfort: for I have fully delivered my own soul.

Wednesday 18, I set out for Glasgow. In the afternoon the rain poured down, so that we were glad to take shelter in a little house, where I soon began to talk with our host's daughter, eighteen or nineteen years old. But to my surprise I found her as ignorant of the nature of religion as a Hottentot. And many such I have found in Scotland, able to read, nay, and repeat the catechism, but wholly unac-

quainted with true religion, yea, and all genuine morality. This evening we were in the House: but the next I preached abroad, to many more than the house could contain. On Friday, the number was greatly increased; but much more on Saturday. I then enlarged upon *Communion with God*, as the only real, Scriptural religion. And I believe many felt, that with all their *orthodoxy* they had no *religion* still.

What a difference there is between the Society here, and that at Dundee! There are about sixty members there, and scarcely more than six Scriptural believers. Here are seventy-four members, and nearly thirty among them lively, zealous believers; one of whom was justified thirty years ago, and another of them two and forty. And several of them have been, for many years, rejoicing in God their Saviour.

Sunday 22, At seven I was obliged to preach abroad, and the word sunk deep into the hearers. I almost wondered at myself for speaking so plainly, and wondered how they could bear it. It is the Lord's doing! In the afternoon Mr. Gillies was unusually close and convincing. At five I preached, on *O that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!* I almost despaired of making the whole congregation hear; but by their behaviour it seemed they did. In the close I enlarged upon their prejudices, and explained myself with regard to most of them. Shame, concern, and a mixture of various passions, were painted on most faces. And I perceived the Scots, if you touch but the right key, receive as lively impressions as the English.

Monday 23, We rode in a mild, cool day, to Thornyhill, about sixty (measured) miles from Glasgow. Here I met with Mr. Knox's History of the Church of Scotland. And could any man wonder, if the members of it were more fierce, sour, and bitter of spirit than some of them are! For what a pattern have they before them! I know it is commonly said, "The work to be done needed such a spirit." Not so; the work of God does not, cannot need the work of the devil to forward it. And a calm, even spirit goes through

rough work far better than a furious one. Although, therefore, God did use, at the time of the Reformation, some sour, over-bearing, passionate men, yet he did not use them because they were such, but notwithstanding they were such. And there is no doubt, he would have used them much more had they been of a humbler and milder spirit.

Tuesday 24, Before eight we reached Dumfries, and, after a short bait, we pushed on, in hopes of reaching Solway-firth, before the sea was come in. Designing to call at an Inn by the Frith-side, we enquired the way, and were directed to leave the main road, and go straight to the house, which we saw before us. In ten minutes Duncan Wright was embogged. However, the horse plunged on, and got through. I was inclined to turn back. But Duncan telling me I needed only go a little to the left, I did so, and sunk at once to my horse's shoulders. He sprung up twice, and twice sunk again, each time deeper than before. At the third plunge he threw me on one side, and we both made shift to scramble out. I was covered with fine, soft mud, from my feet to the crown of my head: yet, blessed be God, not hurt at all. But we could not cross, till between seven and eight o'clock. An honest man crossed with us, who went two miles out of his way, to guide us over the Sands to Skilborneze: where we found a little, clean house, and passed a comfortable night.

Wednesday 25, We rode on to Whitehaven. Here I spent the rest of the week. Sunday 29, I appointed the children to meet me; and desired Mr. Atlay to meet them for the time to come. At one, Robert Williams preached in the Market-place, to some thousands of people, all quiet and attentive. About five I preached near the town to a willing multitude, many of whom seemed to be cut to the heart.

Monday 30, About two we reached Penrith. Two of our friends guided us thence to Appleby, a county-town, worthy of Ireland, containing at least, five and twenty houses. I was desired to preach here; but being very wet, I chose to ride on to Arthur Johnson's, near Brough.

I would willingly have preached, (though we had rode upwards of seventy miles) but it was a lone house, and there was not time to gather a congregation.

Tuesday, July 1, The neighbours soon came together, to whom I preached at seven, and then rode on to Barnard-Castle, and met the Stewards of the Societies, greatly increased since I was here before. At six I preached in an open space, adjoining to the preaching-house. As the militia were in the town, the far greater part of them attended, with a large congregation from town and country. It rained most of the time I was speaking: but I believe hardly six persons went away. At the Love-feast which followed, several spoke their experience, with all simplicity. One poor mourner was set at liberty, and many greatly comforted.

Wednesday 2, About noon I preached in Teesdale, and in Weardale at six in the evening. Here a poor woman was brought to us, who had been disordered several years, and was now raving mad. She cursed and blasphemed in a terrible manner, and could not stand or sit still for a moment. However, her husband constrained her to come to the place where I was going to preach. And he held her there by main strength, although she shrieked in the most dreadful manner: but in a quarter of an hour she left off shrieking, and sat motionless and silent till she began crying to God, which she continued to do, almost without intermission, till we left her.

Thursday 3, We rode through a pleasant vale to Wolsingham, where I began singing near the middle of the town. A few soon gathered together, and their number increased all the time I was preaching. Only one young man behaved amiss, striving to divert them that were near him: but they would not be diverted; so that, after a while, he grew serious too.

In the evening we came once more to Newcastle. On Saturday I rode to Sunderland: and at eight the next morning preached at the east end of the town, to a huge multitude, the greater part of whom had little thought of God or devil. Thence we returned to Gateshead-Fell, where was a multi-

tude of another kind, ripe for the whole Gospel. Here therefore, as well as at the Garth-heads about five, I enlarged on those solemn words, *To day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.*

Monday 7, I rode to Durham, and preached about noon on our Lord's lamentation over Jerusalem. In the evening, the rain hindering me from preaching in the street at Hartlepool, I had a large congregation in the Assembly-Room. Many of them were present again in the morning, and seemed *almost persuaded to be Christians.*

Tuesday 8, While I was preaching at Stockton, a drunken man made some disturbance. I turned and spoke strongly to him. He stood reproved, and listened with much attention. Wednesday 9, we had our quarterly meeting at Yarm. The Societies in this Circuit increase; that is, among the poor; for the rich, generally speaking, care for none of these things.

Thursday 10, About two in the afternoon I preached at Potto, and in the evening at Hutton-rudby. Here is the largest Society in these parts, and the most alive to God. After spending some time with them all, I met those apart, who believe they are saved from sin. I was agreeably surprised. I think not above two, out of sixteen or seventeen whom I examined, have lost the direct witness of that salvation, ever since they experienced it.

Friday 11, I preached at five on the Spies, who *brought up an evil report* of the good land. I breakfasted at —'s, and met with a very remarkable family. He himself, his wife, and three of his daughters, are a pattern to all round about them. About nine I preached in the New House at Stokesly: but it would by no means contain the congregation. I came to Gisborough a little before twelve, and found notice had been given of my preaching there. So, having no time to lose, I began without delay, in the street, where I alighted. I had a serious congregation in a few minutes, and did not at all repent of my labour. After riding on to Whitby, and preaching at seven, I was no more tired than when I rose in the morning.

Sunday 13, I preached at seven in the Room; at one in the main-street on the other side the water. A vast multitude quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive. At five I preached in the new market-place, to a still larger congregation. A great number of them attended at five in the morning, and we had a solemn parting. About one I preached in the little Square at Robinhood's-Bay, and rode on to Scarborough. We were met near the town by a furious thunder-shower, but it was quickly over: and a fair evening following, I preached in the garden, to a tolerably serious congregation.

Tuesday 15, I had much conversation with Mr. C., whom some had again taken true pains to prejudice. I think he is once more set right, but fear it will not continue long. It rained hard at six; but was fair at seven. Just as I ended my sermon, the rain began again.

Wednesday 16, About ten I reached Middleton, near Pickering. The Church was pretty well filled. I preached on part of the Second Lesson, John iv. particularly the 24th verse. And all the congregation seemed earnest to know, how they might worship God in spirit and in truth. In the evening most of the congregation at Malton were of another kind. But a whole troop of the Oxford Blues, who stood together, and were deeply serious, kept them in awe. So that they all behaved decently, and many of the soldiers were present again in the morning.

Thursday 17, In the way to Beverley, I called at Sir Charles Hotham's, and spent a comfortable hour. I preached before the time appointed at Hull, by which means the Room was but moderately filled. It was nearly full at five in the morning: at noon I believe few were unaffected. When we took horse in the afternoon, it was quite calm, and the sun was extremely scorching: but the wind soon rose and brought on the clouds: so we had a pleasant ride to Beverley. I preached at six in a house as warm as an oven; and the people were tolerably attentive. Who knows but we may *find again after many days*, the bread we are now *casting upon the waters!*

Saturday 19, I took a view of Beverley-Minster, such a Parish-Church as has scarcely its fellow in England. It is a most beautiful as well as stately building, both within and without, and is kept more nicely clean than any Cathedral that I have seen in the kingdom. But where will it be when the *earth is burned up, and the elements melt with fervent heat?* About one I preached at Pocklington, (though my strength was much exhausted) and in the evening at York.

Sunday 20, After preaching at eight, I went to St. Saviourgate Church. Towards the close of the Prayer, the Rector sent the Sexton to tell me, the pulpit was at my service. I preached on the conclusion of the Gospel for the day, *Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father who is in heaven.* I did not see one person laugh or smile, though we had a most elegant congregation.

Wednesday 23, I went on to Tadcaster. Here Mr. Ingham had once a far larger Society than ours: but it is now shrunk into nothing: ours, mean time, is continually increasing. In the evening, rich and poor flocked together, to whom I explained, *We know that we are of God:* namely, *by the Spirit which he hath given us:* by the witness of the Spirit, and by the fruit confirming that witness.

Thursday 24, I preached at Pately-bridge. Such a congregation, both for number and seriousness, I have not seen since we left Newcastle. As it rained, I desired the men to put on their hats: but in two or three minutes they pulled them off again, and seemed to mind nothing but how they might *know the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Friday 25, we rode to Skipton in Craven. I designed to preach in the Market-place; but the rain prevented; so I stood near Mr. Garforth's house, where many were under shelter. But many remained without, seeming not to think whether it rained or not. Will all these be *barren and unfruitful?*

Saturday 26, I preached at Adlingham about nine, and at Guiseley in the evening. Sunday 27, as Baleden Church would not nearly contain the congregation, after the Prayers were ended, I came out into the Church-yard, both morning

and afternoon. The wind was extremely high, and blew in my face all the time: yet I believe all the people could hear. But at Bradford there was so huge a multitude, and the rain so damped my voice, that many in the skirts of the congregation could not hear distinctly. They have just built a Preaching-house, fifty-four feet square, the largest octogon we have in England. And it is the first of the kind where the roof is built with common sense, rising only a third of its breadth: yet it is as firm as any in England: nor does it at all hurt the walls. Why then does any roof rise higher? Only through want of skill, or want of honesty in the builder.

Tuesday 29, I preached at Coln. And here I found one whom I had sent for, several years ago. She lives two miles from Coln, and is of an unblamable behaviour. Her name is Ann A—n. She is now in the twenty-sixth year of her age. The account she gave is as follows: "I cannot now remember the particulars, which I told Mr. Grimshaw from time to time. But I well remember, that from the time I was about four years old, after I was in bed, I used to see several persons walking up and down the room. They all used to come very near the bed, and look upon me, but say nothing. Some of them looked very sad, and some looked very cheerful. Some seemed pleased, others very angry; and these frayed me sore. Especially a man and a woman of our own parish, who seemed fighting, and died soon after. None of them spake to me but a lad about sixteen, who, a week before, died of the small pox. I said to him, 'You are dead! How did you get out of the other place?' He said, 'Easily enough.' I said, 'Nay, I think, if I were there, I should not get out so easily.' He looked exceedingly angry. I was frighted, and began to pray, and he vanished away. If it were ever so dark, when any of them appeared, there was light all round them. This continued till I was sixteen or seventeen: but it frighted me more and more; and I was troubled, because people talked about me; and many told me I was a witch. This made me cry earnestly to God, to take it away from me. In a week or two

it was all at an end: and I have seen nothing since."

In the evening I preached near the Preaching-house at Paddiham, and strongly insisted on communion with God, as the only religion that would avail us. At the close of the sermon came Mr. M. His long, white beard, shewed that his present disorder was of some continuance. In all other respects, he was quite sensible: but he told me, with much concern, "You can have no place in heaven without—a beard! therefore, I beg, let your's grow immediately."

Wednesday 30, I rode to Rosendale, which, notwithstanding its name, is little else than a chain of mountains. The rain in the evening obliged me to preach in the new house, near a village called New Church. As many as could, crowded in, and many more stood at the door. But many were constrained to go away. Thursday 31, I preached at Bacup, and then rode on to Heptonstall. The tall mountain, on which it stands, is quite steep and abrupt, only where the roads are made: and the deep valleys that surround it, as well as the sides of the mountains beyond, are well clothed with grass, corn, and trees. I preached with great enlargement of heart, on *Now is the day of salvation.* The renegade Methodists, first turning Calvinists, then Anabaptists, made much confusion here for a season. But, as they now have taken themselves away, the poor people are in peace again.

Friday, August 1, I rode to Ewood. The last time I was here, young Mr. Grimshaw received us in the same hearty manner as his father used to do. But he too is now gone into eternity! So in a few years the family is extinct! I preached at one in a meadow near the house, to a numerous congregation: and we sang with one heart,

"Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven will recompence our pains:
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
Since firm the Word of God remains."

In the evening I preached at Halifax. When I began, the sun was intensely hot: but quickly the clouds covered it.

Sunday 3, When the prayers at Haworth were ended, I preached from a little scaffold on the south side of the Church, on those words in the Gospel, *O that thou hadst known the things that belong unto thy peace!* The communicants alone (a sight which has not been seen since Mr. Grimshaw's death) filled the Church. In the afternoon, the congregation was supposed to be the largest which had ever been there: but strength was given me in proportion, so that, I believe, all could hear.

Monday 4, At one I preached at Bingley, but with a heavy heart, finding so many of the Methodists here, as well as at Haworth, perverted by the Anabaptists. I see, more and more clearly, none will keep to *us*, unless they keep to the Church. Whoever separate from the Church, will separate from the Methodists. In the afternoon I went to Otley; but the town seemed to be run mad. Such noise, hurry, drunkenness, rioting, confusion, I know not when I have met with before. It was their feast-day! A feast of Bacchus, or Venus, or Belial? O shame to a Christian country! However, both the small and great rabble were so engaged, that they had no leisure to molest *us*: so that I preached to a large congregation under the hill, with perfect quietness.

Tuesday 5, I rode to Bradford. Wednesday 6, I preached at one in Great Gummersal; in the evening at Dewsbury. The congregation was as large as at Bradford, and as attentive; although a few years since, the people of Dawgreen were as eminently savage and irreligious, as even the colliers of Kingswood. Thursday 7, we had as hot a day as most I have known in Georgia. However, about noon I rode to Horbury: but it was impracticable to preach abroad: so we retired into the new house; but this too was as hot as an oven. Some of the people behaved exceedingly ill at first; but it was soon over. In a few minutes, the whole congregation was as serious and attentive as that at Daw-Green.

Friday 8, I rode over to Huddersfield. The Church, though large, was exceedingly hot, through the multitude of

people: on whom I enforced St. Paul's words, *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.* How we should have rode back I know not: but the wind which was in our face as we came, was again in our faces as we returned. At Birstal we found many of our brethren from various parts. One of them was mentioning a remarkable case, David Prince, of Thorner, near Leeds, had been stone blind for many years, and was without God in the world, till past fourscore. At about eighty-one he received remission of sins, and from that hour he never lost the sense of it. When he was asked, how he did; his answer was, "Happier and happier." In the eighty-fifth year of his age, his spirit returned to God.

Sunday 10, After Mr. Eastwood had read prayers, I came out into the Church-yard, and preached to four times as many as the Church could contain, on *Are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?* About one I preached at Daw-Green. I judged the congregation closely wedged together, to extend forty yards one way, and about a hundred the other. Now suppose five to stand in a yard square, they would amount to twenty thousand people. I began preaching at Leeds between five and six, to just such another congregation. This was the hardest day's work I have had since I left London; being obliged to speak at each place, from the beginning to the end, to the utmost extent of my voice. But my strength was as my day.

Tuesday 12, Our Conference began, and ended on Friday evening. A happier Conference we never had, nor a more profitable one. It was both begun and ended in love, and with a solemn sense of the presence of God.

Sunday 17, After preaching in Leeds at seven, I rode to Birstal, and heard a sound, useful sermon, on *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.* At one I preached to an immense multitude, on *Come, Lord Jesus!* I then set out for Rotherham. But the next day I turned off from the road I had designed to take, and going on to Leicester that night, on Wednesday reached London.

It was at the earnest request of —, whose heart God has turned again, without any expectation of mine, that I came hither so suddenly. And if no other good result from it, but our firm union with Mr. Whitefield, it is an abundant recompence for my labour. My brother and I conferred with him every day: and let the honourable men do what they please, we resolved, by the grace of God, to go on, hand in hand, through honour and dishonour.

Sunday 24, The Chapel was sufficiently crowded, both morning and afternoon; and God was eminently present. In the evening I went to Brentford, and saw a remarkable monument of mercy: A man, who, in the full career of sin, was so hurt by a fall, that there was no hope of his life. But after deep repentance, God broke in upon his soul, and gave him a better hope. So that he is now little concerned about life or death, but praises God all the day long. Monday 25, we set out early from Brentford, and reached Bath on Tuesday in the afternoon.

Many were not a little surprised in the evening, at seeing me in the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel. The congregation was not only large but serious: and I fully delivered my own soul. So I am in no concern, whether I preach there again or not. I have no choice concerning it. Wednesday 27, I rode to Bristol, and the next day delivered the management of Kingswood-house, to Stewards on whom I could depend. So I have cast a heavy load off my shoulders. Blessed be God for able and faithful men, who will do his work, without any temporal reward.

Friday 29, In my way to Cornwall, I preached at Shepton-Mallet at nine; in Wincaunton, at one. I was thoroughly tired before we came to Shaftsbury: however, at six I preached in the new house, filled within and without, to the no small astonishment, it seemed, of most of the hearers. But it was a time of consolation, as well as conviction. I trust, many will experience both, in this house.

Saturday 30, We rode to Stallbridge, long the seat of war, by a senseless, insolent mob, encouraged by their betters, so called, to outrage their quiet neighbours. For what?

"Why, they were mad: they were Methodists." So to bring them to their senses, they would beat their brains out. They broke their windows, leaving not one whole pane of glass, spoiled their goods, and assaulted their persons, with dirt, and rotten eggs, and stones, whenever they appeared in the street. But no Magistrate, though they applied to several, would shew them either mercy or justice. At length they wrote to me. I ordered a Lawyer, to write to the rioters: he did so; but they set him at nought. We then moved the Court of King's-bench. By various artifices, they got the trial put off, from one time of the Assizes to another for eighteen months. But it fell so much the heavier on themselves, when they were found guilty. And from that time, finding "there is law for Methodists," they have suffered them to be at peace.

I preached near the main-street, without the least disturbance, to a large and attentive congregation. Thence we rode on to Axminster, but were thoroughly wet, before we came thither. The rain obliged me to preach within at six. But at seven on Sunday morning, I cried in the Market-place, *The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

In the evening I preached in the street at Ashburton. Many behaved with decency; but the rest, with such stupid rudeness as I have not seen for a long time in any part of England.

Monday, September 1, I came to Plymouth-Dock, where, after heavy storms, there is now a calm. The house, notwithstanding the new galleries, was extremely crowded in the evening. I strongly exhorted the backsliders to return to God. And I believe many received the word of exhortation.

Tuesday 2, Being invited to preach in the Tabernacle at Plymouth, I began, about two in the afternoon. In the evening I was offered the use of Mr. Whitefield's Room at the Dock: but, large as it is, it would not contain the congregation. At the close of the sermon, a large stone was thrown in at one of the windows, which came just behind

me, and fell at my feet, the best place that could have been found. So no one was either hurt or frighted, not many knowing any thing of the matter.

Wednesday 3, I rode to Medros, where there was last year the most lively Society in Cornwall: but they are decreased both in number and strength; many who were then strong in the Lord, being now weak and faint. However, we had a deeply serious congregation in the evening, and a remarkable blessing at the meeting of the Society.

Thursday 4, At noon I preached in Truro. I was in hopes, when Mr. Walker died, the enmity in those who were called *his people*, would have died also. But it is not so. They still look upon *us* as rank heretics, and will have no fellowship with us. In the evening I preached at Penryn, in the main-street, at the door of one of the chief gentlemen in the town. I never saw such a congregation here before. And all seemed to hear as for life.

Friday 5, I preached near Helston, to an exceedingly large and serious congregation. What a surprising change is wrought here also, within a few years! where a Methodist Preacher could hardly go through the street, without a shower of stones. Saturday 5, at one, I began preaching in a meadow, adjoining to Penzance. The whole congregation behaved well. The old bitterness is gone. And, perhaps, had it not been Market-day, I might have had a quiet hearing in the Market-place. In the evening I preached at Newlin. Small rain fell all the time: but none went away.

Sunday 7, At eight I preached in Mousehole, a large village, south-west from Newlin. Thence I went to Beryan Church; and as soon as the service was ended, preached near the Church-yard, to a numerous congregation. Just after I began, I saw a gentleman before me, shaking his whip, and vehemently striving to say something. But he was abundantly too warm, to say any thing intelligibly. So, after walking a while to and fro, he wisely took horse and rode away. The multitude of people at St. Just constrained me to preach abroad, though it rained the whole time. But this did not discourage the congregation, who not only

stayed till I had concluded, but were not in haste to go away then; many still hovering about the place.

Tuesday 9, In riding to St. Ives, I called on one with whom I used to lodge, two or three and twenty years ago, Alice Daniel, at Rosemargay. Her sons are all gone from her: and she has but one daughter left, who is always ill. Her husband is dead: and she can no longer read her bible; for she is stone-blind. Yet she murmurs at nothing, but cheerfully waits till her appointed time shall come. How many of these jewels may lie hid up and down; forgotten of men, but precious in the sight of God! In the evening I preached at St. Ives, a little above the town, to the largest congregation I ever saw there. Indeed, the whole town seems convinced of the truth, yea, and almost persuaded to be Christians.

Wednesday 10, I preached at Lelant about one; but the rain drove us into the house. And at St. Ives, all I could do was to preach to as many as the house would hold, and a few at the door. But the next evening I stood in the meadow again, and enforced those solemn words, *Come, Lord Jesus!* Friday 12, I rode to St. Hilary's, and in the evening preached near the new house, on *Awake, thou that sleepest!* In returning to my lodging, it being dark, my horse was just stepping into a tin-pit, when a honest man caught him by the bridle, and turned his head the other way.

Saturday 13, I preached at noon in the new house in Crowan, it being a very stormy day. But I knew not what to do at Redruth in the evening: the house was far too small: and the wind was exceedingly high, and brought on frequent and heavy showers: however, I chose the most convenient part of the street; and we had but one short shower till I concluded.

Sunday 14, I preached in St. Agnes at eight. The congregation in Redruth at one was the largest I ever had seen there; but small, compared to that which assembled at five, in the natural amphitheatre at Gwenap, far the finest I know in the kingdom. It is a round green hollow, gently

shelving down, about fifty feet deep: but I suppose it is two hundred across one way, and nearly three hundred the other. I believe there were twenty thousand people, and the evening being calm, all could hear.

Monday 15, I preached at St. Cuthbert's, and the next morning rode on to St. Columb's. Being desired to break the ice here, I began preaching without delay, in a gentleman's yard, adjoining to the main street: I chose this, as neither too public nor too private. I fear the greater part of the audience understood full little of what they heard. However, they behaved with seriousness and good manners.

Hence I rode to Port-Isaac, now one of the liveliest places in Cornwall. The weather being uncertain, I preached near the house: but there was no rain while I preached, except the gracious rain which God sent upon his inheritance. Here Mr. Buckingham met me, who, for fear of offending the bishop, broke off all commerce with the Methodists. He had no sooner done this, than the bishop rewarded him, by turning him out of his curacy; which, had he continued to walk in Christian simplicity, he would probably have had to this day.

Wednesday 17, I twice stopped a violent bleeding from a cut, by applying a brier-leaf. The room at Launceston would not nearly contain the congregation in the evening, to whom I strongly applied the case of *the impotent man* at the Pool of Bethesda. Many were much affected. But, oh! how few are *willing to be made whole!*

Thursday 18, I rode to Collumpton, preached at six, and then went on to Tiverton. Friday 19, came a messenger from Joseph Magor, dangerously ill at Sidmouth, four or five and twenty miles off, to tell me, he could not die in peace till he had seen me: so the next morning after preaching, I set out; spent an hour with him, by which he was exceedingly refreshed; and returned to Tiverton time enough to rest a little before the evening preaching.

Sunday 21, I preached, morning and evening, in the Market-house; and at one, in a open place at Bampton. Monday 22, I preached in the street at Columb-stock, to

almost all the inhabitants of the town. A little before six in the evening I preached at Mr. Jones's door, in Middlesey. Many of the hearers did once run well: some of whom resolve to set out anew. Tuesday 23, at eleven I preached to a large and serious congregation at Lymsham Green. When I concluded, a clergyman began to entertain the people with a dispute concerning lay-preachers. In the instant began a violent shower: so they left him to himself. But it was fair again in the afternoon, and we had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

Sunday 28, I preached in Princes-street at eight, in Kingswood at two, and at five near the New Square. The last especially was an acceptable time; particularly while I was explaining, *Neither can they die any more, but are the children of God, being children of the resurrection.*

In the following days, I preached at Pensford, Paulton, Coleford, Buckland, Frome, Beckington, Freshford, and Bradford. Sunday, October 5, at eight I administered the sacrament at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel in Bath. At eleven I preached there on those words in the Gospel for the day, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.* The word was quick and powerful, and I trust many, even of the rich and great, felt themselves sinners before God.

Several evenings this week, I preached at Bristol, on the education of children. Some answered all, by that poor, lame, miserable shift, "Oh! he has no children of his own!" But many of a nobler spirit owned the truth, and pleaded guilty before God.

Thursday 9, I waited on the good old bishop of Londonderry, and spent two or three hours in useful conversation. In the evening I preached again at my Lady's Chapel, to another numerous congregation. Who knows but a few among this gay multitude may *work out their salvation with fear and trembling?*

Friday 10, I took a ride to Cheltenham. It being too cold to preach abroad, at six I preached in the Chapel, and fully declared the whole counsel of God. Afterwards I examined the little Society, and found the greater part of

them lively believers, and quite free from the bigotry which is common among churchmen, and still more among dissenters. The next day, after preaching at five, and at eight in Gloucester, I had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

Sunday 12, I took my leave of Princes-street, for this season. We had such a congregation at Kingswood at ten, as I have scarcely seen there for these twenty years: and at two I was obliged to preach abroad. Sunday 19, I preached once more in the Square: and, in the morning, Monday 20, left Bristol, with a firm hope, that both here and at Kingswood, things will now be conducted to the glory of God, and the honour of true religion. In the evening I preached a healing sermon at Bath, on Col. iii. 9. The next day I went on to Salisbury, and preached in as rousing a manner as I could, on *One thing is needful.* Thursday 23, I preached at Rumsey: the next day, at Winchester, Whitchurch, and Basingstoke: where many attended at five on Saturday morning. In the afternoon I came to London.

Sunday 26, I preached at West-street in the morning to a crowded audience, and in the evening at the Foundery. How pleasing would it be to play between Bristol and London, and preach always to such congregations as these! But what account then should I *give of* my *stewardship*, when I *can be no longer steward?*

Monday 27, I rode to Wycombe. The room was much crowded, and yet could not contain the congregation. In the morning too they flocked together in such a manner, as had not been seen there before. In the evening I preached at Witney, (where a little company stand fast together) and thrice the next day, endeavouring to lay *line upon line, and precept upon precept.*

Thursday 30, At one I preached at Wattleton, and thence rode, with some difficulty, the wind being exceedingly high, over the mountain to Wycombe; the congregation was as before both for number and earnestness. So at length we see the fruit of our labour.

Friday 31, At my return to London I found it needful to

hasten to Laytonstone. But I came too late. Miss Lewen died the day before, after an illness of five days. Some hours before, she witnessed that good confession,

"Nature's last agony is o'er,
And cruel sin subsists no more."

A while after she cried out, earnestly, "Do not you see him? There he is! glory, glory, glory! I shall be with him for ever, for ever, for ever."

So died Margaret Lewen! A pattern to all young women of fortune in England: a real Bible Christian. So she *rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.*

Saturday, November 1, "God, who hath knit together his elect in one communion and fellowship," gave us a solemn season at West-street (as usual) in praising him for all his saints. On this day in particular, I commonly find the truth of these words:

"The Church triumphant in his Love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They praise the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below."

Monday 3, I rode to Brentford, where all was quiet, both in the congregation and the Society. Tuesday 4, I preached at Brentford, Battersea, Deptford, and Welling, and examined the several Societies. Wednesday 5, I rode by Shoreham to Sevenoaks. In the little journeys which I have lately taken, I have thought much on the great encomiums, which have been for many ages bestowed on a country life. How have all the learned world cried out,

"*O fortunati nimium, bona si sua norint, Agricolæ!*"

But after all, what a flat contradiction is this to universal experience! See that little house, under the wood, by the river side! There is rural life in perfection. How happy then is the farmer that lives there! Let us take a detail of his happiness. He rises, with or before the sun, calls his servants, looks to his swine and cows, then to his stables and barns. He sees to the ploughing and sowing his ground, in winter or in spring. In summer and autumn he hurries

and sweats among his mowers and reapers. And where is his happiness in the mean time? Which of these employments do we envy? Or do we envy the delicate repast that succeeds, which the poet so languishes for?

"*O quando faba, Pythagoræ cognata, simulque*
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo!"

O the happiness of eating *beans well greased with fat bacon!* Nay, and *cabbage* too! Was Horace in his senses when he talked thus? Or the servile herd of his imitators? Our eyes and ears may convince us there is not a less happy body of men in all England than the country farmers. In general, their life is supremely dull; and it is usually unhappy too. For of all people in the kingdom they are the most discontented; seldom satisfied either with God or man.

Monday 10, I set out early for Northampton. But before we came to Luton, James Glasbrook met me, and informed me, that he had given notice of my preaching every day, at one place or another in Bedfordshire. Upon reflection, we thought it best for Mr. Blackwell to go to Northampton, and for me to keep the appointments which had been made. So I preached in Luton at two, and in the evening at Sundon. Tuesday 11, I preached between one and two, at a village, called Milbrook, to a company of plain, serious people, and in the evening at Wotton-Pillidge; where several have already found this word to be *the power of God unto salvation.* Wednesday 12, I preached at two in Lidlington, to another company of plain, country people. Thence we crossed over to Copel, where is at present the most lively of all the little Societies in Bedfordshire. Thursday 13, I rode to Bedford, and in the evening spoke with more plainness, I may indeed say roughness, than ever I did before, if happily God might rouse some of these drowsy people. Friday 14, I preached at Luton, and on Saturday returned to London.

Sunday 16, I strongly inculcated *family religion*, the grand desideratum among the Methodists. Many were ashamed before God, and at length adopted Joshua's reso-

lution, *As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.* Thursday 27, I conversed with a young Clergyman full of good resolutions: but I judge it impossible they can hold; for he has not the least conception of his own weakness. Sunday 30, I preached on the *Education f Children*, wherein we are so shamefully wanting. Many were now deeply convinced of this. I hope they will not all stifle that conviction.

Monday, December 8, I went to Canterbury; and on Wednesday 10, to Dover. At all the sea-ports we have a multitude of hearers. Is not this a token for good to the nation? Surely mercy embraces us on every side. Will it not likewise go through the land?

Thursday 11, I preached at Dover, Sandwich, Ramsgate, and Margate: on Friday, at Canterbury. I have not seen this Society so at unity among themselves for many years. Saturday 13, I left them with much satisfaction, and cheerfully returned to London.

Saturday 20, I spent an hour with ——, just of the same spirit as she was twenty years ago. So hitherto all the bad labour of my small friends is lost.

Monday 29, At five in the morning, I again began a course of Sermons on Christian Perfection: if happily that thirst after it might return, which was so general a few years ago. Since that time, how deeply have we grieved the Holy Spirit of God! Yet two or three have lately received his pure love: and a few more are brought to the birth.

Thursday, January 1, 1767, The whole Society met in the evening, in Spital-fields Church, and solemnly renewed their covenant with God. Sunday 4, I buried the remains of Mary Clarke, (formerly Gardiner,) who having been much hurt in the late contests, was, during a lingering illness, first thoroughly convinced of her fall from God, and afterward thoroughly restored. She then vehemently exhorted all, not to stray from the fold; and died, rejoicing in the full salvation of God.

Sunday 11, I made a push for the lending-stock, speaking more strongly than ever I had done before. The effect

was, that it was raised from about fifty to one hundred and twenty pounds.

Tuesday 20, I buried the remains of Ann Wheeler, who, while she was hearing the preaching in Moorfields, four or five and twenty years ago, was struck in the forehead with a stone, being then big with child. The daughter with whom she then went, retains the mark of the stone in her forehead to this day.

Wednesday 21, I had a conversation with an ingenious man, who proved to a demonstration, that it is the duty of every man that can, to be *clothed in purple and fine linen*, and to *fare sumptuously every day:* and that he would do abundantly more good hereby, than he could do by *feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.* O the depth of human understanding! What may not a man believe, *if he will?*

Saturday 31, From the words of our blessed Lord, *He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness*, I largely shewed, that God never deserts any man, unless he first deserts God: and that, abstracting from bodily disorders on the one hand, and violent temptations on the other, every believer may be happy as well as holy, and *walk in the light all the days of his life.*

Thursday, February 5, I heard a melancholy relation. One who had run well for many years, a year or two ago, took violent offence at a person she thought had used her ill. A week or two since she was taken ill. But, as her illness increased, so did her anger. She often cried out, "I cannot forgive, I will not forgive," and intermixed horrid shrieks, till she died.

Tuesday 10, I baptized a young woman, who had been educated among the Anabaptists. God bore witness to his ordinance, and gave her such a blessing, as she could not find words to express. Thursday 12, I preached at Laytonstone. O what a house of God is here! Not only for decency and order, but for the life and power of religion! I am afraid, there are very few such to be found in all the King's dominions.

Sunday 15, I buried the remains of Richard Morris, who had been in the Society twenty years; and was a right honest man, but never convinced of sin till death began to look him in the face. And then he rather *saw* than *felt* his need of Christ. Yet when he called upon him, even in his dull way, he was soon assured of his love; and continued praising and rejoicing, till his spirit returned to God.

Monday 16, I rode to Colchester, and found more life there, than for several years. Why should we despair of seeing good done in any place? How soon can God turn the wilderness into a fruitful field! Wednesday 18, I preached at Herringswell, and the next day came to Norwich. Here I spent a few days much to my satisfaction, finding the people far more settled than ever. Monday 23, I rode to Yarmouth, and found the Society, after the example of Mr. W—p, had entirely left the Church. I judged it needful, to speak largely upon that head. They stood reproved, and resolved, one and all, to go to it again.

Tuesday 24, I was desired to ride over to Leostoff. The house would not contain one-fourth of the people: so that I was obliged to preach in the open air: and all behaved with great seriousness. Wednesday 25, I took a list of the present Society in Norwich, consisting of one hundred and sixty members. But I have far more comfort in it now than when it consisted of six hundred. These know what they are about, and the greater part are not ignorant of Satan's devices.

Thursday 26, I set out for London. A good part of the day, we had furious wind and rain full in our faces. However, we pushed on to Lakenheath. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the Church was pretty well filled in the evening. The next evening we reached Hockerill, and London on Saturday in the afternoon.

On Ash-Wednesday, March 4, I dined at a friend's with Mr. Whitefield, still breathing nothing but love. Thursday 5, I, at length, obliged Dr. Dodd, by entering into the lists with him. The letter I wrote (though not published till two or three weeks after) was as follows:

"To the Editor of Lloyd's Evening Post.

"Sir,

"Many times the Publisher of the *Christian Magazine*, has attacked me without fear or wit. And hereby he has convinced his impartial readers, of one thing at least, that (as the vulgar say) 'his fingers itch to be at me;' that he has a passionate desire to measure swords with me: but I have other work upon my hands: I can employ the short remainder of my life to better purpose.

"The occasion of his late attack is this: Five or six and thirty years ago, I much admired the character of a perfect Christian drawn by Clemens Alexandrinus. Five or six and twenty years ago, a thought came into my mind, of drawing such a character myself, only in a more Scriptural manner, and mostly in the very words of Scripture: this I entitled the 'Character of a Methodist,' believing that curiosity would excite more persons to read it, and also that some prejudice might thereby be removed from candid men. But that none might imagine I intended a panegyric either on myself or my friends, I guarded against this in the very title page, saying both in the name of myself and them, *Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect.* To the same effect I speak in the conclusion, 'These are the Principles and Practice of our Sect; these are the marks of a true Methodist,' (i. e. a true Christian, as I immediately after explain myself.) 'By these alone do those, who are in derision so called, desire to be distinguished from other men, p. 11. By these marks do we labour to distinguish ourselves from those whose minds or lives are not according to the Gospel of Christ,' p. 12.

"Upon this Rusticulus, or Dr. Dodd, says, 'A Methodist, according to Mr. Wesley, is one who is perfect, and sinneth not in thought, word, or deed.'

"Sir, have me excused. This is not according to Mr. Wesley. I have told all the world I am not perfect: and yet you allow me to be a Methodist. I tell you flat, *I have not attained* the character I draw. Will you pin it upon me in spite of my teeth?

"'But Mr. Wesley says, the other Methodists have.' I say no such thing. What I say, after having given a Scriptural account of a perfect Christian, is this: 'By these marks the Methodists desire to be distinguished from other men; by these marks we desire to distinguish ourselves.' And do not you yourself desire and labour after the very same thing?

"But you insist, 'Mr. Wesley affirms the Methodists, i. e. all Methodists, to be be perfectly holy and righteous.' Where do I affirm this? Not in the tract before us. In the front of this, I affirm just the contrary; and that I affirm it any where else, is more than I know: be pleased, Sir, to point out the place; till this is done, all you add (bitterly enough!) is mere *brutum fulmen*. And the Methodists so called may still 'declare, (without any impeachment of their sincerity,) that they do not come to the holy table trusting in their own righteousness, but in God's manifold and great mercies.'

"I am, your's, &c.,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Sunday 8, In the evening I left London, and reached Bath on Tuesday in the afternoon, time enough to wait on that venerable man, the Bishop of Londonderry. After spending an agreeable and a profitable hour with him, my brother read prayers, and I preached at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel. I know not when I have seen a more serious, or more deeply attentive congregation. Is it possible? Can the Gospel have place, where Satan's throne is?

Thursday 12, And the two following days, I examined the Society in Bristol. Still I find the greatest part to be in peace and love, and none blamable as to their outward conversation. But life, power, and struggling into God are wanting. Few are agonizing to be altogether Christians.

Monday 16, Finding no ship which could take me over, I set out with Thomas Dancer for Liverpool. Wednesday 18, I reached Wednesbury, but with difficulty. For my horse, which I left in October, to rest for six months, had been rode all the winter, and was now galled, jaded, and worn to skin and bones.

Thursday 19, Pushing through the rain and violent wind, we came in the evening to Nantwich. But I knew not where to go, till a good woman in the street asked me if Mr. Wesley was come: and conducted me to the place where the people were waiting. Many were noisy at first, because they could not get in. But when they did, all were silent.

Friday 20, I rode on through more storms to Liverpool. But here too, I found no ship to carry my horses. So Monday 23, I set out for Portpatrick. This day we rode but about forty miles: the next, to Kendal, where I preached at six, and spent a comfortable evening at Serjeant Southwell's. Wednesday 25, the rain, which began yesterday noon, continued till noon to-day, without intermission: but though driven against us by a strong wind, it was nothing so troublesome as the piercing cold, while we rode between the snowy mountains, the road also being covered with snow. However, after a short bait at Keswick, we reached Cockermouth in the afternoon.

The mare T. Dancer rode being now quite lame, I left him, to cross over at Whitehaven. And Mr. Atlay, who came just in time, offered to accompany me to Portpatrick. Thursday 26, we rode through miserable roads to Solway-Firth: but the guides were so deeply engaged at a cock-fight, that none could be procured to shew us over. We procured one, however, between three and four. But there was more sea than we expected: so that notwithstanding all I could do, my legs, and the skirts of my coat were in the water. The motion of the waves made me a little giddy; but it had a stranger effect on Mr. Atlay. He lost his sight, and was just dropping off his horse, when one of our fellow-travellers caught hold of him. We rode on nine or ten miles, and lodged at a village called Ruthwell. Friday 27, we rode by Dumfries and the Bridge of Orr, over the Military way, to Gatehouse of Fleet. But the house was filled with such noisy company, that we expected little rest. Before eleven, however, I fell asleep, and heard nothing more, till between three and four in the morning.

Saturday 28, We rode to Portpatrick. Sunday 29, the packet-boat was ready in the morning; but waited for the mail, hour after hour, till past three in the afternoon. Hereby we avoided a violent storm, and had only what they called a fresh breeze. However, this breeze drove us to Donaghadee, thirty miles in three hours.

Monday 30, I rode to Newton, and in the evening preached in the Market-house to a large number of serious hearers. The Society, I found, had been shattered in pieces, but were uniting again. To these I spoke more particularly in the morning. It may be they will yet have ears to hear.

Tuesday 31, After meeting the Society at Belfast, I rode on to Lisburn. At six I preached in the linen-hall, (a small square so called) as also the two following evenings. We had many people of fashion there, and the congregation increased continually. Friday, April 3, at the end of Dromore I met Robert Williams, who shewed me the way to Newry. A little after six I went to the Market-house: but when I began I had only four hearers. A good number assembled before I had done: only none of the gentry. They were hindered by a business of more importance! dressing for the assembly.

Sunday 5, I was in hopes of reaching Tandragee, before the Church began. But it was farther off than we expected. At five in the evening we had the largest congregation I had seen in Ulster. And I believe many found much of the presence of God, but still more at the meeting of the Society. Monday 6, the congregation was surprisingly large this morning, and still larger every morning and evening. Wednesday 8, I preached at noon to our old Society at Terryhugan, the Mother-Church of all these parts. Thursday 9, the house would not contain the people at Tandragee, even at five in the morning. So I went to the Market-house, where God gave us a solemn and affectionate parting.

I was not glad to hear that some of the Seceders had settled in these parts also. Those of them who have yet fallen in my way, are more uncharitable than the Papists

themselves. I never yet met a Papist, who avowed the principle of murdering heretics. But a Seceding Minister being asked, "Would not you, if it were in your power, cut the throats of all the Methodists?" replied directly, "Why did not *Samuel hew Agag in pieces before the Lord?*" I have not yet met a Papist in this kingdom, who would tell me to my face, All but themselves must be damned. But I have seen Seceders enow who make no scruple to affirm, None but themselves could be saved. And this is the natural consequence of their doctrine: for as they hold, 1, That we are saved by faith alone; 2, That faith is, the holding such and such opinions: it follows, all who do not hold those opinions, have no faith, and therefore cannot be saved.

About noon I preached near Dawson's grove, to a large and serious congregation: but to a far larger in the evening at Kilmararty. I do not wonder the Gospel runs so swiftly in these parts. The people in general have the finest natural tempers I ever knew: they have the softness and courtesy of the Irish, with the seriousness of the Scots, and the openness of the English.

Friday 10, At one I preached at Portadown, a place not troubled with any kind of religion. I stood in the street and cried, *Now God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.* The people gathered from all sides, and when I prayed, kneeled down upon the stones, rich and poor, all around me. In the evening I preached again at Kilmararty. At five in the morning the house was well filled: and a little after six I cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

Saturday 11, About three I preached at a village called The Grange. The people came from several miles round, and seemed to hear with the spirit, and with the understanding also. At six I preached near Cock-hill: where, at nine in the morning, Sunday 12, we had a congregation from all parts. But this was more than doubled at five in the evening. All were serious, and, according to the custom of the Country, when I went to prayer, immediately kneeled,

though it was in the high road. I believe, not a few were deeply wounded. O may none heal their wounds slightly!

Monday 13, I preached at Mount-Roe, a gentleman's seat, about three miles from Cock-hill: Tuesday 14, at Clanmain. This, I believe, was two years since the only Society in these parts. I think there are now one or two and twenty, within the compass of ten miles.

Wednesday 15, I rode to Armagh. Half an hour before the time of preaching, an Officer came and said, "Sir, the Sovereign (or Mayor) orders me to inform you, you shall not preach in his town." In order to make the trial, I walked to the Market-house at six. I had just begun when the Sovereign came. I was informed his name was Harcourt. He was talking very loud, and tolerably fast, when a gentleman came and said, "Sir, if you are not allowed to preach here, you are welcome to preach in Mr. M'Gough's avenue." Mr. M'Gough, one of the chief merchants in the town, himself shewed us the way. I suppose thrice as many flocked together there, as would have heard me in the Market-house. So did the wise Providence of God draw good out of evil! And his word had indeed free course.

Thursday 16, About noon I preached to a large congregation at Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone: and in the evening before the gate of the great old house at Castle-Caulfield. The Society here, the first fruits of this county, seemed to be all alive. Early in the morning I took horse, and got to Londonderry just at seven, where the congregation was waiting for me. My voice was weak: but I think most of them could hear; and some, I trust, heard the voice of God.

Saturday 18, I found we were still honourable men here, some of eminence in the City being both *hearers and doers of the word.* I employed Monday, Tuesday, and part of Wednesday, in speaking severally to the members of the Society, and was glad to find the greater part of them had tasted that the Lord is gracious. Saturday 25, I rode to Mr. Knox's farm, and preached to a little company, on *By*

grace ye are saved, through faith. I spoke exceedingly plain to them at Derry in the evening, on *How long will ye halt between two opinions?* And more plainly, if possible, both morning and evening, on Sunday 26. Surely this is *an understanding people.* But it is only *love that edifies.*

Monday 27, I rode to Augher, and preached at six in the Castle-yard, to a large and deeply-serious congregation. Tuesday 28, I preached near Athenacly, after riding through one of the finest Countries in the kingdom. Wednesday 29, a little beyond Swaddling-bar I found a lively congregation, of plain, Country people, as simple and artless as if they had lived upon the Welsh mountains. So has God *chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise.*

Thursday 30, Some of the chief persons in the town desiring I would give them a sermon there, I went thither in the morning. A large room was offered: but it was quickly so full and so hot, that I was obliged to go out into the street. I had hardly named my text, before a poor Papist, at a small distance from me, began blowing a horn. But a gentleman stepping up, snatched his horn away, and without ceremony knocked him down. In the evening I preached in the Country again, to a still larger congregation. And God made his word quick and powerful. Many were wounded, and many comforted.

Friday, May 1, We rode by a large seat, elegantly built, and finely situated. But, to my surprise, the gates of the grand avenue were painted blue, green, and yellow, like a child's rattle. Surely the owner has never seen the pretty bauble. But will no one inform him of it? In the evening I preached in the Market-house at Sligo, to a larger congregation, as well as better behaved, than when I was here before. The next evening was exceedingly cold and blustering. However, the Provost refusing me the use of the Court-house, abundance of the people stood with me in the street, and most of them behaved well. Sunday 3, I preached, morning and evening, in the Market-house, and

had much hope, both from the number and behaviour of the hearers, that even here, our labour will not be in vain.

Monday 4, We rode to Castlebar, thirty old Irish, about fifty-six English miles. Between six and seven I began preaching in the Court-house; but few of the rich were there. These seldom hear *me* above once: They find it is playing with edged tools. Many of the poor were present at five in the morning, and many more, both rich and poor, in the evening. And *the power of the Lord was present to heal:* But how many *rejected his counsel against themselves!*

Wednesday 6, I rode to Newport, and preached in the evening, and at six in the morning. Rich and poor behaved extremely well, and seemed almost persuaded to be Christians. In the evening I took my leave of the congregation at Castlebar, by speaking from those words, *Come, Lord Jesus!* But who will abide his coming in the clouds? Those who are partakers of his holiness.

Friday 8, We rode to Galway (above fifty English miles.) It rained almost every step of the way. I preached at Ballinrobe, in the Court-house, between eight and nine, and at Galway about six. Colonel E——, and all his family, were there. Perhaps a word might reach *their* hearts.

Saturday 9, I rode to Ennis, but found the preaching had been discontinued, and the Society was vanished away. So having no business there I left it in the morning, preached at Clare about eight, and in the evening at Limerick. The continued rain kept me from preaching abroad this week: and I was scandalized at the smallness of the congregations in the houses. I am afraid my glorying, touching many of these Societies, is at an end. Almost throughout the province of Ulster I found the work of God increasing: and not a little in Connaught, particularly at Sligo, Castlebar, and Galway. But in Munster, a land flowing with milk and honey, how widely is the case altered! At Ennis the god of this world has wholly prevailed: at Clare, there is but a spark left: and at Limerick itself, I find only the remembrance of the fire which was kindled two years ago.

And yet one of the two preachers who was here last, was almost universally *admired!* But, alas, how little does this avail! "He is the best physician," said a sensible man, "not who *talks best*, or who *writes best*, but who performs the *most cures*."

Sunday 17, The weather being fair, I took my stand in the Old Camp, and had, I believe, as many hearers as all the preceding week put together. There was a solemn awe throughout the congregation, and I began to hope God would revive his work. Monday 18, I spoke to the members of the Society severally: most of them appeared to be honest and upright. But a general faintness seemed to have spread among them; there was no zeal, no vigour of grace.

Thursday 21, I preached about noon at Ballygarane, to what is left of the poor Palatines. Many are gone to America; many scattered up and down in various parts of the kingdom. Every where they are patterns of industry and frugality. In the evening I preached at Newmarket. Sunday 24, the Old Camp would ill contain the congregation, closely wedged in together. Afterwards we had a solemn hour at the meeting of the Society: in which God caused many of the bones which had been broken, to rejoice. So they are set upon their feet once again. Now let them run with patience the race set before them!

Monday 25, I rode to Shronill, and preached at twelve to the largest congregation I have ever seen there. Thence we crossed the Country to Kilfinane. I had hardly begun to speak, when a young person, a kind of gentleman, came, and took great pains to make a disturbance. Mr. Dancer mildly desired him to desist; but was answered with a volley of oaths and a blow. One of the town then encountered him, and beat him well. But the noise preventing my being heard, I retired a few hundred yards, with the serious part of the congregation, and quietly finished my discourse.

Tuesday 26, I went on to Cork, and on Thursday 28, to Bandon. This evening I preached in the House; the next in the main street; but the wind was so high and so cold,

that none either could or would bear it, but those who really desired to save their souls. I judged the house would hold these. So the next evening I preached within, and when the benches were removed, it held the greatest part of the congregation. And those who could not get in heard tolerably well, either at the doors or windows. Sunday 31, we had most of them again at seven: and I took my leave of them with much satisfaction, after having strongly enforced, *To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.*

I would fain have preached abroad at Cork in the evening, but the wind and rain would not permit. Two years ago I left above three hundred in the Society. I find a hundred and eighty-seven. What has occasioned so considerable a reduction? I believe the real cause is this:

Between two and three years ago, when the Society was nearly as low as it is now, Thomas Taylor and William Pennington came to Cork. They were zealous men and sound preachers; full of activity and strict discipline, without respect of persons. They set up meetings for prayer in several places, and preached abroad at both ends of the City. Hearers swiftly increased; the Society increased: so did the number both of the convinced and the converted. I came when the flame was at the height, and preached abroad, in the heart of the City, on the south-side of it, near the Barracks, and several times in Blackpool, which lies on the north-side of it. More and more were stirred up, and there was a greater awakening here than in any part of the kingdom.

But misunderstandings crept in between the Leaders, and between some of them and the Preachers. And these increased sevenfold, when one of the Leaders was expelled the Society: some believing him faulty, some not, and neither side having patience with the other. Hence a flame of anger succeeded the flame of love, and many were destroyed by it. At the same time some of our brethren learned a new opinion, and warmly propagated it. This heat was almost as destructive as the former: and the effect of both was, the Spirit of God was grieved; his blessing was withheld, and

of course the flock was scattered. When they are convinced of their sin, and humbled before him, then, and not before, he will return.

Wednesday, June 3, As it was fair, though the wind was high, and extremely sharp, I preached in an open place at Blackpool, to a large number of quiet hearers. On the three following evenings the wind and rain confined us in the house, much against my will, as those who wanted us most, could not or would not come thither.

Sunday 7, (Whitsunday) The weather turning fair, between four and five in the afternoon I began preaching in George's-street, to such a congregation as that in the Old Camp at Limerick. A solemn awe sat on the faces of the whole assembly, while I explained, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* Surely some of them found the promise fulfilled, and did drink of the living water!

Monday 8, I rode to Youghall. When I was here two years ago, a flame was kindled among the people: but it was gone out. And I could not wonder at it: for they have scarcely had any preaching since. I purposed staying only a night: but observing the number and deep attention of the congregation, I stayed another day, and on Tuesday 9, preached in the Exchange again. The hearers were much increased, and all but a few gentlemen, so called, behaved with great seriousness. Wednesday 10, after preaching to a multitude of people, I took horse, and in the evening of a very hot day reached Waterford.

Here I found a small, poor, dead Society, and but a handful of dull and careless hearers. However, I preached in the Yard, and found more life among them than I expected. In the morning I spoke to several members of the Society, some of whom seemed much devoted to God. I desired Mr. Morgan to preach at noon. God gave him acceptable words; and the whole congregation, rich and poor, appeared to be greatly moved. They seemed to be still more affected in the evening. What pity, that this should pass away like a cloud!

Friday 12, We rode to Kilkenny. The sun was exceedingly hot; but did not incommode us much, as we had the wind in our faces all the way. The congregation at the Town-hall, in the evening, was large and tolerably serious: a few of the gentry excepted, who seemed neither to understand, nor *care for any of these things*. We had a great part of them at five in the morning. At noon, when Mr. Morgan preached, I expected to have seen the largest company of all; but I was mistaken. The ladies could not rise *so soon*: At least, they could not *huddle on* their clothes fit to be seen. In the evening I spoke exceedingly plain, both to the rich and poor; and a few, at least, received the truth in love. But who will endure to the end?

Sunday 14, In the evening I preached at Birr, to a wilder congregation than I ever saw at Kilkenny. However, as I stood near the barracks, the number of soldiers that attended kept them so far in awe, that they durst only laugh and make a little noise, till the whole body of the Papists ran away together. The rest were then tolerably attentive, and grew more and more serious till I concluded.

Monday 15, I rode through a pleasant and well cultivated country to Aughrim. For many years I have not seen so large a congregation here, and so remarkably well-behaved. At the prayer, both before and after sermon, all of them kneeled upon the grass. A few of the poor Papists only remained standing, at a distance from the rest of the people. These would come in droves at every place, if the priests, as well as the king, would grant liberty of conscience.

At the desire of the good old widow, Mrs. M., I went with Mr. S. to C—. Lord and Lady M. were there before us; to whom I was probably

"A not expected, much unwelcome guest."

But whatsoever it was to *them*, it was a heavy afternoon to *me*, as I had no place to retire to, and so was obliged to be in genteel company, for two or three hours together. Oh! what a dull thing is life, without religion! I do not wonder

that time hangs heavy upon the hands of all who know not God, unless they are perpetually drunk with noise and hurry of one kind or another.

Wednesday 17, We came to Athlone. Here the scene was changed: I was among those that both feared and loved God: but to this day they have not recovered the loss which they sustained, when they left off going to Church. It is true, they have long been convinced of their mistake; yet the fruit of it still remains. So that there are very few who retain that vigour of spirit, which they before enjoyed.

At seven I preached in the new house, which Mr. S. has built entirely at his own expense. The congregation was, as usual, both large and serious. I rested the four following days, only preaching morning and evening. Sunday 21, we had a solemn meeting of the Society at five. After preaching at eight, I would willingly have gone to Church; but was informed, there had been no service for nearly two years, and would be none for a year or two longer, the inside of the Church wanting to be repaired! In the evening I preached in the Barracks. I know not that ever I saw such a congregation at Athlone before. Rich and poor, Protestants and Papists, gathered together from every side: and deep attention sat on all, while I explained that solemn declaration, (part of the Gospel for the day,) *If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.*

It was about this time, that a remarkable affair happened at Macclesfield in Cheshire. One Ellen Stanyers, a young woman of that town, very religious in her own way, but quite a stranger to the Scripture way of salvation, had her work from one of the shops in the town. A young man belonging to the same shop, fell in love with her. Fearing lest her refusing him would disoblige her master, she gave him encouragement; and afterwards, though she never intended it, promised to marry him. One day as she was sitting at work, this sin was brought to her remembrance, and lay so exceedingly heavy upon her mind, that she was utterly

distressed. She took her work, and carried it to her master, telling him she had destroyed her soul with it. At the same time she told the young man she was resolved never to have him. He came and said, 'If you do not keep your word, I will hang myself at your door: and then I will come and take you away with me to the devil.' She was so frighted, that she fell into black despair. Her father carried her to a clergyman, and afterwards to another, who seemed to pity her case, but knew not how to comfort her. Willing to try every way, he ordered one to read to her, in Burkit upon the New Testament, till she cried, 'Take it away, I cannot bear it;' and attempted to run away. But her father held her, and when she struggled, beat her, and told her, she should hear it, whether she would or not. She grew worse and worse; could neither eat, drink, nor sleep; and pined away to a mere skeleton. She wandered about, as one distracted, in the fields and lanes, seeking rest, but finding none. She was exceedingly tempted to destroy herself; but that thought came into her mind, 'If I do, I shall leap into hell immediately. I must go thither; but I will keep out of it as long as I can.' She was wandering about one day, when a person met her, and advised her to hear the Methodists. Although she hated them, yet she was willing to do any thing for ease, and so one evening came to the preaching. After the service was over, she desired to speak to the preacher, Mr. Pawson: but she talked quite wildly. However, he encouraged her to come to the Saviour of sinners, and cry to him for deliverance. "The next day" (so Mr. P. continues the account) "about twelve of us met together, and prayed with her. I found great freedom, and a full confidence that God would deliver her. After prayer, she said, 'I never felt my heart pray before. I felt my heart go along with the preacher's words. They have done me good at my heart. My despair is all gone, I have a hope that I shall be saved.' The next morning two or three prayed with her again. She spent all the day with one or another of the Methodists, and did not go home till night. Her father then asked, 'Nelly, where have you been all this

time?' She answered, 'I have been among the Methodists.' 'The Methodists!' said he, 'have you got any good there?' She replied, 'Yes, I bless God I have. I now hope I shall be saved.' 'Well' said he, 'I care not where you go, if you only get relief.' She then went to bed, but could not sleep. While she was meditating on what she had heard, those words were brought to her mind, *Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?* With the words the Lord spoke peace to her soul: and in one and the same moment, all pain and sorrow fled away, and she was entirely healed, both body and mind. Early in the morning she came to the house of one of her friends, and clapping her hands together, cried out in an ecstacy of joy, 'O my Jesus, my Jesus, my Jesus! What is it that He has done for *me!* I feel he has forgiven all my sins.' 'Taking up a hymn book, she opened it on these words,

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!'

She was quite transported, being overwhelmed with peace and joy unspeakable. At the same time, she was restored to the full use of her reason, and in a little while was strong and healthy as ever. She immediately desired to be admitted into the Society, and, for about a year, enjoyed unspeakable happiness. She then received a call from her Beloved, and died full of faith and love."

Tuesday 23, About one, I preached in the Market-place at Clara. I admired the seriousness of the whole congregation. Indeed one or two gentlemen appeared quite unconcerned. But the presence of greater gentlemen kept them within bounds. So they were as quiet —— as if they had been at the play-house.

This and the following evening I preached in the Market-place at Tullamore. Thursday 25, I was desired to look at the monument lately erected for the Earl of Charleville. It observes, "That he was the last of his family, the great Moore's of Crogham." But how little did riches profit either him, who died in the strength of his years, or his heir, who was literally overwhelmed by them; being so

full of care, that sleep departed from him, and he was restless day and night: till after a few months, life itself was a burden, and an untimely death closed the scene!

In the evening I preached at Mountmellick, near the Market-house. The congregation was exceedingly large: and God made his word quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword.

Friday 26, Finding some of the most earnest persons in the Society were deeply prejudiced against each other, I desired them to come face to face, and laboured much to remove that prejudice. I used both argument and persuasion; but it was all in vain. Perceiving that reasoning profited nothing, we betook ourselves to prayer. On a sudden the mighty power of God broke in upon them. The angry ones on both sides burst into tears, and fell on each other's necks. All anger and prejudice vanished away, and they were as cordially united as ever.

Saturday 27, The congregation in the Market-house at Portarlington was widely different from that at Mountmellick. I endeavoured to suit my subject to my audience, preaching from *Gallio cared for none of these things*. But some of them were quite above conviction. So, finding that they had neither sense nor good manners, (of religion I did not suspect them) the next day I adjourned to the shell of our new house, in which I preached, morning and evening. And here the greatest part of the congregation, both Papists and Protestants, behaved with decency.

Monday 29, We took horse about a quarter past three, and before eight reached Coolylough. At twelve I preached in the shady walk: afterwards we had the quarterly meeting. I found no reason to complain of any of the Societies; only they want more life and zeal. Tuesday 30, I observed more good manners at Tyrrel's-pass in rich as well as poor, than at Portarlington.

Wednesday, July 1, A friend carried me to Belvidere, a seat built on the side of a clear lake, with walks and gardens adjoining, so curiously laid out, as to exceed even the late Earl of Charleville's. One would scarcely think it possible,

to have such a variety of beauties in so small a compass. But,

"How soon, alas! will these upbraid
Their transitory master dead!"

We went on to Molingar, where for many years no Methodist Preacher could appear. The Sessions-house here was used as a guard-house. I sent to the Commanding-Officer, and desired leave to preach there. This he not only gave, but came himself. So did many of the soldiers, as well as the townsmen. In the evening, notwithstanding the cold and blustering winds, I was obliged to preach abroad at Tyrrel's-pass. But the rain, on the two following evenings, drove us into the house at Eden-derry. Saturday 4, having now finished my Circuit, I went on cheerfully to Dublin.

Sunday 5, Our House was thoroughly filled, a sight which I have seldom seen. Friday 10, we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. It was at our last meeting that we found the answer of our prayers. It seemed as if the windows of heaven were opened; the spirit of grace and supplication was poured out. Many were filled with consolation; and many who had grown weary, resolved to set out anew.

Tuesday 14, A poor backslider, whom I found ten days ago dying in black despair, told me, "Now I am not afraid to die. I see Jesus before me; and his face is all glory." Instances of this kind do by no means prove that a saint *cannot* fall, even *for ever:* but only that God is *pitiful and of tender mercy, not willing any should perish.*

Thursday 16, About ten I reached Donard, seven or eight and twenty English miles from Dublin. Standing under some shady trees, I enforced upon a serious congregation, *All things are ready; come unto the marriage.* From hence I rode on to Baltinglass, and preached, on *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* It was sultry hot as we rode to Carlow: so that I was weary and faint when we came in: but I soon recovered, and at seven preached in the Sessions-house, to a numerous congregation. But the greater part of them were like wild asses' colts. I was constrained to reprove them sharply. They received it well, and behaved with more

decency. Friday 17, we lost our way in setting out of the town. It rained most of the day. However, this was far better than sultry heat. In the evening we returned to Dublin.

In my scraps of time this week, I read over that wonderful poem, Fingal. If it be genuine, if it be really extant, (as many assure me it is) in the Erse language, it is an amazing proof of a genius in those barbarous times, little inferior to Homer or Virgil!

Monday 20, A friend shewed me the apartments in the Castle, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant. The Duke of Bedford made a noble addition to the lodgings, which are now both grand and convenient. But the furniture surprised me not a little. It is by no means equal to the building. In England, many gentlemen of five hundred a year, would be utterly ashamed of it.

Tuesday 21, I received an account of a young woman, the substance of which was as follows:

"Katherine Murray was born February 2, 1729, at Carrick-on-Sure. She feared God from a child, and abstained from lying and speaking bad words. When about thirteen, she stole some twigs of goose-berry bushes from a neighbour, and planted them in her father's garden. Immediately she felt she had sinned, knew she deserved hell, and feared it would be her portion. She began praying three times a day; but notwithstanding, her sin followed her every where. Day and night it was before her, till after some time, that conviction gradually wore off.

"In the year 1749, her sister heard the Methodists, so called. She was soon convinced of sin, joined the Society, and advised her to do so. But hearing one named that was in it, she was filled with disdain, 'What! meet with such a man as that!' Yet, not long after, she was convinced, that the sins of her own heart, pride and passion in particular, were as abominable in the sight of God, as the sins of that man, or any other. This conviction was exceedingly sharp. She could no longer despise any, but only cry out, day and night, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner.'

"In February she went to hear Mr. Reeves. He preached on part of Psalm ciii. She was now more deeply than ever convinced of heart-sin, of unbelief in particular, and had such a sight of the excellency of faith, that she determined to seek it with all her heart.

"In the May following, she was sitting in her room, lamenting her state, and crying to God for mercy, when suddenly she had a sight of our Lord, from the manger to the cross. But it did not bring comfort: on the contrary, it so heightened her distress, that she cried aloud, and alarmed the family: nor could she refrain, till her strength failed, and she fainted away. Often her sleep departed from her; her food was tasteless, and she mingled her drink with weeping; being resolved never to rest, till she found rest in him, whom alone her soul desired.

"It was not long, before the Lord looked upon her. As she was in prayer, she had a clear representation of our blessed Lord, as crowned with thorns, and clothed with the purple robe. In a moment her soul rested on him, and she knew he had taken away her sins. Distress was gone: the love of God flowed into her heart, and she could rejoice in God her Saviour. Her soul was so ravished with his love, that she could not hold her peace: but cried out to all she knew, 'You may know your sins forgiven, if you will come unto Jesus.'

"Yet a while after, she dressed herself as fine as ever she could, and went to worship God, as she expressed it, 'proud as the devil.' Upon the spot, God convinced her of her folly, of her pride, and vanity. She was stripped of all her comfort, yea, and brought to doubt the reality of all she had before experienced. The devil then laboured to persuade her, that she had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost; and pushed it so, that she thought her life would fail, and she should instantly drop into the pit. But the Lord did not leave her long in the snare: he appeared again, to the joy of her soul. Her confidence was more strong than ever, and the fear of God more deeply rooted in her heart. She abhorred all sin, that in particular which

had occasioned her distress: of which indeed she had a peculiar detestation to her last hours.

"God now made her heart strong: she walked seven years in the clear light of his countenance, never feeling a moment's doubt of his favour, but having the uninterrupted witness of his Spirit. It was her meat and drink to do his will. His word, read or preached, was her delight; and all his ways were pleasant to her. She said, she never came from a sermon unimproved; often so refreshed as to forget weariness or pain. And she was truly *diligent in business*, as well as *fervent in spirit*.

"And now she thought, she should *never be removed;* God had *made her hill so strong*. But soon after this, she was present when her sister was ill used by her husband. She gave way to the temptation, fell into a passion, and again lost all her happiness. Yet not long: she continued instant in prayer, till God again healed her backsliding.

"But from this time, as her temptations were more violent, so she had a keener sense of the remains of sin. Though she enjoyed a constant sense of the favour of God, yet she had also much fear, lest inbred sin should prevail over her, and make her bring a scandal upon the Gospel. She spent whole days in prayer, that God *would not suffer her to be tempted above that she was able*, and that *with every temptation he* would *make a way* for her *to escape*. And she was heard: so that her whole conversation adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour.

"Yet she suffered much reproach, not only from the children of the world, but also from the children of God. These wounds sunk deeply into her soul, and often made her weep before the Lord. Sometimes she felt resentment for a short time, of which darkness was the sure consequence: but if at any time she lost the consciousness of pardon, it almost took away her life; nor could she rest satisfied a moment, till she regained the light of his countenance. She always judged, it was the privilege of every believer, constantly to *walk in the light:* and that nothing but sin could

rob any, who had true faith, of their confidence in a pardoning God.

"She was tried from within and without for about five years, yet kept from all known sin. In the year 1761, it pleased God to shew her, more clearly than ever, under a sermon preached by John Johnson, the absolute necessity of being saved from all sin, and perfected in love. And now her constant cry was, 'Lord, take full possession of my heart, and reign there without a rival.' Nor was this at all hindered by her disorders, the gravel and cholic, which about this time began to be very violent.

"In the year 1762, she believed God did hear her prayer; that her soul was entirely filled with love, and all unholy tempers destroyed: and for several months she *rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in every thing gave thanks.* Her happiness had no intermission, day or night, yea, and increased, while her disorder increased exceedingly.

"But in the beginning of the year 1763, when some unkind things were whispered about concerning her, she gave way to the temptation, and felt again a degree of anger in her heart. This soon occasioned a doubt, whether she was not deceived before, in thinking she was saved from sin: but she said, 'Whether I *was* or not, I am sure, I *may be.* And I am determined *now* to seek it from the Lord.'

"From this time her disorders gradually increased. Whenever I was in town, * I visited her from time to time, and always found her, whatever her pains were, resigned to the will of God: having a clear sense of his favour, and a strong confidence that he would finish his work in her soul.

"So soon as I came to town, January, 1767, she sent for me. I found her confined to her bed, and frequently in such racking pain, that it was thought she could not live many minutes. But she said, my pain is nothing: the presence of the Lord bears me up above it all: I have not a murmuring thought; neither the shadow of a doubt: my

* Mr Johnson.

way to glory is plain before me. I asked, 'If she were not afraid of having great sufferings before the soul and body were parted:' She said, 'Not in the least. I expect to have sharp pain, just before I depart;' which was so: 'but I do not concern myself about what I shall suffer. It is all at the disposal of the Lord.'

"Two days after, I went again to see her. She said, 'My happiness is much increased. For a day and a night my pains have been exquisite: yet in the midst of all, my heart did dance and sing. The Lord so smiles upon me, I cannot express it in words.' February 6, she sent for me again. I found her in a rapture of love, singing and praising God: so that I was constrained to say, 'O Lord, thou hast highly favoured *me*, in permitting me to see such a Christian!' I cannot attempt to describe how she then appeared: it was with such a smile as I never saw before. Most of the preceding day she had spent in singing praise to God, and telling of his goodness to all that came near her; her soul, she said, being so happy, that she could not be silent.

"When I spoke to her of death, she said, 'It is not death to *me*: it is only sleep: death is my friend! death is welcome: its sting is gone: I shall soon be with my Lord! O that I could sing on to all eternity! My work of praise is begun, and shall never end.' I asked, 'Do you find the greatest inclination to prayer or praise?' She said, O praise, praise. I am full of love: and I cannot doubt but I shall love and praise him to all eternity.' I then asked her concerning her former profession of being saved from sin. She said, 'Sir, I have it *now!* I have it *now!* and more abundantly. My soul is so full of love, that my body is almost overpowered. It will be but a little while, and we shall meet in glory.'

"Monday 9, I visited her again, and found her singing as well as her weak body would permit. I asked, 'Are you as happy now, as when I saw you last?' She said, 'Yes, I am: I have not the shadow of a doubt. I had many conflicts with a wicked heart: but they are all over

now: the Lord has finished his work.' She conversed now like one on Pisgash's top, in sight of the *new Jerusalem;* often saying, 'My work is begun, which shall never end; I shall praise him to all eternity.' She was asked, 'Can you wait the Lord's leisure to release you?' She said, 'Yes, yes: as long as he pleases. My pain is gone: this also he has done for me: and why should I not wait patiently?' But it was not long before her pains returned with redoubled violence: and sometimes a groan was extorted from her: but not the least complaint. Yea, she often broke out in a rapture of love, crying, 'I cannot express the happiness I feel.'

"Friday 13, After dozing a little, she awaked in a transport, saying, 'O! you cannot conceive the joy I feel. You know but in part: but when that which is perfect is come, you shall know even as you are known.' She spoke, with regard to some glorious views which she then had of her dear Redeemer.

"During her last pains, which were the sharpest of all, the devil made his last effort. She was in a violent struggle about half an hour. Then she stretched out her hands and said, 'Glory to Jesus! O love Jesus! love Jesus! He is a glorious Jesus! He has now made me fit for himself. When the harvest is ripe, the sickle is put in.' She asked for a little wine and water: but she could not swallow it. She said, 'I have long been drinking wine and water here: now I shall drink wine in my Father's kingdom.' She lay still about a quarter of an hour, and then breathed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer."

On Wednesday and Thursday we had our little Conference at Dublin. Friday we observed as a day of fasting and prayer: and concluded it with the most solemn Watch-night that I ever remember in this kingdom. I was much tired between seven and eight o'clock, but less and less so as the service went on. And at the conclusion, a little after twelve, I was fresher than at six in the morning.

Sunday 26, Was a comfortable day indeed: but the conclusion of it tried my strength, as I was speaking with

scarcely any intermission, from a little after five till between nine and ten.

Monday 27, Having a severe cold, I was in hopes of riding it away. So I took horse a little after four, and reached Newry in the evening. But my voice was still so weak, that I doubt if many of the congregation in the Market-house could hear me. And my cough was so violent at night, I could hardly sleep a quarter of an hour together. However, I preached at five in the morning, without much difficulty. Wednesday 29, I hasted on to Donaghadee, but found all the packet-boats were on the other side. So I agreed with the Captain of a small vessel, and went on board about two o'clock. But it was so late when we landed (after a passage of five hours) that we could only reach Stranrawer that night.

We rode through a Country swiftly improving to Aire, and passed a quiet and comfortable night. Friday 31, before two we reached Glasgow. In the evening I preached, and again at five in the morning. Saturday, August 1, as both my horse and myself were a little tired, I took the stage-coach to Edinburgh.

Before I left Glasgow I heard so strange an account, that I desired to hear it from the person himself. He was a Sexton, and yet for many years had little troubled himself about religion. I set down his words, and leave every man to form his own judgment upon them. "Sixteen weeks ago, I was walking an hour before sun-set, behind the high Kirk, and looking on one side, I saw one close to me, who looked in my face, and asked me how I did: I answered, 'Pretty well.' He said, 'You have had many troubles. But how have you improved them?' He then told me all that ever I did, yea, and the thoughts that had been in my heart, adding, 'Be ready for my second coming.' And he was gone I knew not how. I trembled all over, and had no strength in me, but sunk down to the ground. From that time I groaned continually under the load of sin, till at the Lord's-Supper it was all taken away."

Sunday 2, I was sorry to find both the Society and the

congregations smaller than when I was here last. I impute this, chiefly, to the manner of preaching which has been generally used. The people have been told frequently and strongly, of their coldness, deadness, heaviness, and littleness of faith, but very rarely of any thing that would move thankfulness. Hereby many were driven away, and those that remained were kept cold and dead.

I encouraged them strongly at eight in the morning, and about noon preached upon the Castle-hill, on *There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.* The sun shone exceedingly hot upon my head: but all was well; for God was in the midst of us. In the evening I preached on Luke xx. 34, &c., and many were comforted: especially when I was enlarging on those deep words, *Neither can they die any more, but are equal to the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.*

Monday 3, I visited as many as I could, sick and well, and endeavoured to confirm them. In the evening I preached at seven, and again at nine. We concluded about twelve. One then came to me with an unexpected message. A gentleman in the west of Scotland, was a serious, sensible man, but violently attached both to the doctrine and discipline of the Kirk. His eldest daughter dreamed some months since, that she was poisoned, and must die in an hour. She waked in the utmost consternation, which issued in a deep conviction of sin. Soon after, she had an earnest desire to see me, though not perceiving any possibility of it. But business calling Mr. H. to Edinburgh, he brought her with him, three days before I came. On Sunday morning, he heard the preaching for the first time, and afterwards omitted no opportunity. He now sent his daughter, to beg I would come, if possible, to the west, and to desire that I, or any of our preachers, would make his house our home.

Tuesday 4, I rode to Dunbar, and endeavoured, if possible, to rouse some of the sleepers, by strongly, yea, roughly, enforcing those words, *Lord, are there few that be saved?* And this I must say for the Scots in general, I know no men like them for bearing plain-dealing.

On Thursday I reached Newcastle. Saturday 8, at the request of Mr. Whitaker, of New England, I preached, and afterwards made a collection, for the Indian Schools in America. A large sum of money is now collected: but will money convert Heathens? Find a man of David Brainerd's spirit, and nothing can stand before them. But without this, what will gold or silver do? No more than lead or iron. They have indeed sent thousands to hell; but never yet brought a soul to heaven.

Sunday 9, I preached about ten in Mr. Goodday's Church in Monkwearmouth. About two I preached to a willing multitude at Gateshead Fell, and at five, near the Garth-heads at Newcastle.

Monday 10, I laboured to set some right, who have much grace, but little understanding. And I prevailed on all but one, who appeared indeed to be the twin soul of poor George Bell.

Tuesday 11, I came to a friendly conclusion (blessed be God!) with Mr. L. He agreed to pay the legacies on the second of November: and we relinquished the residue of his estate. So the harpy lawyers are happily disappointed: and the design of the dying saint in some measure answered. Wednesday 12, I took coach. The next day we reached Grantham, and London about seven on Friday evening, having run that day a hundred and ten miles. On the road I read over *Seller's History of Palmyra*, and *Norden's Travels into Egypt and Abyssinia*: two as dry and unsatisfying books as ever I read in my life.

Sunday 16, I hoped to preach in the fields: but the rain prevented. However, one of our brethren preached there at seven, to thousands upon thousands. And there was not the least shadow of interruption. How long will these halcyon days continue!

Tuesday 18, I met in Conference with our assistants, and a select number of preachers. To these were added on Thursday and Friday, Mr. Whitefield, Howell Harris, and many stewards and local preachers. Love and harmony reigned from the beginning to the end. But we have all

need of more love and holiness: and in order thereto, of crying to God, '*Lord, increase our faith!*'

Having finished my work at London for the present, on Monday 24, I rode to Wycomb, and preached in the evening to a numerous and deeply attentive congregation.

Tuesday 25, I read Mr. Crantz's account of the mission into Greenland. Although I make much allowance for the *liberty* which I know *the brethren* take, in their accounts of one another, yet I do not see any reason to doubt that some of the Heathens have been converted. But what pity, that so affecting an account should be disgraced with those vile, doggerel verses, just calculated to make the whole performance stink in the nostrils of all sensible men! In the evening the multitude that flocked together, obliged me to preach abroad. I saw but three or four that seemed unaffected. And those I suppose were *footmen:* a race of men who are commonly lost to all sense of shame, as well as of good and evil.

Wednesday 26, I rode to Ipstone-Hall, near Stoken Church, and preached about ten o'clock: and in the evening at Witney. The next evening I preached on Wood-Green, near the town, to a huge congregation, on *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found: call ye upon him while he is near.* Scarcely any were light or inattentive. Surely some will bring forth fruit unto perfection.

Friday 28, I preached at Stow in the Wold, about ten, to a very dull, quiet congregation, and in the evening, to almost such another at Gloucester. Saturday 29, we rode to Brecknock. Sunday 30, one of Trevecka gave us a strange account. A young woman who served as dairy-maid there, was beloved by all the family. She was loving to every one, never angry, never out of humour. That morning she was much happier, and had a fuller manifestation of the love of God than ever. As she was coming through the entry, a lad met her with a gun in his hand, which he did not know was charged. He presented it, and said, "Nanny, I will shoot you." The gun went off, and shot her through the heart. She fell on her face, and without any struggle or groan, immediately expired.

I preached at eight to a large and serious congregation; and on the bulwarks at five. A multitude of people attended: and even the gentry seemed, for the present, *almost persuaded to be Christians.*

Monday 31, I rode to Caermarthen, and a little before six, went down to the Green. The congregation was nearly as large as that at Brecknock, but nothing so gay, being almost all poor or middling people. To these therefore I directly preached *the Gospel:* they heard it with greediness. And though I was faint and weary when I began, I was soon as *a giant refreshed with wine.*

Tuesday, September 1, I rode on to Pembroke, and this and the next evening preached in the main street, to far more than the house could have contained. In the mornings we were within. Wednesday 2, upon enquiry, I found the work of God in Pembrokeshire had been exceedingly hindered, chiefly by Mr. Davis's preachers, who had continually inveighed against ours, and thereby frighted abundance of people from hearing, or coming near them. This had sometimes provoked them to retort, which always made a bad matter worse. The advice therefore which I gave them was, 1, Let all the people sacredly abstain from backbiting, tale-bearing, evil-speaking. 2, Let all our preachers abstain from returning railing for railing, either in public or in private, as well as from disputing. 3, Let them never preach controversy, but plain, practical, and experimental religion.

Thursday 3, About noon I preached at Lamphy, a village two miles from Pembroke. The rain a little lessened the congregation, but did not hinder the blessing. God was eminently present to comfort the mourners: as likewise at Pembroke in the evening. Saturday 5, I rode to Haverford-West, but knew not what to do, because of the rain. However, at six I was constrained by the number of people, to stand abroad, near the Castle. And the whole congregation as quietly attended, as if we had been in a Cathedral.

Sunday 6, I had a large and earnest congregation at six. About ten I began the service at St. Daniel's, a little Church about half a mile from Pembroke, which, till lately, lay in

ruins. It was thoroughly filled during the prayers and sermon, and a considerable number gladly partook of the Lord's-Supper. Afterwards I rode back to Haverford, and notwithstanding the rain, stood in the same place as before, and applied, *O that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!*

Monday 7, I rode to Caermarthen, and preached on the Green, on *Is there no balm in Gilead?* In the afternoon, finding none that could direct us to Oxwych, we were obliged to ride round by Swansea. The next morning we came to Oxwych, and found George Story there, who had come to Swansea the day before in his way to Cork. Hearing I was near, he came over just in season, to preach to the congregation who waited for me. At noon I preached to, I suppose, all the inhabitants of the town, and then rode to Neath.

I had designed to preach abroad, but the rain would not permit. The preaching-house was much crowded. And the power of God was in the midst of the congregation: prejudice sunk down before it. And the innumerable lies, which most of them had heard of *me*, vanished into air. The same power rested upon them early in the morning. The bigots on all sides were ashamed, and felt, that *in Christ Jesus*, nothing avails, but the *faith that worketh by love.*

Wednesday 9, About twelve I preached to a large and serious congregation, in the Assembly-room at Cowbridge: and in the evening, in the Court-house at Cardiff, where, both this and the following evening, we had most of the gentry in the town: and both the mornings, the hearers were more than for many years. Who knows, but even in this desolate town, God may build up the waste places!

Friday 11, I rode to Llanbraddock, a single house delightfully situated near the top of a high mountain; and in the evening preached to a serious company of plain Welshmen, with uncommon enlargement of heart. Saturday 12, setting out early, I reached Chepstow before noon, and preached at a friend's door, to a civil, unconcerned congregation. We came to the Old Passage, (being told we had

time to spare) a few minutes after the boat was gone off. Finding they would not pass again that day, I left my horses behind, and crossing over in a small boat, got to Bristol, soon enough to preach in the evening.

The following week I visited most of the Somersetshire Societies. Sunday 20, (as the Sunday before) I preached in Princes-street at eight, about two, under the sycamore-tree at Kingswood, and at five in the new square, to a larger congregation, than I think, was ever there before. Monday 21, I preached at Pensford, Paulton, and Coleford: on Tuesday noon at Midsummer-Norton; (so called, I suppose, because formerly it was accessible at no other time of the year) and in the evening at Coleford again, where we had a comfortable love-feast, at which many spoke their experience with all simplicity. Wednesday 23, about noon I preached at Buckland, and in the evening at Frome; but the house was too small, so that many were constrained to go away. So the next evening I preached in a meadow, where a multitude of all denominations attended. It seems that God is, at length, giving a more general call to this town also: the people whereof seemed before, in every sense, to be *rich, and increased in goods, and needing nothing.*

Friday 25, I was desired to preach at Freshford; but the people durst not come to the house, because of the small-pox, of which Joseph Allen, *an Israelite indeed*, had died the day before. So they placed a table near the Church-yard. But I had no sooner begun to speak, than the bells begun to ring, by the procurement of a neighbouring gentleman. However it was labour lost; for my voice prevailed, and the people heard me distinctly. Nay, a person extremely deaf, who had not been able to hear a sermon for several years, told his neighbours with great joy, "That he had heard and understood all, from the beginning to the end."

I preached at Bristol in the evening on 2 Cor. iv. 17; a text which had been chosen by William New, a little before God called him hence. He laboured under a deep asthma for several years, and for seven or eight months was

confined to his bed, where he was from time to time visited by a friend who wrote the following account.

"He was one of the first Methodists in Bristol, and always walked as became the Gospel. By the sweat of his brow he maintained a large family, leaving six children behind him. When he was no longer able to walk, he did not discontinue his labour: and after he kept his room, he used to cut out glass, (being a glazier) to enable his eldest son, a child about fourteen, to do something toward the support of his family. Yea, when he kept his bed, he was not idle, but still gave him what assistance he could.

"He was formerly fond of company and diversions, but as soon as God called him, left them all: having a nobler diversion, visiting the sick and afflicted, in which he spent all his leisure hours. He was diligent in the use of all the means of grace; very rarely, during his health, missing the morning preaching at five, though he lived above a mile from the Room.

"About a year ago he took his leave of the Society, telling them, 'That it was with great pleasure he had joined and continued with them: That it was in this despised place, the Lord first manifested himself to his soul: That no tongue could tell what he had since enjoyed under that roof: that the same Jesus had enabled him to hold on thus far, and he hoped to be with him soon;' adding, 'I do not expect to see you any more here, but have no doubt of meeting you in glory.'

"During the last twenty days of his life, he took no other sustenance, than now and then a tea-spoonful of wine, or of balm tea. About fourteen days before his death, his tongue turned black, with large chops in it, through the heat of his stomach: and his lips were drawn two or three inches apart, so that it was difficult for him to speak. In this condition he lay waiting for his discharge, saying sometimes, 'I am, as it were, two persons. The body is in torturing pain, the soul is in sweet peace.' He frequently said, 'I long to be gone. Come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly.' When I asked, 'Do you desire to see such a person?' he

said, 'I desire to see none but Jesus. To him I leave my dear wife and children. I have no care about them.'

"The next day Satan violently assaulted his faith: but instantly our Lord appeared in all his glory, and he was filled with love and joy unspeakable, and said, 'Call my friend, and let him see a dying Christian. O what do I feel! I see my Lord has overcome for me. I am his: Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' He desired them that were present to sing, and began, 'Jesu, lover of my soul.' He then desired the text for his funeral sermon might be 2 Cor. iv. 17.

"The next time I saw him, having desired him to make signs rather than speak, which was painful to him, he said, 'Here is a sign,' pushing out his feet, and holding up his hands, 'a dying Christian, full of love and joy! a crown, a never-fading crown awaits me: I am going to everlasting habitations.' He then desired us to sing, and quickly added, 'He is come! He is come! I want to be gone. Farewel to you all.' When he could no longer speak, he continued smiling, clapping his hands, and discovering an ecstacy of joy in every motion.

"After a while his speech returned, and he said, 'To-day is Friday: to-morrow I expect to go.' One said, 'Poor Mr. New!' He said, 'It is rich New. Though poor in myself, I am rich in Christ.'

"I saw him on Saturday in the same spirit, praising God with every breath. He appeared quite transported, pointing upwards, and turning his fingers round his head, alluding to the crown prepared for him. I said, 'Your Lord has kept the best wine unto the last.' 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'it is in my soul.' When I took my leave, he pressed my hand, pointed upward, and again clapped his hands. Afterward he spoke little, till he cried out, 'The chariot! the chariot of Israel!' and died."

Saturday 26, I was informed between twelve and one, that Mrs. B. was dying. Judging I had no time to lose, about one I left Bristol, and about seven on Sunday morning came to London. Learning there that she was better, I stayed to

preach and administer the Sacrament at the Chapel, and then hastened on, and spent a solemn and profitable hour at Lewisham. I preached again at West-street Chapel in the afternoon, and made a collection for the poor, as I had done in the morning. Soon after, I took chaise again, and on Monday about noon I came to Bristol.

Wednesday 30, I preached to a large and very serious congregation on Redcliff-Hill. This is the way to overturn Satan's kingdom. In field-preaching, more than any other means, God is found of them that sought him not. By this, death, heaven, and hell, come to the ears, if not the hearts, of them that care for none of these things.

Friday, October 2, and some days in the following week, I visted the other Societies round Bristol. Sunday 11, I preached at eight in Princes-street, and a little before five, near the new square, where, notwithstanding the keenness of the wind, the congregation was exceedingly large. I permitted all Mr. Whitefield's Society that pleased, to be present at the love-feast that followed. I hope that we shall not know war any more, unless with the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Monday 12, I preached at Bradford, on Tuesday at Salisbury. On Wednesday, about one, at Rumsey; whence I rode to Southampton, and the wind being so high, that I could not well preach abroad, I sent a line to the Mayor, requesting leave to preach in the Town-hall. In an hour, he sent me word, I might; but in an hour more he retracted. Poor Mayor of Southampton! So I preached in a small room, and did not repent my labour.

Tuesday 15, About noon I preached at Fareham, then went on to Portsmouth Common. I sent to desire the use of the Tabernacle; but was answered, "Not unless I would preach the perseverance of the saints." At six I preached in our own Room, which was sufficiently crowded both within and without. Resolving there should be room for all that would come, I preached the next afternoon on the side of the Common. And the whole congregation was as quiet

as that in the square at Bristol. Saturday 17, I set out early, and in the evening came to London.

Tuesday 20, I went to Colchester, and spent three days very agreeably, among a quiet and loving people. All their little misunderstandings are now at an end. Yet they had not the life which they had once. A loss of this kind is not easily recovered. Saturday 24, I returned to London.

Monday 26, I began my little tour, through Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire. I preached at Whittlebury in the evening. Tuesday 27, I rode to Weedon, where the use of the Church being refused, I accepted the offer of the Presbyterian Meeting-house, and preached to a crowded audience. Wednesday 20, about two in the afternoon I preached at Towcester, where, though many could not get in, yet all were quiet. Hence we rode to Northampton, where, in the evening, (our own room being far too small) I preached in the Riding-school to a large and deeply serious congregation. After service, I was challenged, by one that was my parishioner at Epworth, nearly forty years ago. I drank tea at her house the next afternoon, with her daughter-in-law from London, very big with child, and greatly afraid that she should die in labour. When we went to prayers, I enlarged in prayer, for her in particular. Within five minutes after we went away, her pains began, and soon after, she was delivered of a fine boy. Friday 30, I rode across the country to Bedford, and preached in the evening to a civil, heavy congregation. Saturday 31, after preaching at Luton in the way, I returned to London.

Sunday, November 1, Being All Saints-day, (a festival I dearly love) I could not but observe the admirable propriety with which the Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the day, are suited to each other. As I was to set out for Kent in the morning, Mr. B. invited me to spend the evening with him at Lewisham. Soon after we took horse, we found one of our horses lame. On enquiry, it appeared, that five nails were driven into the quick: so we were at a full stop. But Mr. B. supplying us with another horse, we rode on,

through heavy rain, to Staplehurst. In the evening I met with a young Clergyman, who seemed to have no desire, but to save his own soul, and those that heard him. I advised him to expect crosses and persecution. But he was sure his Rector would stand by him. Vain hope. That the children of the world should long stand by the children of God! Soon after, his Rector told him, "Unless he kept away from this people, he must leave his Curacy."

Tuesday 3, I rode to Rye, and preached in the evening. A poor prodigal, who was cut to the heart the first time I was there, was one of the audience, but exceedingly drunk. He dined with us the next day; but was still so muddled, that I could make no impression on him. He was almost persuaded to be a Christian! But, I doubt, is now farther off than ever. In the evening I dealt once more exceedingly plain with him and his fellow sinners. If they now perish in their iniquity, their blood is on their own heads. Thursday 5, about noon I preached at Norjam. I was surprised at one, to hear the Tower-guns so plainly at above fifty miles distance. In the afternoon we rode through miserable roads to the pleasant village of Ewhurst, where I found the most lively congregation that I have met with in the county. Saturday 7, I called at the house of mourning at Shoreham, where I found Mr. P. sorrowing like a Christian, for his youngest son, the staff of his age, the fourth that has been snatched from him in the bloom of youth. After spending a profitable hour here, I rode forward to London.

Sunday 8, I buried the remains of that excellent young man, Benjamin Colley. He did rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing: and I believe his backsliding cost him his life. From the time he missed his way, by means of Mr. Maxfield, he went heavily all his days. God indeed restored his peace, but left him to be buffetted of Satan, in an uncommon manner. And his trials did not end but with his life. However, some of his last words were, "Tell all the Society, tell all the world, I die without doubt or fear."

Thursday 12, I occasionally looked into a book, which I had long thrown by, as not worth reading, entitled, *Thoughts*

on God and Nature. But how agreeably was I surprised! It contains a treasure of ancient learning, delivered in clear and strong language: and is indeed a master-piece in its kind, a thunderbolt to Lord Bolingbroke and all his admirers.

Sunday 15, I buried the remains of Rebecca Mills. She found peace with God many years since, and about five years ago was entirely changed, and enabled to give her whole soul to God. From that hour she never found any decay, but loved and served him with her whole heart. Pain and sickness, and various trials succeeded, almost without any intermission. But she was always the same, firm and unmoved, as the rock on which she was built; in life and in death uniformly praising the God of her salvation. The attainableness of this great salvation is put beyond all reasonable doubt, by the testimony of one such (were there but one) living and dying witness.

Friday 20, I preached to the condemned felons in Newgate, on *To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* All of them were struck and melted into tears. Who knows but some of them may *reap in joy?* In the evening I preached at Laytonstone. How good would it be for me to be here, not twice in a year, but in a month! So it *appears* to me. But God is wiser than man. When it is really best, will he not bring it to pass?

About this time, I received two or three remarkable letters, extracts from which I here subjoin.

"Reverend Sir,

"Lately I was requested to read Mr. Marshall's Gospel Mystery of Sanctification: it was represented to me, as the most excellent piece ever published on that subject. I have read it, and lest I should be mistaken, submit to you the following short remarks.

"It must be acknowledged, he is, on the one hand, copious in shewing the impracticability of real, genuine holiness, or of doing any works acceptable to God, till we *repent and believe the Gospel.* On the other hand, he shews

the deadly consequences of that faith, which sets aside our obligations to observe God's holy law.

"I rejoice, likewise, to find him shewing how well able a believer is to keep this law, and proving that this faith implies a divine assurance of our belonging to Christ: but most of all, to observe him speaking so excellently of the growth of a believer in holiness. 'We are *always*,' says he, 'to resist the devil, to quench *all his fiery darts*, and to *perfect holiness in the fear of God.* We are to be built up in Christ, *until we come to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*'

"But how does this agree with his asserting, 'Our natural state doth remain, in a measure, with *all its corrupt principles and practices*, as long as we live in the present world? You may as well wash a blackamoor white, as purge the flesh from its evil lusts. It will lust against the Spirit in the best saints upon earth.' How then am I to come *to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ?* Is there a reconciliation between *the fulness of Christ* in a believer, and *all his corrupt principles and practices?* Is it thus, that the strong man armed is to be *cast out, with the spoiling of his goods?* Does he tell me, I am to quench *all the fiery darts of the devil:* and, in the same breath, that 'I may as well wash a blackamoor white?' That I *can do all things* through Christ strengthening me: and yet, that the flesh shall never be purged from its evil lusts; no, not in the best saints on earth, so long as they live in the present world? What a wonderful communion is here between light and darkness! What strange fellowship between Christ and Belial!

"What can we infer from hence, but that Mr. Marshall's book, containing so much poison mixed with food, is an exceedingly dangerous one, and not fit to be recommended to any but experienced Christians!"

The following letter is of a very different kind:

"Sir,

"I was yesterday led to hear, what God would say to me by your mouth. You exhorted us to *Strive to enter in at*

the strait gate. I am willing so to do: but I find one chief part of my striving must be, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant, to visit the sick, and such as are in prison, bound in misery and iron.

"But if you purge out all who scorn such practices, or at least are not found in them, how many will remain in your Society? I fear, scarcely enow to carry your body to the grave! Alas, how many even among those who are called believers, have plenty of all the necessaries of life, and yet complain of poverty! How many have houses, and lands, or bags of money, and yet cannot find in their hearts to spare now and then to God's poor a little piece of gold! How many have linen in plenty, with three or four suits of clothes, and can see the poor go naked! They will change them away for painted clay, or let the moths devour them, before they will give them to cover the nakedness of their poor brethren, many of whose souls are clothed with glorious robes, though their bodies are covered with rags. Pray, Sir, tell these, you cannot believe they are Christians, unless they imitate Christ, in doing good to all men, and hate covetousness, which is idolatry."

I do tell them so: and I tell them, *It will be more tolerable in the day of Judgment for Sodom and Gomorrah than for* them! I tell them, *The Methodists* that do not fulfil all righteousness, will have the hottest place in the lake of fire!

To awaken, if possible, these sleepers, I add one extract more.

"Reverend and dear Sir,

"Some time ago I acquainted you how graciously the Lord had dealt with me, in delivering me out of all my troubles. For some time past I have been amazed at my speech, memory, and understanding, in all which I was remarkably defective. I have had power to explain the Scriptures to my friends that meet here, in a manner that astonished me. But I immediately saw from whence these blessings came, and with an overflow of love and joy, worshipped the great fountain of all goodness. I never was so

sensible of my unprofitableness, never so abhorred myself as I do now. And yet I feel no condemnation, nor any withdrawing of my Redeemer's love. He is my shield and buckler, my God and my all. Glory be to God and the Lamb for ever. Praise him for me, and praise him for ever. Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord.

"Since the Lord has not only been gracious to my soul, but has entrusted me with a share of this world's good, I am under an equal obligation to be faithful, in this as in the other gifts of God. Now especially, when help is so much wanted, I ought to be the more careful. Suffer me, Sir, to speak freely of myself. I have about forty seven pounds a year. As to my disbursements, for apparel, I buy the most lasting, and in general, the plainest I can. I buy no furniture but what is necessary and cheap. I make my own fire, and get my own breakfast and supper. I pay six-pence to one of our friends for my dinner. I drink herb-tea, and thereby save at least a shilling a week. I seldom drink tea in an afternoon, but sup at six, on bread and cheese, with milk and water. So I save at least eight-pence by dropping tea in the afternoon. I fasted much, till my health was greatly impaired. Then I used abstinence on Wednesdays, Fridays, and other fast-days, till I was obliged to leave this off too: but not till I was quite indifferent as to what I eat. So I determined, if I cannot retrench a meal, I can retrench the expense of a meal twice a week and on other fast-days, using potatoes, milk, or some other cheap thing. Thus I save four-pence per dinner twice a week, which, with the one shilling and eight-pence, make two shillings and four-pence per week, without retrenching one necessary meal. Now this two shillings and four-pence would buy as much meat as, made into broth, would nearly suffice for a small family. To be short, the expense for myself, meat, drink, clothes, and washing, is not twenty eight pounds per annum, so that I have nearly twenty pounds to return to God in the poor. Now if every Christian family, while in health, would thus far deny itself, would twice a week dine on the cheapest food, drink, in general, herb-tea,

faithfully calculate the money saved thereby, and give it to the poor, over and above their usual donations, we should then hear no complaining in our streets, but the poor would eat and be satisfied. He that gathered much would have nothing over, and he that gathered little, would have no lack. Oh! how happy should we all be, if this were the case with us! I mentioned this some time ago in a meeting at London, when a brother said, 'These are but little things.' As I went home, I thought of his words: 'Little things!' Is the want of fire, in frost and snow, a little thing? or the want of food, in a distressed, helpless family? Gracious God! *Feed me with food convenient for me! Give me not poverty, lest I steal and take the name of my God in vain!*

"Dear Sir, I know what you feel for the poor, and I also sympathize with you. Here is a hard season coming on, and every thing very dear. Thousands of poor souls, yea, Christians, dread the approaching calamities. O that God would stir up the hearts of all, that believe themselves his children, to evidence it by shewing mercy to the poor, as God has shewn them mercy! Surely the real children of God will do it of themselves: for it is the natural fruit of a branch in Christ. I would not desire them to lose one meal in a week, but to use as cheap food, clothes, &c. as possible. And I think the poor themselves ought to be questioned, with regard to drinking tea and beer. For I cannot think it right for them to indulge themselves in those things, which I refrain from, to help them. My earnest prayers shall accompany your's, that God would give us all, in this our day, to know the things which belong unto our peace, and to acknowledge the blessings which are freely given to us of God!"

Monday 23, I went to Canterbury. Here I met with the Life of Mahomet, written, I suppose, by the Count de Boulanvilliers. Whoever the Author is, he is a very pert, shallow, self-conceited coxcomb, remarkable for nothing but his immense assurance, and thorough contempt of Christianity. And the book is a dull, ill-digested ro-

mance, supported by no authorities at all: whereas Dean Prideaux (a writer of ten times his sense) cites his authorities for every thing he advances.

In the afternoon I rode to Dover; but the gentleman I was to lodge with, was gone a long journey. He went to bed well; but was dead in the morning. Such a vapour is life! At six I preached; but the house would by no means contain the congregation. Most of the officers of the garrison were there. I have not found so much life here for some years. After preaching at Sandwich and Margate, and spending a comfortable day at Canterbury, on Saturday I returned to London.

Monday 30, I took coach for Norwich, and in the evening came to Newmarket. Tuesday, December 1, being alone in the coach, I was considering several points of importance. And thus much appeared clear as the day:

That a man may be saved, who cannot express himself properly concerning imputed righteousness. Therefore, to do this, is not necessary to salvation:

That a man may be saved, who has not clear conceptions of it: (Yea, that never heard the phrase;) Therefore, clear conceptions of it are not necessary to salvation; yea, it is not necessary to salvation, to use the phrase at all:

That a pious Church-man, who has not clear conceptions even of justification by faith, may be saved: therefore, clear conceptions even of this, are not necessary to salvation:

That a mystic, who denies justification by faith, (Mr. Law, for instance) may be saved. But if so, what becomes of *Articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ?* If so, is it not high time for us

Projicere ampullas & sesquipedalia verba;

and, to return to the plain word, *He that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him!*

Every evening this week, I preached at Norwich, to a quiet, well-behaved congregation. Our friends, the mob, seem to have taken their leave. And so have triflers: all that remain seem to be deeply serious. But how easily are even these turned out of the way! One of our old members,

about a year ago, left the Society, and never heard the preaching since, "Because Mr. Lincoln said, Mr. Wesley and all his followers would go to hell together!" However, on Tuesday night he ventured to the house once more: and God met him there, and revealed his Son in his heart.

Saturday 5, Believing it was my duty to search to the bottom some reports which I had heard concerning Mr. B——, I went to his old friend, Mr. G——, an Israelite indeed, but worn almost to a skeleton. After I had explained to him the motives of my enquiry, he spoke without reserve. And if his account be true, that hot, sour man, does well to hold fast his opinion; for it is all the religion he has.

Monday 7, I went on to Yarmouth, and found "confusion worse confounded." Not only B— W—'s Society was come to nothing, but ours seemed to be swiftly following. They had almost all left the Church again, being full of prejudice against the Clergy and against one another. However, as two or three retained their humble, simple love, I doubted not but there would be a blessing in the remnant. My first business was, to reconcile them to each other: and this was effectually done, by hearing the contending parties, first separately, and afterwards face to face. It remained, to reconcile them to the Church: and this was done partly by arguments, partly by persuasion.

Friday 11, We set out at three in the morning; but did not reach Bury till past seven in the evening. The people being ready, I began preaching immediately. Many seemed really desirous to save their souls. The next day we went on to London.

Sunday 13, I was desired to preach a funeral sermon for William Osgood. He came to London nearly thirty years ago, and from nothing increased more and more, till he was worth several thousands of pounds. He was a good man, and died in peace. Nevertheless, I believe his money was a great clog to him, and kept him in a poor, low state all his days, making no such advance as he might have done, either in holiness or happiness.

To-day I found a little soreness on the edge of my tongue,

which the next day spread to my gums, then to my lips, which inflamed, swelled, and the skin bursting, bled considerably. Afterward the roof of my mouth was extremely sore, so that I could chew nothing. To this was added a continual spitting. I knew a little rest would cure all: but this was not to be had; for I had appointed to be at Sheerness on Wednesday the 16th. Accordingly I took horse between five and six, and came thither between five and six in the evening. At half an hour after six I began reading prayers, (the Governor of the Fort having given me the use of the Chapel) and afterwards preached, though not without difficulty, to a large and serious congregation. The next evening it was considerably increased, so that the Chapel was as hot as an oven. In coming out, the air being exceedingly sharp, quite took away my voice, so that I knew not how I should be able the next day, to read prayers or preach to so large a congregation. But in the afternoon the good Governor cut the knot, sending word, "I must preach in the Chapel no more." A room being offered, which held full as many people as I was able to preach to, we had a comfortable hour, and many seemed resolved, to *seek the Lord while he may be found.*

Examining the Society, consisting of four or five and thirty members, I had the comfort to find many of them knew in whom they had believed. And all of them seemed really desirous to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour. Such a town as many of these live in, is scarcely to be found again in England. In the dock adjoining to the Fort, there are six old men of war. These are divided into small tenements, forty, fifty, or sixty in a ship, with little chimnies and windows, and each of these contains a family. In one of them, where we called, a man and his wife, and six little children lived. And yet all the ship was sweet, and tolerably clean, sweeter than most sailing ships I have been in. Saturday 19, I returned to London.

Saturday 26, I visited poor Mrs. H. whose wild husband has very nearly murdered her, by vehemently affirming, "It was revealed to him, that she should die before such a day."

Indeed, the day is past; but her weak, nervous constitution, is so deeply shocked by it, that she still keeps her bed, and, perhaps, will feel it all the days of her life.

Saturday, January 2, 1768, I called on a poor man in the Marshalsea, whose case appears to be uncommon. He is by birth a Dutchman, a Chemist by profession; being but half employed at home, he was advised to come to London, where he doubted not of having full employment. He was recommended to a countryman of his to lodge, who, after six weeks, arrested him, for much more than he owed, and hurried him away to prison, having a wife near her time, without money, friend, or a word of English to speak. I wrote the case to Mr. T——, who immediately gave fifteen pounds, by means of which, with a little addition, he was set at liberty, and put in a way of living: but I never saw him since. And reason good; for he could now live without me.

Monday 4, At my leisure hours this week, I read Dr. Priestley's ingenious book on Electricity. He seems to have accurately collected and well digested all that is known on that curious subject. But how little is that all! Indeed the use of it we know; at least, in some good degree. We know it is a thousand medicines in one: in particular, that it is the most efficacious medicine, in nervous disorders of every kind, which has ever yet been discovered. But if we aim at theory, we know nothing. We are soon

"Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search."

Monday 11, This week I spent my scraps of time in reading Mr. Woodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland. It would transcend belief, but that the vouchers are too authentic, to admit of any exception. O what a blessed Governor was that good-natured man, so called, King Charles the Second! bloody Queen Mary was a lamb, a mere dove, in comparison of him!

Monday 25, and the following days, in the intervals of more important work, I carefully read the pleadings at Edinburgh, in the famous Douglas cause. So intricate a one I never heard, I never read of before. I cannot but be-

lieve the birth was real. But the objections are so numerous, and so strongly urged, I cannot at all wonder that many should believe otherwise.

Monday, February 8, I met with a surprising Poem, entitled, *Cohelcth;* or, *The Preacher.* It is a paraphrase in tolerable verse, on the Book of *Ecclesiastes.* I really think the Author of it, (a Turkey merchant) understands both the difficult expressions, and the connexion of the whole, better than any other, either ancient or modern writer, whom I have seen. He was at Lisbon during the great earthquake, just then sitting in his night-gown and slippers. Before he could dress himself, part of the house he was in, fell and blocked him up. By this means his life was saved: for all who had run out, were dashed in pieces by the falling houses.

Thursday 18, Having been importunately pressed thereto, I rode (through a keen east-wind) to Chatham. About six in the evening, I preached at the Barracks, in what they call, The Church. It is a large room, in which the Chaplain reads prayers, and preaches *now and then.* It was soon as hot as an oven, through the multitude of people, some hundreds of whom were soldiers. And they were *all ear,* as Mr. Boston says, scarcely allowing themselves to breathe. Even between five and six the next morning, the room was warm enough. I suppose upwards of two hundred soldiers were a part of the audience. Many of these are already warring a good warfare, knowing in whom they have believed.

Tuesday 23, I rode to Shoreham, and preached at five in Mr. Perronet's house: but the next day I preached in the Church, being St. Matthias'-day. I then rode back to a large room, which is taken in Rotherhithe, above three miles from London-bridge. Although the people were strangely squeezed together, yet they appeared to be all attention. Not a cough was to be heard. I strongly exhorted them, *To call upon the Lord while he is near.* And when I had concluded, no one offered to move, but every one stood still in his place, till I had passed through them.

Friday 26, I translated from the French one of the most useful Tracts I ever saw, for those who desire to be *fervent in spirit*. How little does God regard men's opinions! What a multitude of wrong opinions are embraced by all the members of the Church of Rome! Yet how highly favoured have many of them been!

Monday 29, I dined at Mr. M—'s. His strangeness is now gone. He has drunk of *my* cup. Reproach has at length found out him also. Afterwards I spent an hour at Mr. G—'s. I can trust myself about once a year in this warm sun-shine; but not much oftener, or I should melt away.

Sunday, March 6, In the evening I went to Brentford, and on Tuesday 8, I reached Bristol, where I did not find any decay in the work of God, though it did not go on so vigorously as at Kingswood. Here the meetings for prayer had been exceedingly blest: some were convinced or converted almost daily. And nearly seventy new members had been added to the Society, in about three months time. The School, likewise, is in a flourishing condition. Several of the children continue serious: and all of them are in better order than they have been for some years.

Monday 14, I set out on my northern journey, and preached at Stroud in the evening. Tuesday 15, about noon I preached at Painswick, and in the evening at Gloucester. The mob here was for a considerable time, both noisy and mischievous: but an honest Magistrate, taking the matter in hand, quickly tamed the beasts of the people. So may any Magistrate, if he will: so that wherever a mob continues any time, all they do is to be imputed, not so much to the rabble, as to the Justices.

Wednesday 16, About noon I preached at Cheltenham, a quiet, comfortable place; though it would not have been so, if either the Rector or the Baptist Minister could have prevented it. Both these have blown the trumpet with their might: but the people had no ears to hear. In the afternoon I preached at Upton, and then rode on to Worcester, But the difficulty was, where to preach: No room was

large enough to contain the people: and it was too cold for them to stand abroad. At length we went to a friend's, near the town, whose barn was larger than many Churches. Here a numerous congregation soon assembled; and again at five, and at ten in the morning. Nothing is wanting here, but a commodious house. And will not God provide this also?

In the afternoon we rode to Evesham. As all was hurry and confusion, on account of the election, I was glad Mr. D. asked me to preach in his Church, where we had a large and exceedingly quiet congregation. How long a winter has been at this place! Will not the spring at length return?

Friday 18, The Vicar of Pebworth had given notice in the Church on Sunday, that I was to preach there on Friday. But the Squire of the Parish said, "It is contrary to the Canons, (wise Squire!) and it shall not be." So I preached about a mile from it, at Broadmarston, by the side of Mr. Eden's house. The congregation was exceedingly large, and remarkably attentive. In the morning the Chapel (so it anciently was) was well filled at five. The simplicity and earnestness of the people, promise a glorious harvest.

Saturday 19, We rode to Birmingham. The tumults which subsisted here so many years are now wholly suppressed by a resolute Magistrate. After preaching, I was pleased to see a venerable monument of antiquity, George Bridgins, in the one hundred and seventh year of his age. He can still walk to the preaching, and retains his senses and understanding tolerably well. But what a dream will even a life of a hundred years appear to him, the moment he awakes in eternity!

Sunday 20, About one I preached on West-Bromwich-Heath: in the evening near the preaching-house in Wednesbury. The north wind cut like a razor; but the congregation, as well as I, had something else to think of. Tuesday 22, I read over a small book, "Poems by Miss Whately," a farmer's daughter. She had little advantage from education, but an astonishing genius. Some of her

elegies I think quite equal to Mr. Gray's. If she had had proper helps for a few years, I question whether she would not have excelled any female poet, that ever yet appeared in England.

Wednesday 23, After preaching at several other places, I rode on to Wolverhampton. Here too all was quiet: only those who could not get into the house, made a little noise for a time: and some hundreds attended me to my lodging; but it was with no other intent than to stare. Thursday 24, I rode to Newcastle-under-Lyme, (a river so called) one of the prettiest towns in England. Many here already know themselves; not a few know Christ. The largeness of the congregation constrained me, though it was very cold, to preach in the open air, on *God commandeth all men, every where, to repent.* I scarcely ever saw a more attentive, or better behaved congregation.

Friday 25, I turned aside a little to Burslem, and preached in the new house. That at Congleton is about the same size, but better contrived, and better finished. We had an elegant congregation at Congleton, yet earnestly attentive. It seems the behaviour of the Society in this town, has convinced all the people in it, but the curate, who still refuses to give the Sacrament to any that will not promise to hear these preachers no more. Saturday 26, we rode to Macclesfield. Sunday 27, at eleven, one of the ministers preached a useful sermon, as did the other in the afternoon. At five in the evening we had thousands upon thousands; and all were serious, while I enforced, *Now is the day of salvation!*

Monday 28, I met the Stewards of the several Societies at Manchester. The times of outward distress are now over. God has given us plenty of all things. It remains only to give ourselves up to Him, who *giveth us all things richly to enjoy.*

Tuesday 29, I preached in Stockport at noon, and Manchester in the evening. Wednesday 30, I rode to a little town called New Mills, in the High Peak of Derbyshire. I preached at noon, in their large, new Chapel, which (in

consideration that preaching-houses have need of air) has a casement, in every window, three inches square. That is the custom of the country.

In the evening and the following morning, I brought strange things to the ears of many in Manchester, concerning the government of their families, and the education of their children: but some still made that very silly answer, "Oh! he has no children of his own." Neither had St. Paul, nor (that we know) any of the Apostles. What then? Were they, therefore, unable to instruct parents? Not so. They were able to instruct every one that had a soul to be saved.

Saturday, April 2, I preached at Little-Leigh, and in the evening, at Chester. At eight in the morning, (Easter-Day) I took my old stand, in the little Square at St. Martin's Ash. The people were as quiet as in the House. While I stayed here, I corrected Miss Gilbert's Journal, a master-piece in its kind. What a prodigy of a child! Soon ripe, and soon gone!

Tuesday 5, About noon I preached at Warrington; I am afraid, not to the taste of some of my hearers, as my subject led me to speak strongly and explicitly on the Godhead of Christ: but that I cannot help; for on this I must insist, as the foundation of all our hope. Wednesday 6, about eleven I preached at Wigan, in a place near the middle of the town, which I suppose was formerly a Play-house. It was very full, and very warm. Most of the congregation were wild as wild might be; yet none made the least disturbance. Afterwards, as I walked down the street, they stared sufficiently: but none said an uncivil word.

In the evening we had a large congregation at Liverpool: but some pretty, gay, fluttering things, did not behave with so much good manners as the mob at Wigan. The congregations in general were quite well-behaved, as well as large, both morning and evening. And I found the Society both more numerous and more lively than ever it was before.

Sunday 10, I rode to Prescot, eight miles from Liverpool, and came thither just as the Church began. The Vicar

preached an excellent sermon, on *Whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world. And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.* After service, many followed me to a vacant place, where we were tolerably sheltered from the cold wind. Fifty or sixty of our Liverpool friends also were there, who had walked over. And God made it both a solemn and a comfortable opportunity to many souls. Monday 11, I rode to Bolton; on Wednesday to Kendal. Seceders and mongrel Methodists, have so surfeited the people here, that there is small prospect of doing good. However, I once more *cast my bread upon the waters*, and left the event to God.

Thursday 14, I rode on, through continued rain, to Ambleside. It cleared up before we came to Keswick, and we set out thence in a fair day. But on the mountains the storm met us again, which beat on us so impetuously, that our horses could scarcely turn their faces against it. However we made shift to reach Cockermouth. But there was no room for preaching, the town being in an uproar, through the Election for Members of Parliament. So, after drying ourselves, we thought it best to go on to Whitehaven.

I found the Society here more alive to God than it had been for several years. And God has chosen the weak to make them strong: the change has been wrought chiefly by means of Joseph G. Many of the children likewise are serious and well-behaved, and some of them seem to be awakened. Sunday 17, I commended them to the grace of God, and rode to Cockermouth. I had designed to preach near the Market-house; but the rain constrained us to go into the House, where I explained (out of the First Lesson) *Let me die the death of the righteous.* In the evening I preached at Coldbeck, in the mountains, to an exceedingly serious congregation. Monday 18, taking horse at four, I reached Solway-firth before eight, and finding a guide ready, crossed without delay; dined at Dumfries, and then went on to Drumlarnic.

Tuesday 19, I rode through heavy rain to Glasgow. On Thursday and Friday I spoke to most of the members of the

Society. I doubt we have few Societies in Scotland like this: the greater part of those I saw, not only have found peace with God, but continue to walk in the light of his countenance. Indeed that wise and good man Mr. Gillies, has been of great service to them: encouraging them by all possible means to abide in the grace of God.

Saturday 23, I rode over the mountains to Perth. I had received magnificent accounts of the work of God in this place; so that I expected to find a numerous and lively Society. Instead of this, I found not above two believers, and scarcely five awakened persons in it. Finding I had all to begin, I spoke exceedingly plain, in the evening, to about a hundred persons at the Room. But knowing this was doing nothing, on Sunday 24, I preached about eight at the end of Watergate. A multitude of people were soon assembled, to whom I cried aloud, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.* All were deeply attentive, and I had a little hope, that some were profited.

At the old Kirk we had useful sermons, both in the morning and at five in the afternoon. Immediately after service I preached, on *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.* The congregation was so exceedingly large, that I doubt many could not hear. After preaching, I explained the nature of a Methodist Society; adding, that I should not look on any persons at Perth as such, unless they spoke to me before I left the City. Four men and four women did speak to me, two of whom I think were believers: and one or two more seemed just awakening, and darkly feeling after God. In truth, the kingdom of God among these, is yet but as a grain of mustard-seed.

Monday 25, Mr. F., Minister of a neighbouring parish, desired us to breakfast with him: I found him a benevolent, sensible man, not bigotted to any opinions. I did not reach Brechin, till it was too late to preach. Tuesday 26, I came to Aberdeen. Here I found a Society truly alive, knit together in peace and love. The congregations were large both morning and evening, and as usual, deeply attentive. But

a company of strolling players, who have at length found place here also, stole away the gay part of the hearers. Poor Scotland! Poor Aberdeen! This only was wanting, to make them as completely irreligious as England.

Friday 29, I read over an extremely sensible book, but one that surprised me much. It is, "An Enquiry into the Proofs of the Charges commonly advanced against Mary Queen of Scotland." By means of original papers, he has made it more clear than one would imagine it possible at this distance: 1, that she was altogether innocent of the murder of Lord Darnley, and no way privy to it: 2, that she married Lord Bothwell, (then nearly seventy years old, herself but four and twenty) from the pressing instance of the nobility in a body, who at the same time assured her, "He was innocent of the King's murder: 3, that Murray, Morton, and Lethington, themselves contrived that murder, in order to charge it upon her, as well as forged those vile letters and sonnets, which they palmed upon the world for her's."

"But how then can we account for the quite contrary story, which has been almost universally received?" Most easily. It was penned and published in French, English, and Latin, (by Queen Elizabeth's order) by George Buchanan, who was Secretary to Lord Murray, and in Queen Elizabeth's pay. So he was sure to throw dirt enough: nor was she at liberty to answer for herself. "But what then was Queen Elizabeth?" As just and merciful as Nero, and as good a Christian as Mahomet.

Sunday, May 1, I preached at seven in the new room: in the afternoon at the College Kirk in Old Aberdeen. At six, knowing our house could not contain the congregation, I preached in the Castle-gate on the paved stones. A large number of people were all attention: but there were many rude, stupid creatures round about them, who knew as little of reason as of religion: I never saw such brutes in Scotland before. One of them threw a potatoe, which fell on my arm. I turned to them; and some were ashamed.

Monday 2, I set out early from Aberdeen, and about noon preached in Brechin. After sermon, the Provost desired to

see me, and said, "Sir, my son had epileptic fits from his infancy. Dr. Ogylvie prescribed for him many times, and at length told me, he could do no more. I desired Mr. Blair last Monday to speak to *you*. On Tuesday morning my son said to his mother, he had just been dreaming, that his fits were gone, and he was perfectly well. Soon after, I gave him the drops you advised: he is perfectly well, and has not had one fit since." In the evening I preached to a large congregation at Dundee. They *heard* attentively, but seemed to *feel* nothing. The next evening I spoke more strongly, and to their hearts rather than their understanding: and I believe a few felt the word of God sharp as a two-edged sword.

Thursday 5, We rode through the pleasant and fruitful Carse of Gowry, a plain, fifteen or sixteen miles long, between the river Tay and the mountains, very thickly inhabited, to Perth. In the afternoon, we walked over to the Royal Palace at Scone. It is a large old house, delightfully situated, but swiftly running to ruin. Yet there are a few good pictures, and some fine tapestry left, in what they call the queen's and the king's chambers. And what is far more curious, there is a bed and a set of hangings, in the (once) royal apartment, which were wrought by poor Queen Mary, while she was imprisoned in the Castle of Lochlevin. It is some of the finest needle-work I ever saw, and plainly shews both her exquisite skill and unwearied industry.

About this time, a remarkable work of God broke out among the children at Kingswood School. One of the masters sent me a short account of it, as follows:

"*April* 27, 1768.

"Reverend and dear Sir,

"On Wednesday the 20th, God broke in upon our boys in a surprising manner. A serious concern has been observable in some of them for some time past: but that night, while they were in their private apartments, the power of God came upon them, even like a mighty, rushing wind, which made them cry aloud for mercy. Last night, I hope, will never be forgotten, when about twenty were in

the utmost distress: but God quickly spoke peace to two of them, J. Gl—t, and T. M—e. A greater display of his love, I never saw: they indeed rejoice with joy unspeakable. For my own part, I have not often felt the like power. We have no need to exhort them to pray; for that spirit runs through the whole school; so that this house may well be called a house of prayer. While I am writing, the cries of the boys from their several apartments are sounding in my ears. There are many still lying at the Pool, who wait every moment to be put in. They are come to this, 'Lord, I will not, I cannot rest without thy love.' Since I began to write, eight more are set at liberty, and now rejoice in God their Saviour. The names of these are John Coward, John Lion, John Maddern, John Boddily, John Thurgar, Charles Brown, William Higham, and Robert Hindmarsh. Their age is from eight to fourteen. There are but few who withstand the work, nor is it likely they should do it long: for the prayers of those that believe in Christ, seem to carry all before them. Among the colliers, likewise, the work of God increases greatly: two of the colliers' boys were justified this week. The number added to the Society since the Conference is a hundred and thirty.

"I had sealed my letter, but have opened it to inform you; that two more of our children have found peace. Several others are under deep conviction. Some of our friends from Bristol are here, who are thunderstruck. This is the day we have wished for so long, the day you have had in view, which has made you go through so much opposition, for the good of these poor children.

"JAMES HINDMARSH."

A few days after, one wrote thus:

"I cannot help congratulating you on the happy situation of your family here. The power of God continues to work, with almost irresistible force: and there is good reason to hope, it will not be withdrawn, till every soul is converted to God. I have had frequent opportunities of conversing alone with the boys, and find the work has taken deep root in many hearts. The house rings with praise and

prayer, and the whole behaviour of the children strongly speaks for God. The number of the new-born is increased since you received your last information. I have been a witness of part; but the whole exceeds all that language can paint."

Another writes, May 18, "the work of God still goes on at Kingswood. Of the hundred and thirty members who have been added to the Society since the last Conference, the greater part have received justifying faith, and are still rejoicing in God their Saviour: and, what is the most remarkable, I do not know of one backslider in the place. The out-pouring of the Spirit on the children in the school, has been exceedingly great. I believe, there is not one among them, who has not been affected, more or less. Twelve of them have found peace with God: and some, in a very remarkable manner. These have no more doubt of the favour of God, than of their own existence. And the Lord is still with them, though not so powerfully as he was two or three weeks since."

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. XV.

FROM MAY 14, 1768, TO SEPTEMBER 1, 1770.

SATURDAY, May 14, 1768, I walked once more through Holyrood-house, a noble pile of building; but the greatest part of it left to itself, and (so like the palace at Scone) swiftly running to ruin. The tapestry is dirty and quite faded; the fine ceilings dropping down; and many of the pictures in the gallery torn, or cut through. This was the work of good General Hawley's soldiers, (like General, like men!) who, after running away from the Scots at Falkirk, revenged themselves on the harmless canvass!

Sunday 15, At eight I preached in the High-School-yard; and I believe not a few of the hearers were cut to the heart. Between twelve and one a far larger congregation assembled on the Castle-hill. And I believe my voice commanded them all, while I opened and enforced those awful words, *I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.* In the evening our house was sufficiently crowded, even with the rich and honourable. *Who hath warned* these *to flee from the wrath to come?* O may they at length *awake and arise from the dead!* Monday 16, I preached in the evening at Dunbar, near the shore, to an unusually large congregation.

Tuesday 17, I looked over Dr. Shaw's Travels: great part of them is very dull and unentertaining: but some remarks are extremely curious. I was a little surprised at one of them: namely, that the celebrated Mount Atlas, is not higher than many of our English mountains, and nothing nearly so high as the Alps. But it was much farther from Rome. So travellers might make it as high as the moon; and few in Italy could contradict them.

Wednesday 18, I came to poor dead Berwick. However, I found a few living souls even here. At seven I preached in the Town-hall, to an exceedingly serious, though not numerous congregation. The next evening I preached in the Market-place at Alnwick. Friday 20, I went on in reading that fine book, Bishop Butler's *Analogy*. But I doubt it is too hard for most of those, for whom it was chiefly intended. *Free-thinkers*, so called, are seldom *close thinkers*. They will not be at the pains of reading such a book as this. One that would profit them, must dilute his sense, or they will neither swallow, nor digest it.

Saturday 21, About noon I preached at Morpeth, and in the evening at Newcastle, in the old Custom-house, a large commodious room near the Quay side, the grand resort of publicans and sinners. Sunday 22, I preached in the morning, under the trees in Gateshead, to a large and serious multitude: and at two, on the Fell, to a much larger. But the largest of all attended at the Garth-heads in the evening. And great part of them were not curious hearers, but well acquainted with the things of the kingdom of God.

Wednesday 25, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read. And yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud; and the nature of the circumstances themselves, excludes the possibility of a delusion. It is true, there are several of them, which I do not comprehend. But this is with me a very slender objection. For, what is it which I

do comprehend, even of the things I see daily? Truly not

"The smallest grain of sand, or spire of grass."

I know not how the one grows, nor how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well attested facts, because I cannot comprehend them?

It is true likewise, that the English, in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it: and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment, which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge, that these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know, (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up witchcraft, is, in effect, giving up the Bible. And they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air (Deism, Atheism, Materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. Indeed there are numerous arguments besides, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one; neither reason nor religion requires this.

One of the capital objections to all these accounts, which I have known urged over and over, is this: "Did you ever see an apparition yourself?" No: nor did I ever see a murder. Yet I believe there is such a thing; yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot, as a reasonable man, deny the fact; although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

But to set this aside, it has been confidently alleged that

many of these have seen their error, and have been clearly convinced, that the supposed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous instance of this, which has been spread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth; who, it was said, acknowledged, "It was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance." Not so, my eldest brother, then at Christ-Church, Oxon, enquired of Mr. Mompesson, his fellow collegian, "Whether his father had acknowledged this or not:" He answered, "The resort of gentlemen to my father's house was so great, he could not bear the expense. He therefore took no pains to confute the report, that he had found out the cheat: although he and I, and all the family knew the account which was published, to be punctually true."

This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleases: or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Mean-time let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary. I have added a few short remarks, which may make some passages a little more intelligible.

1, Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found peace with God: and from that time the whole tenor of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

On Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large. But it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:

"2, From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them, either just when they died, or a little before. And I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed many times I

did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them by day, many by night. Those that came when it was dark, brought a light with them. I observed all little children and many grown persons, had a bright, glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

"3, When I told my uncle this, he did not seem to be at all surprised at it.* But at several times he said, 'Be not afraid: only take care to fear and serve God. As long as he is on your side, none will be able to hurt you.' At other times he said, (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answering me any questions about it,) 'Evil spirits seldom appear, but between eleven at night and two in the morning. But after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the day-time. Whatever spirits, good or bad, come in the day; they come at sun-rise, at noon, or at sun-set.' †

"4, When I was between twelve and thirteen, my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night I was sitting in my chamber, about half an hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in all over on a flame. I cried out, 'William, why do you come in *so* to fright me?' He said nothing, but went away. I went after him into his room: but found he was fast asleep in bed. A day or two after, he fell ill, and within the week died in raging despair.

"5, I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross into a low ground, which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there: and I had myself often seen men and women (so many, at times, that they were out of count) go just by me and vanish away. This morning, as I came toward it, I heard a confused noise, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not

* It appears highly probable, that he was himself experimentally acquainted with these things.

† How strange is this! But how little do we know, concerning the laws of the invisible world!

mind it, but went on till I came near the gate. I then saw on the other side a young man dressed in purple, who said, 'It is too early; go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you and bless you.' And presently he was gone.

"6, When I was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse for three months. One day having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home, I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bed-side, he clasped his arms round my neck, and, bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God. He kept his hold, till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him, dead or alive.

"7, From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning, about one o'clock, as I was lying, crying as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up, saw him come to the bed-side. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

"8, About a week after, I took my bed, and grew worse and worse, till, in six or seven days, my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well-pleased, and sat down on the bed-side. He came every night after, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceedingly glad, and kept my eyes fixed upon him all the time he stayed. If I wanted to drink any thing, though I did not speak or stir, * he fetched it, and set it on the chair by the bed-side. Indeed I could not speak: † many times I strove but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he

* So it is plain, he knew her thoughts! But this is widely distant, from *knowing the hearts of all men.*

† Such an impression, even though she felt no fear, did the presence of a superior nature make upon her!

went away, he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

"9, In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing one night, whether I did well, in desiring he might come: and I was praying, that God would do his own will, when he came in, and stood by the bed-side. But he was not in his usual dress: he had on a white robe which reached down to his feet. He looked quite pleased. About one there stood by him a person in white, taller than he, and exceedingly beautiful. He came with the singing as of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled, and waved his hand toward me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressibly sweet music, and I saw him no more.

"10, In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he proposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock, going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him, and reached my hand, to put up his hat. But he went swiftly by me; and I saw the wall on the other side of the lane part as he went through, and then immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

"11, A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea, as usual. He sailed out on Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded as if he were stepping in water. He then came to the bed-side in his sea-jacket, all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast,* and felt as cold as ice. I strove to wake his wife, who lay with me; but I could not, any more than if she were dead. Afterward, I heard he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away. But he came

* Was this real? Or did he only raise such a sensation in her?

to me every night, for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came, and when he went away, I always heard sweet music.* Afterwards he came both day and night: every night about twelve, with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sun-rise, noon, and sun-set. He came whatever company I was in; at Church, in the Preaching-house, at my Class: and was always just before me, changing his posture, as I changed mine. When I sat, he sat; when I kneeled, he kneeled; when I stood, he stood likewise. I would fain have spoken to him, but I could not; when I tried, my heart sunk within me. Mean time it affected me more and more, so that I lost both my stomach, my colour, and my strength. This continued ten weeks, while I pined away, not daring to tell any one. At last he came four or five nights without any music, and looked exceedingly sad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro; still looking wishfully at me, and as one quite distressed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down about eleven, on the side of the bed. I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him, but unwilling any should hear, I rose and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back; on which he stopped and stood at a distance. I said, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me?' He answered, 'Betsy, God forgive you, for keeping me so long from my rest.† Have you forgotten what you promised before I went to sea? To look to my children, if I were drowned? You must stand to your word, or I cannot rest.' I said, 'I wish I were dead.' He said, 'Say not so. You have more to go through before then. And yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how soon you died. You may bring the children on in their learning while they live: they have but a short time.'‡ I

* Was this a real modulation of the air? Was it designed to shew that he was happy, and to encourage her to speak?

† Who can account for this?

‡ By what means could he know this?

said, 'I will take all the care I can.' He added, 'Your brother has written for you, to come to Jamaica. But if you go, it will hurt your soul. You have also thoughts of altering your condition;* but if you marry him you think of, it will draw you from God, and you will neither be happy here nor hereafter. Keep close to God, and go on in the way wherein you have been brought up.' I asked, 'How do you spend your time?' He answered, 'In songs of praise. But of this you will know more by and by; for where I am you will surely be. I have lost much happiness by coming to you;† and I should not have stayed so long without using other means to make you speak; but the Lord would not suffer me to fright you. Have you any thing more to say? It draws near two, and after that I cannot stay. I shall only come to you twice more before the death of my two children. God bless you.' Immediately I heard such singing, as if a thousand voices joined together. He then went down stairs, and I followed him to the first landing. He smiled, and I said, 'I desire you will come back.' He stood still till I came to him. I asked him one or two questions, which he immediately answered; but added, 'I wish you had not called me back; for now I must take something from you.'‡ He paused a little and said, 'I think you can best part with the hearing of your left ear.' He laid his hand upon it, and in the instant it was deaf as a stone. And it was several years before I recovered the least hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door; and then the music ceased. The elder of his children died at about three years and a half, the younger before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without speaking; after that, I saw him no more.

"12, A little before Michaelmas, 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day

* So he likewise knew her thoughts!

† I do not understand this.

‡ Another instance like this we shall see by and by. But the reason of it we cannot so much as conjecture.

after Michaelmas-day, about midnight, I saw him stand by my bed-side, surrounded with a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ship in which he sailed, split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

"13, On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was lying awake, and I saw my brother John* standing by my bed-side. Just at that time he died in Jamaica.

"14, By his death I became entitled to a house in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobson, an exceedingly wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an Attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept possession of it: but, finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave it up. Three or four nights after, as I rose from prayer, a little before eleven, I saw him standing at a small distance. I cried out, 'Lord, bless me! what brings you here?' He answered, 'You have given up the house: Mr. Parker advised you so to do: † but if you do, I shall have no rest. ‡ Indeed, Mr. Dunn, § whom you have hitherto employed, will do nothing for you. Go to Durham; employ an attorney there, and it will be recovered.'‖ His voice was loud, ¶ and so hollow and deep, that every word went through me. His lips did not move at all, (nor his eyes) but the sound seemed to rise out of the floor. When he had done speaking, he turned about, and walked out of the room. **

"15, In January, as I was sitting on the bed-side, a quarter before twelve, he came in, stood before me, looked earnestly at me, then walked up and down, and stood, and

* So, a spirit finds no difficulty in travelling three or four thousand miles in a moment.

† How often are spirits present when we do not think of it!

‡ Why not? What had he to do with the things under the sun?

§ Did he then know Mr. Dunn's thoughts?

‖ Was he sure of this? Or did he only conjecture?

¶ What a picture! Far beyond her invention!

** That he might not frighten her, by vanishing away.

looked again. This he did for half an hour: and thus he came every other night,* for about three weeks. All this time he seemed angry,† and sometimes his look was quite horrid and furious. One night, I was sitting up in bed crying, when he came and began to pull off the clothes. I strove to touch his hand, but could not; on which he shrunk back and smiled.‡

"16, The next night but one, about twelve, I was again sitting up and crying, when he came and stood at the bedside. As I was looking for a handkerchief, he walked to the table, took one up,§ brought and dropped it upon the bed. After this, he came three or four nights, and pulled the clothes off, throwing them on the other side of the bed.

"17, Two nights after, he came as I was sitting on the bed-side, and, after walking to and fro, snatched the handkerchief from my neck. I fell into a swoon. When I came to myself, he was standing just before me. Presently he came close to me, dropped it on the bed, and went away.

"18, Having had a long illness the year before, having taken much cold by his frequent pulling off the clothes, and being worn out by these appearances, I was now mostly confined to my bed. The next night, soon after eleven, he came again. I asked, 'In God's name, why do you torment me thus? You know, it is impossible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear that you are not happy, and beg to know, whether you are or not?' He answered, after a little pause, 'That is a bold question for you to ask. So far as you knew me to do amiss in my life-time, do you take care to do better.' I said, 'It is a shocking affair, to live and die after that manner.' He replied, 'It is no time for reflections now: what is done cannot be undone.' I said, 'It must be a great happiness to die in the Lord!' He said,

* Surely God saw this was as much as she could bear.

† At her not speaking. But why could not he speak first? Is this contrary to the law of the invisible world?

‡ Poor ghost! Did this divert thee for a moment from attending to the worm that never dieth?

§ So, he saw her thought! But did he not pity her too?

'Hold your tongue! hold your tongue! At your peril never mention such a word before *me* again!'* I was frighted, and strove to lift up my heart to God. He gave a shriek, and sunk down at three times, with a loud groan at each time. Just as he disappeared, there was a large flash of fire, and I fainted away.

"19, Three days after, I went to Durham, and put the affair into the hands of Mr. Hugill, the Attorney. The next night, about one, he came in; but, on my taking up the Bible, went away. A month after, he came about eleven. I said, 'Lord, bless me: what has brought you hither again?' He said, 'Mr. Hugill† has done nothing but write one letter: you must write or go to Durham again. It may be decided in a few days.' I asked, 'Why do not you go to my aunts, who keep me out of it?' He answered, 'I have no power to go to them: and they cannot bear it. If I could, I would go to them, were it only to warn them:‡ for, I doubt, where I am, I shall get too many to bear me company.' He added, 'Take care:‖ there is mischief laid in Peggy's§ hands: she will strive to meet you coming from your Class. I do not speak to hinder you from going to it, but that you may be cautious. Let some one go with you, and come back with you; though, whether you will escape or not, I cannot tell.' I said, 'She can do no more than God will let her.' He answered, 'We have all too little to do with him. Mention that word no more. As soon as this is decided, meet me at Boyldon-hill,¶ between twelve and one at night.' I said, 'That is a lone place for a woman to go to at that time of night. I am willing to meet you at the Ballast-hills, or in the Churchyard.' He said, 'That will not do. But what are you

* This seems to have been peculiarly intolerable to him, the thought of what he had lost.

† So he had observed him narrowly, though unseen.

‡ Is not this like the concern of Dives for his five brethren? Luke xvi. 28.

‖ Here at least, he shews some remains of real affection!

§ Her aunt.

¶ About half a mile from the town.

afraid of?' I answered, 'I am not afraid of you,* but of rude men.' He said, 'I will set you safe, both thither and back again.' I asked, 'May I not bring a minister with me?' He replied, 'Are you thereabouts; I will not be seen by any but you: you have plagued me sorely enough already. If you bring any with you, take what follows.'

"20, From this time he appeared every night, between eleven and two. If I put out the fire and candle, in hopes I should not see him, it did not avail: for as soon as he came, all the room was light, but with a dismal light, like that of flaming brimstone. But whenever I took up the Bible, or kneeled down, yea, or prayed in my heart, he was gone.

"21, On Thursday, May 12, he came about eleven, as I was sitting by the fire. I asked, 'In God's name what do you want?' He said, 'You must either go or write to Durham. I cannot stay from you, till this be decided;† and I cannot stay where I am.'‡ When he went away, I fell into a violent passion of crying, seeing no end of my trouble. In this agony I continued till after one, and then fell into a fit. About two I came to myself, and saw standing at the bed-side, one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—' He said, 'The Lord is with you. I am come to comfort you. What cause have you to complain and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? Pray for them, and leave them to God. Arise and pray.' I said, 'I can pray none.' He said, 'But God will help you: only keep close to God. You are backward, likewise, in praying with others, and afraid to receive the Lord's-Supper. Break through that backwardness and that fear. The Lord bless you, and be ever with you!' As he went away, I heard many voices sing Hallelujah, with such

* No! Not though she knew him to be a damned spirit.

† Why not? Who can tell?

‡ And where canst thou stay with any comfort? Dost not thou carry with thee thy own hell?

melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

"22, Saturday 28, About twelve, my grandfather stood at the bed-side. I said, 'In God's name, what do you want?' He said, 'You do not make an end of this thing: get it decided as soon as possible. My coming is as uneasy to myself, as it can be to you.' Before he came, there was a strong smell of burning, and the room was full of smoke, which got into my eyes, and almost blinded me for some time after.

"23, Wednesday, June 21, About sun-set I was coming up stairs at Mrs. Knot's, and I saw him coming towards me out of the opposite room. He went close by me on the stair head. Before I saw him, I smelled a strong smell of burning; and so did Miss Hosmer. It got into my throat, and almost stifled me. I sat down, and fainted away.

"24, On Friday, July 3, I was sitting at dinner, when I thought I heard one coming along the passage. I looked about, and saw my aunt, Margaret Scott of Newcastle, standing at my back. On Saturday I had a letter informing me, that she died on that day." Thus far Elizabeth Hobson.

On Sunday, July 10, I received the following letter from a friend to whom I had recommended her.

"*Sunderland, July* 6, 1768.

"I wrote you word before, that Elizabeth Hobson was put into possession of the house. The same night her old visitant, who had not troubled her for some time, came again, and said, 'You must meet me at Boyldon-hill, on Thursday night, a little before twelve. You will see many appearances,* who will call you to come to them: but do not stir, neither give them any answer. A quarter after twelve, I shall come and call you: but still do not answer, nor stir.' She said, 'It is a hardship upon me for you to desire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now?' He answered, 'It is for *your* good that I desire

* How strange is this! Who can account for it?

it: I *can* take my leave of you now: but if I do, I must take something from you, which you would not like to part with.' She said, 'May not a few friends come with me?' He said, 'They may: but they must not be present when I come.'

"That night, twelve of us met at Mr. Davison's,* and spent some time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then six of us went with her to the place, leaving the rest to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then stood at a small distance from her. It being a fine night, we kept her in our sight, and spent the time in prayer. She stood there till a few minutes after one. When we saw her move, we went to meet her. She said, 'Thank God it is all over and done. I found every thing as he told me. I saw many appearances, who called me to them: but I did not answer or stir. Then he came and called me at a distance; but I took no notice. Soon after, he came up to me and said, 'You are come well fortified.' He then gave her the reasons why he required her to meet him at that place; and why he could take his leave there, and not in the house, without taking something from her. But withall he charged her, to tell this to no one; adding, 'If you disclose this to any creature, I shall be under a necessity of troubling you as long as you live. If you do not, I shall never trouble you, nor see you any more, either in time or eternity.' He then bade her farewell, waved his hand, and disappeared."

Tuesday 31, I made a little excursion into Weardale, and found a people ready prepared for the Lord. I had designed to preach abroad, but had scarcely done singing, when a storm of rain drove us into the house. We had a blessed opportunity there; particularly for healing the backsliders.

Wednesday, June 1, I preached in Teesdale. The sun was scorchingly hot when I began, but was soon covered with clouds. Many of the militia were present at Barnard-

* About a quarter of a mile from the hill.

castle, in the evening, and behaved with decency. I was well pleased to lodge at a gentleman's, an old school-fellow, half a mile from the town. What a dream are the fifty or sixty years that have slipped away, since we were at the Charter-house!

Thursday 2, I preached at noon at a farmer's house, near Brough in Westmoreland. The sun was hot enough: but some shady trees covered both me and most of the congregation. A little bird perched on one of them, and sung without intermission, from the beginning of the service unto the end. Many of the people came from far; but I believe none of them regretted their labour.

The evening congregation in Swaledale was far larger, and equally attentive: and the Society was one of the most lively which I have met with in England. Many of them do rejoice in the pure love of God, and many more are earnestly seeking it.

Friday 3, I rode to Richmond, intending to preach near the house of one of our friends: but some of the chief of the town sent to desire me to preach in the Market-place. The Yorkshire militia were all there, just returned from their exercise: and a more rude rabble-rout I never saw; without sense, decency, or good manners.

In running down one of the mountains yesterday, I had got a sprain in my thigh: it was rather worse to-day; but, as I rode to Barnard-castle, the sun shone so hot upon it, that, before I came to the town, it was quite well. In the evening the commanding-officer gave orders there should be no exercise, that all the Durham militia, (what a contrast!) might be at liberty to attend the preaching. Accordingly we had a little army of officers as well as soldiers; and all behaved well. A large number of them were present at five in the morning. I have not found so deep and lively a work in any other part of the kingdom, as runs through the whole circuit; particularly in the vales that wind between these horrid mountains. I returned to Newcastle in the evening.

Sunday 5, I preached in the morning at Placey, to some

of the most lively colliers in England: and about two at Hartley, to a still larger congregation: but to the largest of all, in the Castlegarth, at Newcastle.

Tuesday 7, I went down by water to South-Shields, and preached at noon to far more than could hear. We went after dinner to Tinmouth-castle, a magnificent heap of ruins. Within the walls are the remains of a very large Church, which seems to have been of exquisite workmanship. And the stones are joined by so strong a cement, that but for Cromwell's cannon they might have stood a thousand years.

Monday 13, I left Newcastle, and in the residue of the month visited most of the Societies in Yorkshire. Thursday, July 14, I crossed over into Lincolnshire, and after spending about ten days there, returned by Doncaster, Rotherham, and Sheffield, and thence crossed over to Madeley. On Tuesday 19, I wrote the following letter:

"*Swinfleet, July* 19, 1768.

"Reverend and dear Sir,

"One of Wintringham informed me yesterday, that you said, 'No sensible and well-meaning man could hear, and much less join the Methodists, because they all acted under a lie, professing themselves members of the Church of England, while they licensed themselves as Dissenters.' You are a little misinformed. The greater part of the Methodist Preachers are not licensed at all. And several that are, are not licensed as Dissenters: I instance particularly in Tho. Adams and Tho. Brisco. When Thomas Adams desired a license, one of the Justices said, 'Mr. Adams, are not you of the Church of England? Why then do you desire a license?' He answered, 'Sir, I am of the Church of England. Yet I desire a license, that I may legally defend myself from the illegal violence of oppressive men.' Thomas Brisco being asked the same question in London, and the Justice adding, 'We will not grant you a license;' his Lawyer replied, 'Gentlemen, you cannot refuse it. The act is a mandatory act. You have no choice.' One asked the Chairman, 'Is this true?' He shook his head, and said, 'He is in the

right.' The objection, therefore, does not lie at all against the greater part of the Methodist Preachers, because they are either licensed in this form, or not licensed at all.

"When others applied for a license, the Clerk or Justice said, 'I will not license you, but as Protestant Dissenters.' They replied, 'We are of the Church. We are not Dissenters. But if you will call us so, we cannot help it.' They did call them so in their certificates. But this did not make them so. They still call themselves members of the Church of England: and they believe themselves so to be. Therefore, neither do they act under a lie. They speak no more than they verily believe. Surely, then, unless there are stronger objections than this, both well-meaning and sensible men, may, in perfect consistence with their sense and sincerity, not only hear, but join the Methodists.

"We are in truth so far from being enemies to the Church, that we are rather bigots to it. I dare not, like Mr. Venn, leave the Parish Church where I am, to go to an Independent Meeting. I dare not advise others to go thither, rather than go to Church. I advise all, over whom I have any influence, steadily to keep to the Church: meantime, I advise them, to see that the kingdom of God is within them: that their hearts be full of love to God and man: and to look upon all, of whatever opinion, who are like-minded, as their brother, and sister, and mother. O Sir, what art of men or devils is this, which makes you so studiously stand aloof from those who are thus minded? I cannot but say to you, as I did to Mr. Walker, (and I say it the more freely, because, *quid mea refert?* I am neither better nor worse, whether you hear or forbear) 'The Methodists do not want you; but you want them.' You want the life, the spirit, the power, which they have; not of themselves, but by the free grace of God. Else how could it be, (let me speak without reserve) that so good a man and so good a preacher, should have so little fruit of his labour, his unwearied labour, for so many years? Have your parishioners the life of religion in their souls? Have they so much as the form of it? Are the people of Wintringham in

general any better than those of Winterton or Horton? Alas! Sir, what is it which hinders your reaping the fruit of so much pains and so many prayers?

"Is it not possible this may be the very thing, your setting yourself against those whom God owns, by the continual conviction and conversion of sinners?

"I fear, as long as you in any wise oppose these, your rod will not blossom, neither will you see the desire of your soul, in the prosperity of the souls committed to your charge.

"I pray God to give you a right judgment in all things, and am,

"Dear Sir, your affectionate Brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Sunday 31, I preached for Mr. Fletcher in the morning, and in the evening at Shrewsbury.

Monday, August 1, I lodged at the Abbey, in Cardiganshire; and on Wednesday morning reached Haverford-West. Here abundance of people flocked together, and willingly suffered the word of exhortation. Indeed a more quiet, humane, courteous people I have scarcely ever seen. But, I fear, they were surfeited with preaching before we set foot in the town.

Saturday 6, I went to Pembroke. We were here several times before we had any place in Haverford-West. But we have reason to fear, lest the first become last. Sunday 7, I took a good deal of pains to compose the little misunderstandings which have much obstructed the work of God. At ten, I read prayers, preached, and administered the sacrament to a serious congregation at Daniel's, and the next morning left the people full of good desires, and in tolerable good humour with each other.

Monday 8, I rode to Lanelly, and preached to a small, earnest company, on *Ye are saved through faith:* thence we found a kind of a way to Oxwych, where I pressed the one thing needful, on a plain, simple people, right willing to hear, with great enlargement of heart.

Tuesday 9, I took a full view of the Castle, situate on the

top of a steep hill, and commanding a various and extensive prospect, both by sea and land. The building itself is far the loftiest which I have seen in Wales. What a taste had they, who removed from hence, to bury themselves in the hole at Margum!

When we came to Neath, I was a little surprised, to hear I was to preach in the Church; of which the Churchwardens had the disposal, the Minister being just dead. I began reading prayers at six, but was greatly disgusted at the manner of singing: 1, twelve or fourteen persons kept it to themselves, and quite shut out the congregation: 2, these repeated the same words, contrary to all sense and reason, six, eight, or ten times over: 3, according to the shocking custom of modern music, different persons sung different words at one and the same moment: an intolerable insult on common sense, and utterly incompatible with any devotion.

Wednesday 10, At five I had the pleasure of hearing the whole congregation at the Room, *sing with the spirit and with the understanding also:* and again, at one in the afternoon, at Cowbridge, where I found uncommon liberty of speech, while I was explaining to many of the rich and gay, as well as to the poor, *the kingdom of God is within you.* I did not reach Cardiff till after seven; where, finding the congregation waiting, I began immediately in the Town-hall, strongly exhorting them, not to *receive the grace of God in vain.*

Friday 12, I preached at that lovely place, Llanbraddock: Saturday 13, about noon at Chepstow. Thence I hasted to the passage, though every one told me I had time enough, and to spare. I had so; for I waited six hours, the boat being just gone when we came. About nine we got over, and reached Bristol between eleven and twelve. Sunday 14, hearing my wife was dangerously ill, I took chaise immediately, and reached the Foundery before one in the morning. Finding the fever was turned, and the danger over, about two I set out again, and in the afternoon came (not at all tired) to Bristol.

Our Conference began on Tuesday the 16th, and ended on Friday the 19th. O what can we do for more labourers? We can only cry to the Lord of the harvest.

Sunday 21, Thousands of hearers, rich and poor, received the word near the New-square, with the deepest attention. This is the way to shake the trembling gates of hell. Still I see, nothing can do this so effectually as field-preaching.

Monday 22, I rode through impetuous rain to Weston, a village near Bridgewater. A while ago, the people here were lions; but now they are become lambs. Tuesday 23, I saw a serious congregation at Taunton. And shall we have fruit here also? In the evening I preached to the poor backsliders at Collumpton, on *Will the Lord be no more intreated?*

Wednesday 24, I rode to Launceston, where both the seriousness and largeness of the congregation, evening and morning, gave us reason to hope, that all our labour here will not be in vain. Friday 26, I came to Camelford, where the Society is once more shrunk from seventy to fourteen. I preached in the Market-place, on *O that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!* Many were moved for the present; as they were the next day, while I was applying those awful words, *The harvest is past, the summer is ending, and we are not saved!*

Saturday 27, I went on to Port-Isaac, now the liveliest place in the Circuit. I preached from a balcony in the middle of the town; a circumstance I could not but observe. Before I came to Port-Isaac the first time, one Richard Scantlebury, invited me to lodge at his house: but when I came, seeing a large mob at my heels, he fairly shut the door upon me. Yet, in that very house, I now lodge; Richard Scantlebury, being gone to his fathers, and the present proprietor, Richard Wood, counting it all joy to receive the servants of God. About this time I wrote to a friend as follows:

"DEAR LAWRENCE,

"By a various train of providences you have been led to the very place where God intended you should be. And

you have reason to praise him, that he has not suffered your labour there to be in vain. In a short time, how little will it signify, whether we have lived in the Summer Islands, or beneath

'The rage of Arctos and eternal frost:'

How soon will this dream of life be at an end! And when we are once landed in eternity, it will be all one, whether we spent our time on earth in a palace, or had not where to lay our heads.

"You never learned either from my conversation, or preaching, or writings, that 'Holiness consists in a show of joy.' I constantly told you quite the contrary; I told you, it is love: the love of God and our neighbour: the image of God stamped on the heart: the life of God in the soul of man; the mind that was in Christ, enabling us to walk as Christ also walked. If Mr. Maxfield, or you, took it to be any thing else, it was your own fault, not mine. And whenever you waked out of that dream, you ought not to have laid the blame of it upon me. It is true, that *joy* is one part of *the fruit of the Spirit*, of the kingdom of God within us. But this is first *righteousness*, then *peace* and *joy in the Holy Ghost*. It is true farther, that if you love God with *all your heart*, you may *rejoice evermore*. Nay, it is true still farther, that many serious, humble, sober-minded believers, who do feel the love of God sometimes, and do then rejoice in God their Saviour, cannot be content with this, but pray continually, that he would enable them to love and *rejoice in the Lord always*. And no fact under heaven is more undeniable, than that God does answer this prayer; that he does, for the sake of his Son, and through the power of his Spirit, enable one and another so to do.

"It is also a plain fact, that this power does commonly overshadow them in an instant: and that from that time they enjoy that inward and outward holiness, to which they were utter strangers before. Possibly you might be mistaken in this, perhaps you thought you had received what you had not. But pray do not measure *all men* by yourself: do

not imagine, you are the *universal standard*. If you deceived yourself, (which yet I do not affirm) you should not infer, that *all others do*. Many think they are justified, and are not; but we cannot infer, that none are justified. So neither, if many think they are *perfected in love*, and are not, will it follow, that none are so? Blessed be God, though we set a hundred enthusiasts aside, we are still *encompassed with a cloud of witnesses*, who have testified and do testify in life and in death, *that perfection*, which I have taught these forty years! This perfection cannot be a delusion, unless the Bible be a delusion too: I mean, *loving God with all our heart*, and our neighbour as ourselves.

"I pin down all its opposers to this definition of it. No evasion! No shifting the question! Where is the delusion of this? Either you received *this love* or you did not: if you did, dare you call it a delusion? You will not call it so for all the world. If you received any thing else, it does not at all affect the question. Be it as much a delusion as you please, it is nothing to them who have received quite another thing, viz. that deep communion with the Father and the Son, whereby they are enabled to give him their whole heart; to love every man as their own soul, and to walk as Christ also walked.

"O Lawrence, if sister Coughlan and you, ever did enjoy this, humble yourselves before God, for casting it away; if you did not, God grant you may!"

Monday 29, I rode to St. Columb, intending to preach there, but finding no place that was tolerably convenient, I was going to take horse, when one offered me the use of his meadow, close to the town. A large congregation quickly assembled, to whom I explained the nature and pleasantness of religion. I have seldom seen a people behave so well the first time I have preached to them.

Tuesday 30, Calling at St. Agnes, I found a large congregation waiting, so I preached without delay. At Redruth, likewise, I found the people gathered from all parts; and God gave a loud call to the backsliders. Indeed there was need: for T. Rankin left between three and four hun-

dred members in the Society, and I found a hundred and ten! In the evening I preached in the meadow at St. Ives, to a very numerous and deeply serious congregation.

Wednesday 31, I met the children, a work which will exercise all the talents of the most able preachers in England. Thursday, September 1, the grass being wet we could not stand in the meadow, but we found an open space, where I called a listening multitude to return to him, who has not forgotten to be gracious.

Friday 2, I preached at noon to an earnest company at Zennor, and in the evening to a far larger at St. Just. Here being informed that one of our sisters in the next parish, Morva, who entertained the preachers formerly, was now decrepid, and had not heard a sermon for many years, I went on Saturday 3, at noon, to Alice Daniel's, and preached near the house, on *They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead—are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.* I have always thought there is something venerable in persons worn out with age: especially when they retain their understanding, and walk in the ways of God.

Sunday 4, I went to St. Creet's Church, where I heard an excellent sermon. Between one and two I confirmed it, by explaining that happy religion, which our Lord describes in the eight beatitudes. About five in the evening I preached at Newlin: about nine the next morning, at Penzance. Surely God will have a people even in this place, where we have so long seemed only to beat the air. At noon I preached in St. Hilary's, and at St. John's this and the next evening. I believe the most senseless then felt the word of God sharp as a two-edged sword.

Wednesday 7, After the early preaching the Select Society met; such a company of lively believers, full of faith and love, as I never found in this country before. This and the three following days, I preached at as many places as I could, though I was at first in doubt, whether I could preach eight days together, mostly in the open air, three or

four times a day. But my strength was as my work; I hardly felt any weariness, first or last.

Sunday 11, About noon I preached at St. Agnes, and again between one and two. At five I took my old stand at Gwenap, in the natural amphitheatre. I suppose no human voice could have commanded such an audience on plain ground. But the ground rising all round gave me an advantage, that, I believe, all could hear distinctly.

Monday 12, I preached about noon at Callestick, and in the evening at Kerley. It rained all the time; but that did not divert the attention of a large congregation. At noon, Tuesday 13, I preached in Truro, and in the evening at Mevagizzy. It was a season of solemn joy: I have not often found the like. Surely God's thoughts are not as our thoughts! Can any good be done at Mevagizzy?

Wednesday 14, After preaching at St. Austle and Medros, I rode over to St. Roach, and spent a comfortable evening with my old acquaintance Mr. Furly.

Thursday 15, We had our Quarterly-meeting at Medros. But it was not now as the last time I was here, when the whole Society was in a flame: *The love of many* is now *waxed cold.* Friday 16, I rode through heavy rain to Paulperrow. Here the room, over which we were to lodge, being filled with pilchards and conger eels, the perfume was too potent for me: so that I was not sorry, when one of our friends invited me to lodge at her house. Soon after I began to preach, heavy rain began: yet none went away till the whole service was ended.

Saturday 17, When we came to Crimble passage, we were at a full stop. The boat-men told us, the storm was so high, that it was not possible to pass. However, at length we persuaded them to venture out: and we did not ship one sea, till we got over.

Sunday 18, Our room at the Dock contained the morning congregation tolerably well. Between one and two I began preaching on the quay in Plymouth. Notwithstanding the rain, abundance of people stood to hear. But one silly man talked without ceasing, till I desired the people to open

to the right and left, and let me look him in the face. They did so. He pulled off his hat and quietly went away. At five I preached in the square at the Dock, to an exceedingly large congregation. And the rain, though it prevented some from coming, did not cause any to go away. Monday 19, in the evening, I preached in what is vulgarly called Mr. Whitefield's Room. Afterwards I met the Society in our own, and exhorted them to *stand fast in one mind and in one judgment.* I set out early in the morning; and in the evening preached at Tiverton.

Thursday 22, I rode to Axminster. The rain prevented my preaching abroad, though the room would ill contain the congregation. Observing many there who seemed quite unawakened, I opened and strongly applied Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. Lord, *breathe upon these slain, that they may live!* Friday 23, I rode across the Country to Charlton, and found the congregation waiting; in the afternoon we went on to Lympsham; but not without some difficulty. The waters were out, so that it was no easy matter either to ride or walk. My horse got into a ditch over his back in water. Nor could I get to my lodgings the footway, till an honest man took me on his shoulders, and so waded through.

Saturday 24, I returned to Bristol. Tuesday 27, I preached in Pensford at eight, in Shepton-mallet at one, and at Wincaunton in the evening, with far greater freedom than I used to find among that dead people. About one, Wednesday 28, I preached at Stallbridge to a large, serious, and attentive congregation. Hence I went on to cold, uncomfortable Shaftesbury, and spoke exceedingly strong words. All seriously attended; some seemed to understand, and a few to feel what was spoken.

Thursday 29, I rode to Frome. The people here seem more alive, than most I have seen in the Circuit. And this is the more strange, because in this town only, there is such a mixture of men of all opinions, Anabaptists, Quakers, Presbyterians, Arians, Antinomians, Moravians, and what not: If any hold to the truth, in the midst of all these, surely

the power must be of God. Friday 30, we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. And it was a good day for many, who no sooner called, than God answered them in the joy of their hearts.

Sunday, October 2, I preached at Kingswood, upon *Quench not the Spirit*. Possibly this people may now have ears to hear, and may *despise prophesyings* no more. Hereby they have frequently quenched the Spirit, and destroyed his work in their hearts. Wednesday 5, I rode over to Maiden-Bradley, and preached at a little distance from the town, to as serious a congregation as I ever saw, many of whom were in tears. It is a wonder, there should be room for the Gospel here among so many lords and gentlemen! But indeed they neither meddle nor make. And this is all we desire of them.

Friday 7, I spent an hour much to my satisfaction, with the children at Kingswood. There is reason to hope, that the grace of God is still working among them. Some are still alive to God: and all behave in such a manner, that I have seen no other school-boys like them. Sunday 9, I began examining the Society in Kingswood, much increased both in grace and number, chiefly by means of those meetings for prayer, which God still blesses greatly. On Monday and Tuesday I examined the Society at Bristol, and found cause to rejoice over these also: although there is still a heaviness of spirit upon many, indeed on all who are not *going on to perfection*.

Wednesday 12, In the evening I preached at Kingswood. I have not seen such a congregation there on a week-day, for above these twenty years. Nor have I seen such a congregation at Pill for many years, as was present on Thursday in the afternoon. It is possible, even on this barren soil, we may see a little fruit of much labour.

Friday 14, I dined with Dr. Wrangle, one of the King of Sweden's Chaplains, who has spent several years in Pennsylvania. His heart seemed to be greatly united to the American Christians: and he strongly pleaded for our sending some of our Preachers to help them, multitudes of whom

are as sheep without a shepherd. Tuesday 18, he preached at the New Room, to a crowded audience, and gave general satisfaction by the simplicity and life which accompanied his sound doctrine.

Saturday 22, I was much surprised in reading an Essay on Music, written by one who was a thorough master of the subject; to find that the music of the ancients, was as simple as that of the Methodists; that their music wholly consisted of melody, or the arrangement of single notes; that what is now called harmony, singing in parts, the whole of counterpoint and fugues, is quite novel, being never known in the world, till the popedom of Leo the tenth. He farther observes, that as the singing different words by different persons at the very same time, necessarily prevents attention to the sense, so it frequently destroys melody for the sake of harmony: meantime it destroys the very end of music, which is to affect the passions.

Monday 24, I left Bristol, and went by Bath and Bradford, to Salisbury. Wednesday 26, at one I preached in Rumsey, to a very quiet, unaffected audience: and in the evening at Winchester, to a company of as poor people as I have seen for many years.

Thursday 29, The scene was changed: at Portsmouth rich and poor flocked together from all parts. Abundance of them came again at five in the morning. In the evening the house ill contained them. And never did I see any receive the word with greater earnestness. The next day I returned to London.

Monday 31, I took horse at five, and just then found that my horse had scarcely a shoe on his feet. However, I was obliged (not having a minute to spare) to ride on as far as Colney. There I procured one to shoe my horse all round, and lame him on both his fore feet. However, he halted on to Hockley; where an honest and skilful smith, so altered and removed the shoes, that he did not halt any more. But by this means we had lost so much time that the sun set before we reached Whittlebury forest. We had then a wonderful road: some of the ridings (so called) being a belly deep.

However, between six and seven, we came to Whittlebury. James Glasbrook was so wearied out, that he could scarcely stir hand or foot. So I desired him to go to rest. I was weary enough myself, till I began to speak. But weariness then vanished away, and we all praised God with joyful lips.

Tuesday, November 1, I preached at Weedon, and at five next morning: about eleven at Towcester, and in the evening to many more than the house would hold at Northampton. Friday 4, James Glasbrook, (who had a fit of an ague at Whittlebury) undertook to conduct me to Bedford. But he was taken ill on the road. I preached there at seven, on *Awake, thou that sleepest.* And never was more need: for a more sleepy audience I have not often seen. Saturday 5, about noon I preached at Hertford, in the New Room, to a large and serious congregation. The Mayor's usage of Mr. Colley for preaching in the Market-place, with Mr. Colley's firm and calm behaviour, was the mean of convincing Mr. Andrews, who built this Room at his own expense.

Monday 7, I set out for Oxfordshire: preached at Wycombe in the evening, and on Tuesday and Wednesday at Witney. On Thursday, in my return, I was desired to preach at Oxford. The room was thoroughly filled, and not with curious, but deeply serious hearers, many of these desired, that our travelling preachers would take them in their turn; with which I willingly complied. In the evening I preached in the Chapel at Henley, to a considerable number of serious people, one or two of the baser sort made some noise: but I reproved them, and for once they were ashamed.

Friday 11, I read Dr. Nowel's Answer to Mr. Hill, concerning the Expulsion of the Students at Oxford. He has said all that could be said, for that stretch of power, that instance of *summum jus:* and he says quite enough, to clear the Church of England from the charge of Predestination: a doctrine which he proves to be utterly inconsistent with the Common Prayer, the Communion Service, the

office of Baptism, the Articles, the Homilies, and the other Writings of those that compiled them.

Monday 28, In the evening, I preached in the barracks at Chatham. I spoke louder than I have done for years; yet the skirts of the congregation could not hear. Few of those that did hear, heard in vain; for God was in the midst of them. Tuesday 29, at noon, I preached at Sittenbourn, to a deeply attentive audience: and in the evening, at Canterbury, in a house half filled; a sight I do not often see. Wednesday 30, I rode to Dover, and came in just before a violent storm began. It did not hinder the people: many were obliged to go away, after the house was filled. What a desire to hear, runs through all the sea-port towns, wherever we come! Surely God is besieging this nation, and attacking it in all the entrances!

Thursday, December 1, The storm was ready to bear away both man and beast. But it abated about noon; so that, after preaching at Margate, I had a pleasant ride to Canterbury.

I made an odd observation here, which I recommend to all our preachers. The people of Canterbury have been so often reproved, (and frequently without a cause,) for being dead and cold, that it has utterly discouraged them, and made them cold as stones. How delicate a thing is it to reprove! To do it well, requires more than human wisdom.

Friday 2, Those that are called Mr. Whitefield's Society, at Chatham, offered me the use of their preaching-house, which, I suppose, is nearly four times as large as that at the barracks. In the morning I walked on, ordering my servant to overtake me with my carriage. And he did so; but not till I had walked seven or eight miles.

Tuesday 13, Having heard a heavy charge brought against W. G., a member of our Society, I desired the parties concerned to meet me together. But this afternoon we could not get half through. At the second hearing I was convinced, 1, That he had *spoken* unkindly and unjustly; 2, That he had *done* wrong, in leaving Mr. D. at so short

a warning. But I was equally convinced, 3, That there had been *no dishonesty* on either side.

Wednesday 14, I saw the Westminster Scholars act the *Adelphi* of Terence: an entertainment not unworthy of a Christian! O how do these Heathens shame us! Their very comedies contain both excellent sense, the liveliest pictures of men and manners, and such fine strokes of genuine morality, as are seldom found in the writings of Christians.

Monday 19, I spent an hour with B. Johnson. If the account she gives be true, what blessed creatures are both those gentlemen and their wives! That would use the most scurrilous language, yea, strike and drive out of their house, and that in a rainy night, a young gentlewoman, a stranger, far from home, for "joining with the Methodists." Do these call themselves Christians! Nay, and Protestants! Call them Turks. Papists is too good a name!

Tuesday 20, I went to Shoreham. Here I read Mr. Archdeacon Blackburn's *Considerations on the Penal Laws against Papists*. In the Appendix, p. 198, to my no small surprise, I read these words, said to be written by a gentleman at Paris.

"The Popish party boast much of the increase of the Methodists, and talk of that sect with rapture. How far the Methodists and Papists stand connected in principles, I know not: but I believe, it is beyond a doubt, that they are in constant correspondence with each other."

It seems, this letter was published in the St. James's Chronicle. But I never saw or heard of it, till these words were printed in the Canterbury Journal, as Mr. Blackburn's own.

And he has nearly made them his own, by his faint note upon them, 'I *would willingly hope, some* doubt may be made of this." Indeed he adds, "Mr. Whitefield took timely care to preclude all suspicions of his having any connections with Popery." Yea, and Mr. Wesley much more; even as early as August 31, 1738. Again in my Journal, August 27, 1739, I published the only Letter which I ever wrote to a Popish Priest. And it is in proof of

this proposition, (an *extraordinary* proof of my connexions with Popery!) "No Romanist, as such, can expect to be saved, according to the terms of the Christian Covenant."

Many things to the same purpose occur in the *Journals*, and the *Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion*: over and above those whole Treatises which I have published entirely upon the subject, *A Word to a Protestant*, a *Roman Catechism*, and *The Advantages of the Members of the Church of England, over the Members of the Church of Rome.*

What amazing ignorance then, not to say impudence, does it imply, for any one, at this time of day, to *Tax me with having any connexions with Popery.*

In the latter end of this month I took some pains in reading over *Dr. Young's Night Thoughts*, leaving out the indifferent lines, correcting many of the rest, and explaining the hard words: in order to make that noble work more useful to all, and more intelligible to ordinary readers.

Sunday, January 1, 1769, We met, as usual, at Spitalfields Chapel, to renew our Covenant with God. And we never do this without a blessing. Many were comforted and many strengthened.

Monday 9, I spent a comfortable and profitable hour with Mr. Whitefield, in calling to mind the former times, and the manner wherein God prepared us for a work, which it had not then entered into our hearts to conceive.

Tuesday 17, I rode to Chesham. Our own Room being neither so large, nor so convenient, Mr. Spooner, the Dissenting Minister, gave me the use of his Meeting. There was a great number of hearers. They were very attentive: and I doubt, that was all. Tuesday 24, I went (by land and water) to Sheerness. Our place here would by no means contain the congregation. A large number of them attended in the morning, and seemed just ripe for the blessing. It is an advantage to the people here, that they are in a little corner of the land, shut up, as it were, from all the world, but not from the Gospel or Spirit of Christ.

Thursday 26, I returned to Chatham and preached in the

great Meeting, on *God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Friday 27, I returned to London. The same day Elizabeth Vandome went to rest. A month or two ago, when she was first taken ill, she dictated the following letter:

"Dear and Rev. Sir,

"WHEN I first heard the Gospel from you, I was convinced of sin, and nothing could satisfy me, but a sense of pardoning love. For a month the garment of weeping was put upon me night and day; till one day, as I was repeating those words,

'I trust in Him that stands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jesus, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from Thee;'

I was struck down to the ground, and felt the arm of the Lord revealed in me. I knew that God was reconciled: I felt sanctification begun. The fight of faith ensued, and for three quarters of a year, I was struggling with my own will. Sometimes I was in an agony: I was ready to weep my life away, fearing the sins I felt in my heart would never be done away. Yet I believed there was a rest for the people of God, a rest from all sin. One day, conversing with one about the things of God, he said, 'You would have all things become new, *before* you believe. But that is not the way. You must believe first.' When he went away the spirit of prayer and supplication rested upon me. Yet I felt *bound with twice ten thousand ties.* However, I wrestled on till the Lord broke in upon my soul, like the sun in his glory. He loosened me at once from all my bonds, and I knew I loved him with all my heart. Jesus appeared with hair as white as wool, and garments down to his feet, and gave me to sit with him in heavenly places. And from that time (which is seven and twenty years ago) I have felt no temper contrary to love. I have no desire contrary to the will of God. On this bed of sickness, I have communion with the Church triumphant. I know, that

'Jesus is my brother now,
And God is all my own.'

When the tempter comes, my soul cleaves to Jesus, and I am kept in perfect peace.

"I thought it my duty, to leave this short account of the gracious dealings of God with my soul: as you were the instrument he was pleased to make use of, for the beginning and furthering of his work. O may the Lord strengthen you and your brother, and increase in you every fruit of his Spirit. And when you fail on earth, may we meet in heaven, and praise the Great Three-One to all eternity!"

This account was written some time past when the was sick in bed. But since then God raised her up, and enabled her still to be useful to others, though in great weakness of body. When she took to her bed again, about three weeks ago, she had a remarkable dream. She thought she saw Mr. W. labouring with his might to keep the people from falling into a deep pit, which very few of them perceived. The concern she was in awaked her in great emotion. On Tuesday evening last, she desired to be set up in bed, to meet her Class. Her voice faultered much. She earnestly exhorted them all, to live near to God, and to keep close together: adding, "I shall soon join the Church above." She spoke no more: all was silent rapture; till on Friday morning, without sigh or groan, she resigned her spirit to God.

Such a living and dying witness of the perfect love of God, which she enjoyed for eight and twenty years, one would think sufficient to silence all the doubts and objections of reasonable and candid men.

Saturday, 28, I began visiting the Classes. In the intervals I looked over the Transactions of the Royal Society. Is not that a little too severe,

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas? *

If this be true, and if it had been well considered, would half of these Transactions have had a being? Nay, were

* It is a shameful thing to treat trifles as matters of consequence.

men convinced of this, what would become of the greater part of the philosophical experiments in Europe?

Monday, February 6, I spent an hour with a venerable woman, nearly ninety years of age, who retained her health, her senses, her understanding, and even her memory to a good degree. In the last century she belonged to my grandfather Annesley's congregation, at whose house her father and she used to dine every Thursday, and whom she remembers to have frequently seen in his study, at the top of the house with his window open, and without any fire, winter or summer. He lived seventy-seven years, and would probably have lived longer, had he not began water-drinking at seventy.

Friday 10, I went to Deptford on purpose to see honest William Brown, worn out with age and pain, and long confined to his bed, without the use of either hand or foot. But he has the use of his understanding and tongue, and testifies, that God does all things well. And he has no doubt or fear, but is cheerfully waiting till his change shall come.

Monday 13, I rode to Colchester, and had the satisfaction of seeing such a congregation, both this evening and the following, as I never saw in that house before.

Wednesday 15, I rode to Bury, and found not only an attentive audience, but a little Society athirst for God. Thursday 16, supposing we had but five and forty miles to Yarmouth, I did not set out till nearly seven, but it proved threescore; likewise it rained all day, and part of the road was very bad. However, God strengthened both man and beast; so we reached it before six in the evening.

As we were both thoroughly wet, I was a little afraid for my companion, who was much older than I; though he had not lived so many years. But neither of us was any worse. The congregation was the largest I ever saw at Yarmouth. And I spoke far more plainly (if not roughly) than ever I did before. But I doubt, if, after all the stumbling blocks laid in their way, any thing will sink into their hearts.

Friday 17, I abriged Dr. Watts's pretty *Treatise on the Passions*. His one hundred and seventy-seven pages will make an useful Tract of four and twenty. Why do persons, who treat the same subjects with me, write so much larger books? Of many reasons, is not this the chief? We do not write with the same view: their *principal end* is, To get money: My *only one*, *To do good*.

Saturday 18, We rode to Norwich: Sunday 19, at seven I administered the Lord's-Supper to about one hundred and seventy serious communicants. One person then found peace with God, and many were comforted. In the evening, finding the house would not contain one third of the congregation, I was obliged to stand in the open air, a sight which has not been seen at Norwich for many years. Yet all the people were still and deeply attentive, two or three wild Antinomians excepted. I preached on the Gospel of the day, *The Woman of Canaan*. I believe God spake to many hearts. But who will obey his voice?

Wednesday 22, I rode to Lakenheath, and had more hearers there than I had had for several years. I spoke exceedingly plain in the evening. One fruit of which was, that the house was filled at five in the morning. Thence I returned to Bury, and found the same little lively company, whose spirit seemed to reach the whole congregation. I know not when I have observed such a constraining power, as while I was enforcing, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near*. Friday 24, I rode to Baintree. The sharp frost did not hinder many from attending: and all were serious and well-behaved. Saturday 25, I went on to London. Monday 27, I had one more agreeable conversation with my old friend and fellow-labourer, George Whitefield. His soul appeared to be vigorous still; but his body was sinking apace. And unless God interpose with his mighty hand, he must soon finish his labours.

Thursday, March 2, I buried the remains of Michael Hayes, a good old soldier of Jesus Christ. He had lived above a hundred and four years, and mostly in vigorous

health. His speech and understanding continued to the last, and as he lived, so he died, praising God.

Sunday 5, After preaching at Spitalfields in the morning, and at West-street in the afternoon, I went to Brentford; on Monday to Hungerford, and the next day to Bath. On the road I read over Dr. Campbell's excellent Answer to David Hume's insolent Book against Miracles: and Dr. Brown's keen Animadversions on the Characteristics of Lord Shaftsbury, another lively, half-thinking writer.

In the evening my brother read prayers, and I preached in the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel. The congregation was very large, and very attentive. Let us despair of nothing!

Wednesday 8, I preached at Bristol, and met the Society. The next three days, I examined them as usual, one by one, and found some increase in number, with much increase in peace and love. Monday 13, I set out northward. We had fine weather for a while: then the wind rose, and the rain came down amain. We were thoroughly wet, before we came to Stroud, but took no cold at all. At six, the house was, as usual, quite filled, though the wind and rain kept many strangers away. The people appeared to be all alive, and ready to devour the word. Afterwards we had a love-feast, at which many, both men and women, spoke with all simplicity what God had done for their souls.

Tuesday 14, After preaching to a large congregation at five, we rode toward Tewksbury: notice having been given of my preaching about noon at a house a mile from the town. But we could not get to it, the floods were so high: so I intended to go straight to Worcester: but one informing me, a congregation from all parts was waiting, we set out another way, and waded through the water. This congregation too seemed quite earnest; so that I did not regret my labour. But the going and coming was hard work, so that I was a little tired before we came to Worcester.

I began preaching about six in the riding-house. Abundance of people were deeply attentive. But toward the close, a large number of boys made a great noise. When we came

out, men and boys joined together, in shouting and pushing to and fro. Many were frightened, but none hurt. Hitherto could Satan come; but no farther.

Wednesday 15, My horse being lame, and part of the road very bad, I did not reach Mr. Lee's, of Cotery, till noon. The house is delightfully situated in his park, at the top of a fruitful hill. His Chaplain had just begun reading prayers. Afterwards he desired me to give an exhortation. So I could not take horse till half an hour after one, when I had eight and twenty miles to ride on a lame horse. I came, however, to Shrewsbury, between five and six, and preached to a large and quiet congregation. As we returned, the rabble was noisy enough: but they used only their tongues. So all was well.

Thursday 16, We rode with a furious wind, full in our faces, to Chester. Friday 17, and the next days, we had a refreshing season, with a loving people, and in a loving family. The congregations were not small in the mornings; in the evenings exceedingly large. And all who attended behaved, as if they not only understood, but relished the good word.

Sunday 19, Elizabeth Oldham called upon me, she told me, "Some time since, my mother said, 'Call my son, to see me die.' He asked, 'Have you any fear of death?' She said, 'O no. That is gone long since. Perfect love casts out fear. Do not you see him? There he is, waiting to receive my soul.' She then sang, with a clear voice,

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow:'

and ended her song and her life together.

"Every round my husband took lately, being doubtful when he took horse, whether he should not drop by the way, he carried a paper in his pocket, telling who he was, and whither he was going. This day five weeks, being exceedingly weak, he feared he should not be able to preach. But I said, 'My dear, go into the pulpit, and the Lord will strengthen thee.' And after he had spoken a few words, the Lord did strengthen him. Neither did he speak in vain: many were comforted: several justified. One of these said,

'He is going to rest soon, and I shall go with him.' He died in full triumph the next Lord's-day: and she two hours after.

"But a day or two before he died, I felt a kind of unwillingness to give him up. I was mourning before the Lord concerning this, when He said to my inmost soul, 'Wilt thou not give him back to me, whom I have fitted for myself?' I said, 'Lord, I do, I do give him up.' And immediately he changed for death.

"On the Sunday following, I was saying to my little maid, (always a serious and dutiful child, three years and a half old,) 'Hannah, dost thou love God?' She eagerly answered, 'Yes, mammy, I do.' She added, 'I will go to God, I will go to God;' leaned down, and died."

Tuesday 21, I went to Park-gate, and about eleven, embarked on board the King George. We had mild weather, and smooth water all day. The next day, the west wind blew fresh. Yet about five we were in Dublin bay, where we procured a fishing boat, which brought us to Dunlary. Here we took a chaise, and got to Dublin about eight o'clock. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, I laboured to allay the ferment which still remained in the Society. I heard the Preachers face to face once and again, and endeavoured to remove their little misunderstandings. And they did come a little nearer to each other: but still a jealousy was left, without an entire removal of which, there can be no cordial agreement.

March 26, Easter-day, many felt the power of the Spirit, which raised Jesus from the dead. On Monday and Tuesday I visited the Classes, and the result of my closest obervation was, 1, That out of five hundred members whom I left here, only four hundred and fifty remained: 2, That nearly half of the believers had suffered loss, and many quite given up their faith: 3, That the rest were more established than ever, and some swiftly growing in grace. So that, considering the heavy storms they had gone through, if there were cause of humiliation on the one hand, there was, on the other, more abundant cause of thankfulness to

him who saved so many, when all the waves went over them.

Thursday 30, I was summoned to the Court of Conscience by a poor creature who fed my horses three or four times while I was on board. For this service he demanded ten shillings. I gave him half-a-crown. When I informed the Court of this, he was sharply reproved: let all beware of these land-sharks on our sea-coasts! My scraps of time this week I employed in reading the account of Commodore Byron. I never before read of any who endured such hardships, and survived them. Surely no novel in the world can be more affecting, or more surprising than this history!

Monday, April 3, I took horse at four; and notwithstanding the north-east wind, came to Newry before five in the evening. It was so extremely cold, that the congregation in the Market-house was but small. The next evening it was considerably increased. Wednesday 5, I rode to Terryhugan, where the poor people had raised a tent (so called) to screen me from the north-wind. I urged them with much enlargement of heart, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain.* Thence we rode to Lisburn. The wind was still piercingly cold: yet it did not hinder a multitude of people from attending at the linen-hall, an open square so termed, as are all the linen-halls in Ireland.

Thursday 6, I designed to preach at noon in the Market-house at Belfast. But it was pre-engaged by a dancing-master: so I stood in the street, which doubled the congregation, to whom I strongly declared, *All have sinned, and are come short of the glory of God.* But this many of them had no ears to hear, being faithful followers of Dr. Taylor. Coming to Carrickfergus, I found it was the time of the Quarter-Sessions. This greatly increased the congregation. And most of them seemed to be deeply affected, rich as well as poor. Friday 7, I preached at eleven, and, I believe, all the gentlemen in the town were present. So were all at Newtown in the evening, while I enforced those solemn words, *God now commandeth all men, every where, to repent.*

Saturday 8, I returned to Lisburn, where I was agreeably surprised by a visit from Mr. Higginson, Rector of Ballinderry. He said, "I was prejudiced in favour of the Moravians, settled in my parish, till the late affair. One of my parishioners, Mr. Campbell, died, leaving by will his fortune to his two daughters, and in case of their death, a thousand pounds to the poor of the parish. His widow was extremely ill; notwithstanding which, some of the Brethren, to whom she was quite devoted, came in the depth of winter, and carried her, by night, several miles, to their house. She died in a few days, after she had made her will, wherein she made two of them executers, a third, guardian to the children; and, in case of their death, left the whole estate to the Brethren. They concealed her death six days. Mean time two of them went to Dublin and procured letters of administration, and of guardianship. Soon after I was pressed to undertake the cause of the orphans. I went to Dublin, and laid the affair before the Lord Chancellor, who, after a full hearing, cancelled the second will, and ordered the first to stand."

At my leisure minutes yesterday and to-day, I read Mr. Glanvil's Sadducismus Triumphatus: but some of his relations I cannot receive; and much less his way of *accounting* for them. All his talk of aerial and astral spirits, I take to be stark nonsense. Indeed, supposing the facts true, I wonder a man of sense should attempt to *account* for them at all. For who can explain the things of the invisible world, but the inhabitants of it.

Tuesday 11, I preached in the Market-house at Tandragee, to one of the liveliest congregations in the kingdom. Thursday and Friday I preached at Dawson's Grove, and Kilmararty; and on Saturday 15, I rode to Derry Anvil, a little village, out of all road, surrounded with bogs, just like my old parish of Wroote in Lincolnshire. The congregation, however, was exceedingly large, and exceeding lively. I talked largely with several of them who believe they are saved from sin, and found no cause to disbelieve

them: and I met with many more in these parts, who witness the same confession.

Sunday 16, At nine I preached in a meadow near Cockhill to a listening multitude. I suppose we should have had twice the number in the evening, but the rain prevented. The grass being wet, I stood in the highway, while many stood in the neighbouring houses. And the word of God was as the rain upon the tender herb. Monday 17, in the evening, and twice on Tuesday, I preached to a genteel, yet serious audience, in Mr. M'Gough's avenue at Armagh. But God only can reach the heart. Wednesday 19, as it rained, I chose rather to preach in Mr. M'Gough's yard. The rain increasing, we retired into one of his buildings. This was the first time that I preached in a stable: and I believe more good was done by this, than all the other sermons I have preached at Armagh.

We took horse about ten, being desired to call at Kinnard (ten or eleven miles out of our way) where a little Society had been lately formed, who were much alive to God. At the town-end I was met by a messenger from Archdeacon C—c, who desired I would take a bed with him, and soon after by another, who told me, "The Archdeacon desired I would alight at his door." I did so, and found an old friend whom I had not seen for four or five and thirty years. He received me with the most cordial affection, and, after a time, said, "We have been building a new Church, which my neighbours expected *me* to open: but if you please to do it, it will be as well." Hearing the bell, the people flocked together, from all parts of the town, and received the word with all readiness of mind. I saw the hand of God was in this for the strengthening of this loving people: several of whom believe, that the blood of Christ has *cleansed* them *from all sin*.

Hence we rode through a pleasant Country to Charlemount, where I preached to a very large and serious congregation, near the Fort, which has a ditch round it, with some face of a fortification; and probably (according to

custom) costs the government a thousand a year, for not three farthings service!

Thursday 20, I went on to Castle-Caulfield, and preached on the Green adjoining to the Castle, to a plain, serious people, who still retain all their earnestness and simplicity. Thence I rode to Cookstown, a town consisting of one street, about a mile long, running directly through a bog. I preached to most of the inhabitants of the town; and in the next day, morning and evening. Many *received the word with gladness*. Perhaps they will not all be *stony-ground hearers*.

We took the new road to Dungevan. But it was hard work.

> "Nigh foundered on we fared,
> Treading the crude consistence."

We were nearly five hours going fourteen miles, partly on horseback, partly on foot. We had, as usual, a full house at Londonderry in the evening, and again at eight on Sunday morning. In the afternoon we had a brilliant congregation: but such a sight gives me no great pleasure; as I have very little hope of doing them good: only *with God all things are possible*.

Both this evening and the next, I spoke exceedingly plain to the members of the Society. In no other place in Ireland has more pains been taken by the most able of our preachers. And to how little purpose! Bands they have none: four and forty persons in the Society! The greater part of these, heartless and cold: the audience in general dead as stones. However, we are to deliver our message. And let our Lord do as seemeth him good.

Tuesday 25, I fixed again the meeting of the singers and of the children, both which had been discontinued. Indeed, a general remissness had prevailed, since the morning preaching was given up: no wonder: wherever this is given up, the glory is departed from us. Wednesday 26, being to preach at Brickfield, four or five (English) miles from Derry, I chose walking, to shew these poor indolent creatures how to use their own feet. Finding the bulk of the

hearers quite senseless, I spoke as strongly as I could, on *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* But I did not perceive they were at all affected. God only can raise the dead.

Thursday 27, I went to a village called The New Buildings, about three miles from the City, and preached in a field near the town, to a civil, careless congregation. In the evening I preached in our room, on *If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.* And now first I saw a prospect of doing good here, (I mean since I came last.) God did arise to maintain his own cause; and the stout hearted trembled before him. Friday 28, I preached again at Brickfield; and God made some impressions on the stony hearts: but much more at Derry in the evening. Here he spoke with his mighty voice; and, I believe many were just on the brink of believing in the name of the Son of God.

Sunday 30, I preached to a very large congregation at the New Buildings, who now were all attention. I preached in the evening at Derry, and having taken a solemn leave of the Society, rode to Brickfield, and slept in peace. Monday, May 1, I rode to Augher. It being extremely hot, I came in, faint and weary: before I finished my sermon, my head turned giddy, and I could hardly stand: but I had a good night's rest, and rose as well as when I left Dublin. Tuesday 2, I began preaching at Sydare, about half an hour after five. And it was a day of God's power. The impression was general, if not universal: none appeared to be unmoved. This constrained me to enlarge in prayer, as I have not done for some years: so that I did not dismiss the congregation, till it was almost eight o'clock.

Wednesday 3, About noon, I preached in the Market-place at Inniskillen, once inhabited only by Protestants. But it has lost its glorying, having now at least five Papists to one Protestant. There was a large number of hearers, some civil, some rude, almost all totally unaffected. Thence I rode six or seven miles to Tonny-Lommon, where was a congregation of quite another kind. Great part of them

knew in whom they had believed: all were deeply and steadily attentive: and many were thoroughly convinced of inbred sin, and groaning for full redemption.

Thursday 4, I found near Swadling-Bar, as artless, earnest, and as loving a people as even at Tonny-Lommon. About six I preached at the town's end, the very Papists appearing as attentive as the Protestants: and I doubt not, thousands of these would soon be zealous Christians, were it not for their wretched Priests, who will not enter into the kingdom of God themselves, and diligently hinder those that would.

Friday 5, I rode over the Black-Mountains to Manor-hamilton; so called from a poor wretch who settled here in the last century, and was famous for nothing else, but hanging up all the Irish, who fell into his hands. There was a general love to the Gospel here, till simple R. W. preached against the clergy. It is strange every one does not see, 1, The *sinfulness* of railing at the clergy: if they are blind leaders of the blind, then (says our Lord) *Let them alone:* 2, The *foolishness* of it. It never can do good; and has frequently done much harm.

At six, I preached to a large congregation in the Sessions' house. All behaved well, but one young gentlewoman, who laughed almost incessantly: she knew there was nothing to laugh at, but she thought she laughed prettily. Saturday 6, in the evening, I preached near the Market-house in Sligo, to a large and tolerably quiet congregation: but I soon found I was shooting over their heads, in talking of *salvation by faith.* So at eight in the morning, Sunday 7, I suited myself to their capacity, by preaching on *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* The effect was, that the evening congregation was such as I had not seen here for many years.

Monday 8, I rode to Castlebar, and at seven preached in the Court-house. Tuesday 9, I dined at Sir C. B.'s; who asked me if it would be convenient for me to give them a sermon in his hall. We sent to the Court-house, and the people who were waiting there, came up without delay.

The family were in the parlour; the bulk of the congregation in the hall, and the long passage. Wednesday 10, I preached in the Court-house, on *Put on the whole armour of God:* and, taking horse early in the morning, Thursday 11, rode to Galway. About seven I preached in the Sessions-house, a large commodious place, where were hearers of every sort. All were silent and tolerably civil: some appeared to be a little affected. Many officers and a considerable number of genteel people attended the next evening. And I am in hopes a few of them will not easily forget what they then heard.

Saturday 13, We rode to Limerick. This evening I preached in the Room; and at eight in the morning, Whitsunday, but was much scandalized at the smallness of the congregation. In the evening I preached in the Old Camp, where the congregation was larger than it had been for several years. So it was likewise on Monday and Tuesday evening. But still I observed none wounded among them; nor any thing more than a calm, dull attention.

Wednesday 17, I preached in Ballygarane at noon, and in the evening at Newmarket. One gentlewoman, violently prejudiced against this way, at first stood at a distance. Then she came a little nearer; afterwards sat down, and in a short time hid her face. She attended again in the morning, being much convinced of sin, particularly of despising the real word of God. We observed Friday 19, as a day of fasting and prayer, for a revival of his work. Many attended both at five, nine, and one, but abundance more at the watch-night. And then it was, that God touched the hearts of the people, even of those that were twice dead.

Sunday 21, I was in hopes of taking the field in the afternoon, but the rain prevented. Yet I did not repent of the disappointment; so great was the power of God in the midst of us. I believe few were untouched; many were deeply wounded; many rejoiced with joy unspeakable. The same power was present the next morning and evening, both to wound and to heal. God employed his two-edged sword on every side, in a manner I had not seen here for many years.

O how ready he is to answer every *prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips!* Tuesday 23, we had an evening congregation at five, and an exceedingly solemn parting. At six in the evening I cried to a company little above brutes, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* This was at Kilfinane. I lodged a mile from the town, among some that were alive to God.

Wednesday 24, I had a cool, pleasant ride to Cork, where I soon heard how cold and careless the people were. I asked, "But are not the Society at least alive?" "No; these are the coldest of all." What then? Are we to be careless too? Nay, so much the more let us stir up the gift of God that is in us. I began in the evening to speak exceedingly plain: and I presently saw some fruit. The congregation at five in the morning was not much less than it was in the evening. Many saw their loss: God gave me again very sharp, though loving words. I trust this also is a token for good, and Satan shall not long triumph over us.

Thursday 25, I rode to Bandon. Since I was here before, several have gone home rejoicing: but others are come in their place: so that the Society contains just as many members as when I left it. And most of the believers seem much alive; particularly the young men, maidens, and children. In the evening we were obliged to be in the house. But the next, Saturday 26, I stood in the main street, and cried to a numerous congregation, *Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole of man.* Afterwards I visited one, that a year or two ago was in high life, an eminent beauty, adored by her husband, admired and caressed by some of the first men in the nation. She was now without husband, without friend, without fortune, confined to her bed, in constant pain, and in black despair, believing herself forsaken of God, and possessed by a legion of devils! Yet I found great liberty in praying for her, and a strong hope that she would die in peace.

Sunday 28, I returned to Cork. The rain drove us into the House, which was once more thoroughly filled. I scarcely ever spoke so plainly as I did both this and the

two following days. Yet for many years the congregations have not been so large. Wednesday and Thursday I visited the Classes. Decreasing still! Seven years ago we had nearly four hundred members in this Society; five years since, about three hundred. Two years ago they were two hundred; now one hundred and ninety.

Thursday evening, June 1, I preached at Blackpool, to such a congregation as I never saw there before. Friday 2, we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. At five and at nine we found God was with us; but much more at one; and most of all at the watch-night during the application of those awful words, *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*

Saturday 3, I preached at Blackpool again. Again multitudes of publicans and sinners drew near, and gladly heard that *There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.*

Sunday 4, The rain again prevented my preaching at the Barrack-Hill. But God was again present at the Room, and filled many souls with strong consolation. When I took my leave of the Society, many were moved, fearing we should meet no more. If not, is it not enough that we shall meet again at the resurrection of the just?

Monday 5, Having been much importuned to give them a day or two more, I rode to Limerick. Tuesday 6, I looked over a considerable part of Mr. Turner's remarkable providences. What pity is it, that the author had not a little judgment as well as piety! What a heap of things has he huddled together, good, bad, and indifferent! But how fine a treatise might a man of sense collect out of it! After encouraging as many as I could, both in public and private, *To press on toward the mark*, on Thursday 8, I once more took my leave of this loving people, and set out for Waterford. We intended to dine at Tipperary, but were directed wrong. At length we stumbled on a little town, called Golding. And here I found poor Michael Weston, who rambled hither from Westminster, some months since, in quest of an estate. I clearly saw the providence of God, directing me hither, before he was quite

starved. Thence we rode to the Garter, near Clonmell, (where we had excellent entertainment:) and the next morning over exceedingly pleasant and well-cultivated mountains, to Waterford.

Never was the prospect more gloomy here than at present. Through the continual neglect of the preachers, the congregation was reduced almost to nothing; and so was the Society. Yet I found much liberty of speech in the evening, and a strong hope, that God would revive his work.

I was invited to lodge at Mr. Scot's, a considerable tradesman. I found a young gentlewoman there, a visitant, well-bred, sensible, good-humoured; studious to oblige, and lacking nothing but the one thing. Saturday 10, the Room was quite filled in the morning. In the evening I preached in the Court, to thrice as many as the Room would contain. And all were not only quiet, but attentive.

Sunday 11, The congregation at eight was still larger. But not many seemed to be affected. In the evening the Court was filled; and I believe God opened both the understanding and the hearts of many. Afterwards I met the Society, and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. Light began to spring up: misunderstandings vanished away, and the spirits of many revived. Monday 12, I laboured to re-unite the poor, shattered Society, and to remove the numberless offences, which had torn them in pieces. Tuesday 13, in the evening God began to answer for himself. I scarcely ever saw a more deep and general impression made on a congregation. At the meeting of the Society likewise, he refreshed us with the multitude of peace.

Wednesday 14, I preached in the Market-house at Passage, to as dull a congregation as I have seen. They would have been rude enough too, but that they stood in awe of Mr. Freestone, who gave one and another, when they did not regard his signs, a stroke on the head with his stick. By this means the whole multitude was tolerably quiet, and many seemed much affected.

A little before twelve I came to Old Ross, and preached

to a small, serious congregation. Thence we went on to Inniscorthy; but the difficulty was, where I should preach: it rained, but no house would contain the people. We made the best shift we could, by stowing as many as possible into the house: the rest, as I stood near the door, were quiet without. It was an uncommon time, particularly with regard to those who had opposed the truth. One dropped down like a stone; many trembled and wept exceedingly. All declared, that such a work as this, was never seen at Inniscorthy before.

Thursday 15, I began to preach a little before five, on *The kingdom of God within us*. The hearts of the hearers, one and all, seemed to be as melting wax. Surely it was not for nothing, that Satan fought so furiously, to keep the Gospel from this place. Indeed there has not been hotter persecution of late years any where in the kingdom than here. The mob, encouraged by their superiors, beat and abused whom they pleased, broke open their houses, and did what they listed. A wretched Clergyman confirmed them therein, and applied to the Methodist Preachers, 2 Tim. iii. 6, 7, (the very text of that unhappy gentleman at Bristol, which he uttered and dropped down in the pulpit.) After he had painted them as black as devils, he added, "I have not time to finish now: next Sunday I will give you the rest." But the next morning he was struck in a strange manner. He could not bear to be a moment alone. He cried out, "Those hobgoblins! do not you see them! There, there! the room is full of them." Having continued thus some days, he screamed out, "See that hobgoblin at the bed's feet! O that roll, that roll, which he holds up to me! All my sins are written therein." Not long after, without shewing the least sign of hope, he went to his account.

In the afternoon I came to Kilkenny, and in the evening preached in the Tholsel. A more civil and unawakened audience, I know not when I have seen. The bulk of them appeared to be no more affected, than if I had been talking Greek. However, many of them attended the next morn-

ing, and more than ever in the evening. And all behaved well but one gentleman, who took much pains to divert those that were near him. I fixed my eyes upon him, but he did not regard it. I was then obliged to speak to him, and he was silent.

Saturday 17, I finished *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third.* What an amazing monster both in body and mind, have our historians and poets painted him! And yet I think Mr. Walpole makes it more clear, than one could expect at this distance of time; 1, "That he was not only not remarkably deformed, but on the contrary, remarkably handsome. 2, That his Queen, whom he entirely loved, died a natural death. 3, That his nephew, Edward the Fifth, did so too; there being no shadow of proof to the contrary. 4, That his other nephew, Richard, was the very person whom Henry the Seventh murdered, after constraining him to call himself Perkin Warbeck. 5, That the death of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, was the sole act, not of him, but Edward the Fourth. 6, That he had no hand at all in the murder of Henry the Sixth, any more than of his son. And, lastly, That he was clear of all blame, as to the execution of Lord Hastings; as well as of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan." What a surprising thing is it then, that all our historians should have so readily swallowed the account of that wretch, who killed, and also took possession of the throne; and should have blundered on, one after another! Only it is to be observed, for fifty years, no one could contradict that account, but at the peril of his head.

Sunday 18, As it rained, I preached morning and evening in the Tholsel, to a multitude of people. I spoke exceedingly plain, and all received it in love. Perhaps some may bring forth fruit. Monday 19, in the evening I preached at Birr, and removed some misunderstandings which had crept into the Society. Tuesday 20, I went on to Aughrim, and spoke as plain as possibly I could, to a money-loving people, on *God said unto him, thou fool!* But I am afraid

many of them are sermon-proof: yet God has all power: and sometimes he sends, when and where it pleases him,

"O'erwhelming showers of saving grace."

But I have never observed these to last long. And in all the intervals of them, he acts by his standing rule, *Unto him, that hath,* [and uses what he hath,] *shall be given; and he shall have more abundantly: but from him that hath not,* [uses it not,] *shall be taken away, even that he hath.*

Wednesday 21, I went on to Athlone. Friday 23, I rode to Abidarrig, to the Quarterly Meeting. Many of the people came from afar; and God gave them a good reward for their labour. Saturday 24, we returned to Athlone. Sunday 25, in the afternoon, I stood in Barrack-street, and cried aloud to a mixed multitude, *Behold I stand at the door and knock.* I never before saw so quiet a congregation on this side the water. There was not only no tumult, but no murmur to be heard, no smile to be seen on any face.

Monday 26, About noon I preached on the Green, at Clara, to an exceedingly serious congregation; and in the evening at Tullamore. Tuesday 27, I found a little increase in the Society. But there cannot be much without more field-preaching. Wherever this is intermitted, the work of God stands still, if it does not go back.

To-day I wrote to a pious and sensible woman, as follows:

"*Tullamore, June 27,* 1769.

"Dear Madam,

"When I had the pleasure of conversing with you some years since, you had a regard both for me, and the people called Methodists. If I am rightly informed you are now of another mind. May I ask, When did that change begin? Was it at your last journey to Dublin? Whenever it was, suffer me to ask, What were the reasons of it? I will tell you what I conjecture, and I do it in writing, because I may not have an opportunity of talking with you: because I can write more freely than I could speak: because I can now say all I have to say at once; whereas, if we were talking together, I might probably forget some part:

and because you may by this mean have the better opportunity of calmly considering it.

"I conjecture, (to tell you just what rises in my heart,) that this change was owing to several causes. Some admired and commended you as a person of uncommon sense, and uncommon attainments in religion. Others told you at large from time to time, all the real or supposed faults of the Methodists. In particular, the jars which had lately been in Dublin, on account of Mr. Morgan and Olivers. This naturally tended to breed and increase pride on the one hand, and prejudice on the other. Riches increased: which not only led you step by step into more conformity to the world, but insensibly instilled self-importance, unwillingness to be contradicted, and an over-bearing temper. And hence you were of course disgusted at those who did not yield to this temper, and blamed that conformity. Perhaps some of these professed or expected to be perfected in love. They at least believed perfection. Now this you seemed to hate with a perfect hatred: and on that account disliked them the more.

"Permit me to add a few words on each of these heads. And first: Would it not be well, if you started back from every appearance of admiration, (which you know is deadly poison) whether on account of your sense or piety? And if you utterly discountenanced all, who directly or indirectly commend you to your face? Yea, and all who tell you of the jars or faults of the Methodists? Or indeed of any absent person?

"Should you not earnestly strive and pray against thinking highly of your understanding, or attainments in religion? Otherwise this, by grieving the Holy Spirit, will expose you to still more prejudice: especially towards those who may seem to vie with you in religion, if not in understanding.

"Can you be too sensible, how hardly they that have riches shall enter into the kingdom of heaven? Yea, or into the kingdom of an inward heaven? into the whole spirit of the Gospel? How hard is it for these (whether you do or not)

not to conform too much to the world? How hard not to be a little over-bearing, especially to inferiors?

"Is it right to be disgusted at those who fear you conform too far: who do not sink down before you? Nay, perhaps oppose your judgment, or blame your practice?

"And with regard to perfection. Have not they that hold it, the same right to be angry with you for denying it, as you with them for affirming it?

"But what is it you are angry at? What is it you object to? Let us understand the question, before we dispute about it.

"By Christian Perfection I mean, 1, Loving God with all our heart. Do you object to this? I mean, 2, A heart and life all devoted to God. Do you desire less? I mean, 3, Regaining the whole image of God. What objection to this? I mean, 4, Having all the mind that was in Christ. Is this going too far? I mean, 5, Walking uniformly as Christ walked. And this surely no Christian will object to. If any one mean any thing more, or any thing else by Perfection, I have no concern with it. But if this be wrong: yet what need of this heat about it, this violence, I had almost said, fury of opposition? Carried so far as even not to lay out any thing with this man, or that woman who professes it. 'Nay, (says Mrs. ——,) I did not refrain from it for this only; but for their espousing Mr. Oliver's cause against Mr. Morgan.' Worse and worse; what! are people to starve (at least for me) unless they think as I think, or like whom I like? Alas! what religion! what humanity! what common sense is this?

"But I have done. I have once for all taken upon myself a most unthankful office. I have spoken with all plainness and simplicity, and now leave the event to God. May he open your heart, that you may discern his holy, and acceptable, and perfect will, that you may have a right judgment in all things, and evermore rejoice in his holy comfort.

"I am, dear Madam,

"Your affectionate Servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Wednesday 28, I rode to Mountmellick, and for the sake of some tender persons, preached in the new house. It was a solemn time; in consequence of which, it was pretty well filled in the morning. A serious awe spread over the whole congregation; but more remarkably the next evening, while I was opening and applying the story of Dives and Lazarus. Friday 30, I rode over to Montrath, a wild place as most in Ireland, and preached in the shell of a new house, to many more than it would contain. All were quiet and attentive. In the middle of the sermon a young woman who was a sinner, endeavoured, for a while, to hide her tears, by creeping behind another, till in a few minutes her strength failed, and she sunk down to the ground. I was sorry they carried her away; otherwise I think she would have soon lifted up her head with joy. In the evening we had a Love-feast, at Mountmellick, and great was our rejoicing in the Lord. Many were filled with consolation, trusting he would soon *make an end of sin, and bring in everlasting righteousness.*

Saturday, July 1, I found a far different face of things at Portarlington. The Society had once a hundred and thirty members: (a hundred and four I joined in three days.) It had now no more than twenty-four; and some of these had only a name to live. In the evening I applied particularly to the backsliders. But almost as soon as I began, a large company of quality, (as they called them) came and embarrassed me not a little. I knew this was heathen Greek to them. But I could not then change my subject. However, I diluted my discourse as much as I could, that it might not be quite too strong for their digestion.

Sunday 2, I read Mrs. Rowe's *Devout Exercises of the Heart.* It is far superior to any thing of her's that I ever read, in stile as well as in sense. Her experience is plain, sound, and scriptural, no way whimsical or mystical. And her language is clear, strong, and simple, without any of that affected floridness; which offends all who have a tolerable ear, or any judgment in good writing.

At nine we had a serious congregation, to whom I could

speak of the deep things of God. And the new house held them tolerably well: but in the evening it was far too small. So I stood in a little ground adjoining to the house. Many tender ones sat within, but the bulk of the congregation stood in the meadow, and the gardens on each side. I have not seen in all the world a people so easy to be convinced or persuaded, as the Irish. What pity that these excellent propensities should not always be applied to the most excellent purposes!

Monday 3, I rode to Coolylough, (where was the Quarterly-meeting) and preached at eleven; and in the evening. While we were singing, I was surprised to see the horses from all parts of the ground gathering about us. Is it true then that horses, as well as lions and tygers, have an ear for music?

Wednesday 5, I went on to Tyrrel's-pass. Thursday 6, at eleven, I preached in the Court-house at Molingar, to a very genteel, and yet serious audience. In the evening I preached at Tyrrel's-pass again; and on Friday 7, at Edenderry. Here I received from Joseph Fry, a particular account of his late wife, an Israelite indeed! He said, "She was a strict attendant on all the means of grace, and a sincere lover of the people of God. She had a remarkably good understanding, and much knowledge of the things of God. Though she was of an exceedingly bashful temper, yet she was valiant for the truth; not sparing to speak very plainly in defence of it, before persons of all conditions. Two years ago she began to lose her health, and grew worse and worse, till September 29. On that day she was very restless. Observing her to have an unusual colour, I judged she could not continue long. She was sensible of it, and said, 'Do not go from me; for my time is short. O! it is a hard thing to die!' After a while, she said, 'Dear Jesus, shall it be so with me as with the wicked?' I was deeply affected at seeing her in such a state: yet something told me, all will be well. I exhorted her with all my might, to lean on Jesus; and found myself unusually blest in so doing. But

still she did not seem to receive it, till I observed her jaw was fallen. I was then concerned more than ever, lest she should die without hope. I spoke with more vehemence, while she lay speechless, with her eyes up to heaven. But on a sudden, she got her lips together again, and said with a loud voice, 'Now, my love, I experience what you have said. After all, my Jesus is mine! The devil is conquered: there, there you may see him going with shame.' She then praised God so loud, that one might hear her in the street; and added, 'Fine sport, my dear Joe, the devil is cast.' After rejoicing in God some time, she closed her eyes; but in a little while, she said, 'O, was it not very pretty, when the wise virgins went out in white, to meet their Lord? Yet what would their robes have signified without his righteousness?'—And died."

The next day I went on to Dublin, and found all things as quiet as I left them. Wednesday 12, I rode through a lovely country to Ballymore, in the county of Wexford. Nearly twenty years ago, all this country was moved by the preaching of James Morris. Thousands flocked to hear: but one false step of his quite scattered them again. The house would not nearly contain the people; so I stood abroad, in a fair, mild evening. And once more God has given them a loud call, to turn unto Him, that they may save their souls alive.

Thursday 13, I rode on to Inniscorthy, and preached, on *Is there no balm in Gilead?* To-day I saw one of the most lively and sensible children, that I have met with in the kingdom. What a miracle will it be, if she save her soul! If general admiration does not destroy her!

Hence I rode to Bunklody, a little, ugly, scattered town, but delightfully situated. I did not find that five persons in the town would come a bow-shot to hear. So I ordered a table to be set in the street, and a few slowly crept together. They were as quiet, and seemed as much affected as the trees. Thence I rode on to Carlow. The Under-Sheriff had promised the use of the Town-hall. But the

High-Sheriff coming to town, would not suffer it. I thank him: for by this means I was driven to the Barrack-field, where were twice as many as the Hall could have contained: over and above many of the poor Papists, who durst not have come into it. Afterwards I met the little Society. I used to wonder they did not increase. Now I should wonder if they did; so exquisitely bitter are the chief of them against the Church. I solemnly warned them against this evil: and some of them had ears to hear.

Friday 14, At noon I preached at Baltinglass, to a handful of serious people: and in the evening, at Donard, to a much more numerous, but not more serious congregation. I could not but observe one pretty kind of a woman, with a child in her arms. She stood awhile; then walked to and fro: then stood: then walked again; and appeared as perfectly unconcerned as some pretty calves, which stood behind her. Saturday 15, I crossed the country to my old pupil, Mr. Morgans, and in the afternoon returned to Dublin.

All the following week we had a remarkable blessing both at the morning and evening service. On Wednesday and Thursday, we had our little Conference, at which most of the preachers in the kingdom were present. We agreed to set apart Friday 21, for a day of fasting and prayer. At every meeting, particularly the last, our Lord refreshed us in an uncommon manner. About ten I was a little tired; but before it struck twelve, my weariness was all gone. It seemed to be the same with all the congregation, and prayer was swallowed up in praise. Sunday 23, at nine I preached in the Royal Square at the Barracks, on *The dead small and great, standing before God.* A huge multitude soon gathered together, and listened with deep attention. Many of the soldiers were among them. By what means but field-preaching, could we have reached these poor souls?

Monday 24, After preaching in the evening, I went on board the pacquet, and the next afternoon, landed at Holyhead. We reached Chester on Thursday morning. Here I finished *Dr. Warner's History of the Irish Rebellion.* I

never saw before so impartial an account of the transactions of those times. He really seems to be of no side, but to speak the naked truth of all, according to the best light he could procure.

Friday 28, I rode to Manchester. As we were pretty well tired, our friends there insisted on my going on in a chaise. So in the morning, Saturday 29, we set out. When we were on the brow of the hill above Rippondale, suddenly the saddle-horse fell, with the driver under him, and both lay without motion. The shaft-horse then boggled and turned short, toward the edge of the precipice. But presently the driver and the horse rose up unhurt, and we went on safely to Leeds.

Sunday 30, Mr. Crook being out of order, I read prayers and preached in Hunslet Church, both morning and afternoon. At five I preached at Leeds, and on Monday 31, prepared all things for the ensuing Conference.

Tuesday, August 1, It began, and a more loving one we never had. On Thursday I mentioned the case of our Brethren at New York, who had built the first Methodist preaching-house in America, and were in great want of money, but much more of preachers. Two of our Preachers, Richard Boardman, and Joseph Pilmoor, willingly offered themselves for the service; by whom we determined to send them fifty pounds, as a token of our brotherly love.

Saturday 5, In the evening I preached at Bradford, to an extremely crowded audience. The heat was hardly supportable. Such a day I had seldom, if ever, known in England. It was nearly as hot at four in the morning, Sunday 5. But the rain began before five, and in three or four hours quite cooled the air. At one we had the usual congregation on the side of Birstall-hill. But it was nearly doubled at Leeds in the evening. Monday 7, I returned to Manchester; and on Tuesday 8, went on to Shrewsbury. I preached at five: and soon after, receiving an invitation from Mr. Powis, at Berwick, I went over directly, gave a short exhortation, and returned to Salop.

Wednesday 9, We reached Welchpool before nine, where

notice had been given of my preaching, the Bailiff having granted the use of the Town-hall. But he had now changed his mind. So I rode on to New Town, and at one we went to the Market-house. But in a few minutes, a poor wretch, exceedingly drunk, came in cursing and blaspheming, and striking all that stood in his way. His stick was soon taken from him; but the noise increasing, I removed to the Brynn, and quietly finished my discourse.

At six in the evening I preached at the Tuffin, the next morning at Lanidlos, and in the evening at the Abbey. Friday 11, I reached Caermarthen: the rain continuing, Mr. Peter Williams offered me his preaching-house, in which I enforced, *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Saturday 12, I preached at Haverford-West.

Sunday 13, I went to St. Daniel's, and after reading prayers, preached on those words in the second lesson, *What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.* The bigots of all sides seemed ashamed before God, and I trust will not soon forget this day. In the afternoon I read prayers, and preached again. I then met the Society in Pembroke. Once more their little jars are laid asleep; God grant they may rise no more! Monday 14, I preached in the Town-hall, to almost all the gentry in Pembroke. And I think, whatever they had before, they had then a clear call from God. Tuesday 15, in the evening, although the wind was high, yet the largeness of the congregation obliged me to stand on the outside of the house at Haverford-West. Wednesday 16, I examined the members of the Society, now the most lively one in Wales. Many of them are rejoicing in the love of God; and many groaning for full redemption.

To-day I gave a second reading to that lively book, *Mr. Newton's Account of his Own Experience.* There is something very extraordinary therein; but one may account for it without a jot of predestination. I doubt not but his conversion (as well as Col. Gardiner's conversion) was an answer to his mother's prayers.

Thursday 17, At twelve I preached in the Castle of Caermarthen, in the evening at Lanelly. The behaviour of Sir Thomas's servants here, (four or five of whom belong to the Society) has removed all prejudice from him, as well as from most of the town. Indeed they are a pattern to all of their rank, truly *adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour.*

Friday 18, I preached at eleven in Oxwych, and thence hastened to Swansea, where an effectual door is opened once more. The rain drove us into the room, which was as hot as an oven, being much crowded both within and without. Saturday 19, about eight, I preached at Neath; about three in the Church at Bridge-end, (where the rain doubled the congregation, by stopping the harvest work) and at seven in the Assembly-room at Cowbridge, on *Lord, are there few that be saved?* I was enabled to make a close and pointed application; I believe, not without effect.

Sunday 20, I preached there again at eight, to a congregation that seemed to feel what was spoken. At eleven the Vicar read prayers, and I preached on those words in the Lesson, *Gallio cared for none of these things.* Most of the hearers seemed more awake than I expected, and a few appeared to be affected. In the evening I took my old stand on the steps of the Castle at Cardiff. Abundance of people were gathered together, it being a fair and mild evening: on whom I enforced, *I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.*

Tuesday 23, Mr. Davies read prayers, and I preached in Caerphilly Church, and in the evening at Llanbraddoch. Wednesday 23, I went on to Trevecka. Here we found a concourse of people from all parts, come to celebrate the Countess of Huntingdon's birth-day, and the anniversary of her School, which was opened on the 24th of August, last year. I preached in the evening, to as many as her Chapel could well contain, which is extremely neat, or rather elegant, as is the dining-room, the school, and all the house. About nine Howel Harris desired me to give a short

exhortation to his family. I did so, and then went back to my lady's, and laid me down in peace.

Thursday 24, I administered the Lord's-Supper to the family. At ten the public service began. Mr. Fletcher preached an exceedingly lively sermon in the Court, the Chapel being far too small. After him Mr. William Williams preached in Welsh till between one and two o'clock. At two we dined: mean time a large number of people had baskets of bread and meat carried to them in the court. At three I took my turn there; then Mr. Fletcher; and about five, the congregation was dismissed. Between seven and eight the Love-feast began, at which I believe many were comforted. In the evening several of us retired into the neighbouring wood, which is exceeding pleasantly laid out in walks, one of which leads to a little mount, raised in the midst of a meadow, that commands a delightful prospect: this is Howel Harris's work; who has likewise greatly enlarged and beautified his house; so that with the gardens, orchards, walks, and pieces of water that surround it, it is a kind of little paradise.

Friday 25, We rode through a lovely country to Chepstow. I had designed to go straight on; but yielded to the importunity of our friends, to stay and preach in the evening. Meantime I took a walk through Mr. Morris's woods. There is scarcely any thing like them in the kingdom. They stand on the top and down the side of a steep mountain, hanging in a semi-circular form over the river. Through these woods abundance of serpentine walks are cut, wherein many seats and alcoves are placed; most of which command a surprising prospect of rocks and fields on the other side of the river. And must all these be burned up? What will become of us then, if we set our hearts upon them?

Saturday 26, Resolving not to be too late now, as I was last year, I took horse at four: but being earnestly engaged in conversation, we missed our way, and came to the Passage just as the boat was gone. About three in the afternoon, it passed again: and soon after six we reached Bristol.

Sunday 27, After preaching at Kingswood and Bristol, I rode to Cross, to lessen the next day's journey. Monday 28, I rode to Tiverton: on Tuesday, to Launceston, where I strongly applied, *Hath God forgotten to be gracious?* And, I believe, he answered for himself in the hearts of several backsliders.

Being informed it was between sixty and seventy miles to St. John's, I sent my horse a few miles forward to-night. Wednesday 30, I purposed taking horse at four, but the horse was not brought from the field. So I borrowed another, and rode on without delay to the house where my own waited for me. We had incessant rain, driven upon us by a furious wind. However I reached Bodmin, about eight; where, at the request of one of our friends, I preached to a small, serious company in the Town-hall. The rain accompanied us most of the way to Truro. I knew not where to call, till a friend met me and told me Mr. Painter had been very ill: so I rode directly to his house. While I was there, one of Redruth came in, who lent me a fresh horse, with which I reached St. John's about five o'clock. I preached at six, and was much comforted among a loving, earnest people.

Thursday 31, I rode over to St. Just, but could not preach abroad, because of the violent wind. However, God spoke to many hearts, both this evening and in the morning. September 1, I now considered Dr. Erskine's Account of Saving Faith. He asserts, (if I comprehend him right) "It is in general, an assent to the word of God, in which there is a light, a glory, a brightness, which believers, and they only, perceive. In particular it is an assent of the understanding, to the Gospel method of salvation, in which there is an excellency and glory, which only believers see. A supernatural conviction of this is faith." But if this be his judgment, why does he quarrel with me? For how marvelously small is the difference between us! Only change the word *assent* for conviction; (which certainly better answers St. Paul's word ἔλεγχος.) And do we not come within a hair's breadth of each other? I do not quarrel with the

definition of faith in general, "A *supernatural assent* to the word of God:" though I think "a *supernatural conviction* of the truths contained in the Word of God," is clearer. I allow too, that the Holy Spirit enables us to perceive a peculiar light and glory in the Word of God, and particularly in the Gospel method of salvation. But I doubt, whether saving faith be properly, "An assent to this light and glory." Is it not rather, an assent (if we retain the word) to the truths which God has revealed? Or more particularly, a divine conviction, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself?"

The congregation at St. Ives, in the evening, was the largest I have seen since I came to Cornwall, and it was a solemn assembly. We had another happy opportunity at the meeting of the Society.

Saturday 2, Our quarterly meeting was at Redruth. In the evening I preached to eleven or twelve hundred people. But there was no trifler, much less mocker among them. They heard as for eternity.

Sunday 3, We had a very large congregation and an useful sermon at Church. Between one and two I preached to some thousands in the main street: but to abundantly more at five, in our Amphitheatre at Gwenap; and they were so commodiously placed, row above row, that I believe all could hear. Monday 4, about noon I preached in the Lower-street at St. Austle, to a very numerous and very serious congregation. But at Medros, where was once the liveliest Society in Cornwall, I found but a few, and most of those faint and weary. Tuesday 5, I rode on to Plymouth Dock, and preached on *Love is the bond of perfectness*. What pity that any thing short of this should usurp the name of religion!

Last week I read over, as I rode, great part of Homer's Odyssey. I always imagined, it was like Milton's Paradise Regained,

"The faint effort of an expiring Muse."

But how was I mistaken! How far has Homer's latter poem the pre-eminence over the former! It is not, indeed, with-

out its blemishes, among which perhaps one might reckon his making Ulysses swim nine days and nights without sustenance; the incredible manner of his escape from Polyphemus, (unless the goat was as strong as an ox:) and the introducing Minerva at every turn, without any *dignus vindice nodus*. But his numerous beauties make large amends for these. Was ever man so happy in his descriptions, so exact and consistent in his characters, and so natural in telling a story? He likewise continually inserts the finest strokes of morality, (which I cannot find in Virgil) on all occasions recommending the fear of God, with justice, mercy, and truth. In this only he is inconsistent with himself. He makes his hero say,

"Wisdom never lies." And

"Him, on whate'er pretence, that lies can tell,
My soul abhors him as the gates of hell."

Meantime he himself, on the slightest pretence, tells deliberate lies over and over: nay, and is highly commended for so doing, even by the Goddess of Wisdom!

Wednesday 6, I rode to Collumpton; and on Thursday rested at Tiverton. Friday 8, I preached about nine at Taunton, and then rode on to Bridgewater, where the preaching had been discontinued for some years. It was supposed there would be much disturbance: but there was none at all. The very gentry (all but two or three young women) behaved with good sense and decency. This afternoon I went to the top of Brent-hill: I know not I ever before saw such a prospect. Westward one may see to the mouth of the Bristol Channel, and the three other ways as far as the eye can reach. And most of the land which you see is well cultivated, well wooded, and well watered: so that the globe of earth in its present condition can hardly afford a more pleasing scene. Saturday 9, I returned to Bristol.

Tuesday 12, I enquired into the state of Kingswood school. The grievance now is, the number of children. Instead of thirty (as I desired) we have nearly fifty, whereby our masters are burdened. And it is scarcely possible to

keep them in so exact order, as we might do a smaller number. However, this still comes nearer a Christian school than any I know in the kingdom.

Sunday 17, I preached to a serious congregation, in Princes'-street, many of whom came from the ships on the river, and gaped and stared, as if they had never heard a sermon before. In the afternoon I preached near the New Square, on *What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.* I was in hopes this would remove rather than increase prejudice; but I was much mistaken. One of the hearers soon after told his friend, "Mr. W. is as dark and blind as ever."

Tuesday 19, between twelve and one I preached at Freshford; and on White's-Hill, near Bradford, in the evening. By this means many had an opportunity of hearing, who would not have come to the Room. I had designed to preach there again the next evening; but a gentleman in the town desired me to preach at his door. The beasts of the people were tolerably quiet, till I had nearly finished my sermon. They then lifted up their voices, especially one, called *a gentleman*, who had filled his pockets with rotten eggs. But a young man coming unawares, clapped his hands on each side, and mashed them all at once. In an instant he was perfume all over; though it was not so sweet as balsam!

Friday 22, I saw poor Mrs. — at Bristol, on the very brink of despair. I prayed for her in faith; and not many days after, found her sweetly rejoicing in God her Saviour. Saturday 23, I rode to Pill, and preached in the street, (the only way to do much good there,) to a more numerous and more attentive congregation than I have seen there for many years.

Thursday, October 5, I had the satisfaction to find, that two of our brethren, with whom I had taken much pains, had at length put an end to their Chancery suit, and closed their debate by a reference.

Sunday 8, I permitted all of Mr. Whitefield's Society, that desired it, to be present at our love-feast. I suppose

there were a thousand of us in all. And we were not sent empty away. Monday 9, I preached at Bristol, Pensford, Shepton-Mallet; and in the evening at Wincaunton. The people here had just as much feeling as the benches on which they sat. Tuesday 10, I preached in Shaftsbury, at noon; and in the evening at Salisbury. Here I was in a new world. The congregation was alive, and much more the Society. How pleasing would it be to be always with such! But that is not our calling.

Wednesday 11, I preached in Rumsey at noon; in the evening at Winchester. Thursdry 12, I preached at Fareham about one; and at Portsmouth-Common, in the evening. I very narrowly missed meeting the great Pascal Paoli. He landed in the Dock but a very few minutes after I had left the water side. Surely he, who hath been with him from his youth up, hath not sent him into England for nothing. Lord, shew him what is thy will concerning him! And give him a kingdom that cannot be moved.

Saturday 14, Setting out at two in the morning, I came to London in the afternoon. Sunday 15, my brother and I had such a congregation at Spitalfields, as has not been there since the covenant-night. The Foundery was equally crowded in the evening. Is God about to work here as he did some years ago? If so, having learned experience by the things we have suffered, I trust we shall not quench the Spirit as we did before.

Monday 16, I began my journey into Oxfordshire, and in the evening preached at Henley. A great part of the congregation was perfectly void both of sense and modesty. But at this time they were unusually quiet, as I did not take them out of their depth, in opening and applying those words, *It is appointed unto men once to die.*

Tuesday 17, We went to Wallingford, a town I never saw before, though I lived so many years at Oxford. How white are the fields here unto the harvest! The whole town seemed flocking together, rich and poor, in the evening, and received the word with joy. But who will endure to the end? Abundance of people came again at five in the

morning, and were ready to devour the word. How pleasant it is to see the dawn of a work of grace! But we must not lay too much stress upon it. Abundance of blossoms! But when the sun is up, how many of these will wither away.

Having appointed to preach in Oxford at ten, I was under some difficulty. I did not like to preach in the Dissenting Meeting-house: and I did not see how to avoid it. But the proprietors cut the knot for me, by locking up the doors. So I preached in James Mears' garden: and to such a congregation as I had not had in Oxford since I preached in St. Mary's Church. Thence we went on to Witney, where we have now a large and commodious house. It was well filled in the evening; and (whoever else did) I found it good to be there; especially at the meeting of the Society: the spirit of glory and of Christ was among them.

I had designed to spend another day here. But two of our friends, who were come on purpose from Broadmarston, importuned me much to go thither. So I set out with them on Thursday, and came to Broadmarston in the afternoon. The lovely family, and the congregation from all parts, made me full amends for my labour. Great was our glorying in the Lord. Many felt the two-edged sword, and many were filled with consolation.

Friday 20, I had appointed to be in Oxford at eight. So I took horse at two, and took chaises from Shipston, which brought me thither at my time. After spending an hour quite agreeably with a few young, serious students, I set out for Ipstone, near Stoken Church. But I was obliged, when we came to the bye-road, to quit my chaise, and go as I could, partly on horseback, and partly on foot. The congregation had waited for me some time. So I began immediately, on *Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole of man.* In the evening I preached to a lively congregation at High Wycombe, and on Saturday reached London.

Monday 23, I rode to Towcester, and preached to a heavy, unawakened people, on what they did not seem at

all to think of, namely, that they were to die. I believe it suited them: they appeared to be more affected than with any discourse I had ever preached. Tuesday 24, I preached at Alston in a large malt-room, where one side of my head was very warm, through the crowd of people; the other very cold, having an open window at my ear. Between six and seven I preached at Northampton, and it was an awful season. This evening there was such an aurora borealis, as I never saw before: the colours, both the white, the flame colour, and the scarlet, were so exceedingly strong and beautiful. But they were awful too: so that abundance of people were frightened into many good resolutions.

Wednesday 25, At ten, I was forced to preach abroad at Brighton, by reason of the great concourse of people: and at Haddon, about one. I believe at both places, God applied his word to their hearts. Thursday 26, about nine I preached at Harpole, to a thirsty multitude: at one, to nearly the same number at Weedon; in the evening at Whittlebury. Friday 27, about noon, we had a serious congregation at Cranfield, and at Bedford, in the evening. Saturday 28, I preached about one at Hertford, and at Snowsfields in the evening: and after preaching three times a day for three days, and four times a day for two more, I found no more hoarsness or weariness than when I set out from London.

Monday 30, I set out with a little company of our friends, and the next day came to Norwich. At six I preached in the shell of the new house, crowded enough both within and without.

Thursday, November 2, We went to Yarmouth, a cold, dead, uncomfortable place. Friday 3, I laboured to gather up the fragments of the poor Society, shattered to pieces by Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and disputers of all kinds: especially by one unhappy man, who had risen among ourselves. In the evening I strongly exhorted them, to *repent and do the first works.*

Saturday 4, We returned to Norwich. In going to Yarmouth, I had called upon a young woman, alive to God,

but exceedingly ill. She died before I came back. This afternoon I was desired to bury her. I took the opportunity of preaching at five in the burying-ground, to a multitude of people, who were all attention, as though they had already seen *the dead standing before God.*

Monday 6, and the following days, I visited as many of the people, sick and well, as I possibly could. And on Friday 10, leaving them more united, than they had been for many years, I took coach again, and the next afternoon came to London.

In the coach, going and coming, I read several volumes of Mr. Guthrie's ingenious History of Scotland, I suppose as impartial a one as any to be found, and as much to be depended upon. I never read any writer before, who gave me so much light, into the real character of that odd mixture, King James the First: nor into that of Mary Queen of Scots, so totally misrepresented by Buchanan, Queen Elizabeth's pensioner, and her other hireling writers: and not much less, by Dr. Robertson. Them he effectually exposes, shewing how grossly they contradict matter of fact, and one another. He likewise points out the many and great mistakes of Dr. R. such as seem to imply either great inattention or great partiality. Upon the whole, that much injured Queen appears to have been far the greatest woman of that age, exquisitely beautiful in her person, of a fine address, of a deep unaffected piety, and of a stronger understanding even in youth, than Queen Elizabeth had at threescore. And probably the despair wherein Queen Elizabeth died, was owing to her death, rather than that of Lord Essex.

Friday 17, I preached at a Chapel near St. John-street, built on the very spot of ground, whereon, many hundred years ago, Pardon Church stood. In this and the following week I visited the Society in London, containing now scarcely nineteen hundred members. So has God cut us short, since the wound received by a false friend, from which we are now slowly recovering.

Saturday 25, I went down to Mr. Perronet's, just recovering from a long illness. In the evening I preached in the

house, and at seven in the morning. On Sunday 26, Mr. P. designed to read prayers at ten: but we thought it not safe for him to go out. So I read prayers, and then applied, *What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?* Many who had constantly appealed to this text, found themselves short in every particular. I read prayers in the afternoon, having been informed, that it was not usual to preach. But observing a numerous congregation, quite unwilling to go away, I went into the pulpit, and shewed them the nature and the pleasantness of true religion. At five I preached in the Room: I trust our Lord has touched many hearts this day.

Thursday 30, I preached at Wandsworth. For many years, the people here were the most dead, but are now the most alive, of any about London. Friday, December 1, I preached at Barnet, which was last year what Wandsworth is now. Monday 4, I went to Chatham: Mr. Whitefield's people (so called) refusing me the use of their Room, I preached in the barracks, to a listening multitude, and our hearts were sweetly enlarged and knit together. One of their Society, grieved at the bigotry of his brethren, invited me to preach in his house, in the morning; which I did, (the barracks not being open, to as many as it could well contain. Tuesday 5, I went to Sheerness, and preached in the Old Playhouse, filled from end to end. So it was the next night. Our own Room contained us in the mornings. I was much comforted among the poor people, which in the midst of disputers, keep straight on following after peace and holiness.

Thursday 7, I returned to Chatham, and the next day to London; leaving an earnest people at peace with each other, and with all the world.

Monday 11, Riding an uneasy horse, I was much tired before I reached Staplehurst. But the serious, earnest congregation soon made me forget my weariness, and I was not a little helped by the spirit of Mr. C. breathing nothing but faith and love. I was again heartily tired, when I came to

Mr. Holman's, near Rye. Judging most of the congregation here to be unawakened, I preached on the story of Dives and Lazarus. God gave me to speak strong words, so that I trust some were pricked to the heart. Wednesday 13, I preached at Ewhurst, (it being the Quarterly-meeting) both at noon and in the evening. Thursday 14, we rode through heavy rain to Newbounds, where Mr. I'Anson and his family gladly received us: and I never saw the house so filled before, as it was in the evening. Friday 15, I preached at Seven-Oaks, and on Saturday returned to London.

Being desirous to finish my winter journies before Christmas; on Monday 18, I set out for Canterbury. Friday 22, I preached at Sittenbourn and Chatham, and on Saturday came to London.

Monday, being Christmas-day, we had such a congregation at four, as I have not seen for many years. And from morning to evening we had abundant proof, that God is visiting and redeeming his people.

Tuesday 16, I read the Letters from our Preachers in America, informing us that God had begun a glorious work there; that both in New-York and Philadelphia multitudes flock to hear, and behave with the deepest seriousness, and that the Society in each place already contains above a hundred members.

Friday 29, We observed as a day of fasting and prayer, partly on account of the confused state of public affairs, partly as preparatory to the solemn engagement, which we were about to renew.

Monday, January 1, 1770, About eighteen hundred of us met together: it was a most solemn season. As we did openly *avouch the Lord to be our God, so did he avouch us to be his people.*

Wednesday 17, In a little journey which I took into Bedfordshire, I finished Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth. He is doubtless one of the first-rate writers, both as to sense and stile; his language is remarkably clear, unaffected, and elegant. And as to his Theory, none can deny that it is

ingenious, and consistent with itself. And it is highly probable, 1, That the earth arose out of the chaos in some such manner as he describes: 2, That the antediluvian earth was without high or abrupt mountains, and without sea, being one uniform crust, inclosing the great abyss: 3, That the flood was caused by the breaking of this crust, and its sinking into the abyss of waters: and, 4, That the present state of the earth, both internal and external, shews it to be the ruins of the former earth. This is the substance of his two former books, and thus far I can go with him.

I have no objection to the substance of his third book upon the general conflagration, but think it is one of the noblest tracts, which is extant in our language. And I do not much object to the fourth, concerning the new heavens, and the new earth. The substance of it is highly probable.

Tuesday 30, One informed me, that Mrs. Kitely at Lambeth, not expected to live many hours, had a great desire to see me before she died. I went as quick as possible, but when I came, she seemed senseless, as well as speechless. I regarded not this, but spoke to her immediately; and immediately both her understanding and her speech returned, to testify a hope full of immortality. Having had her desire, she fell asleep, two days before her husband:

"A perfect pattern of true woman-hood!"

A good wife, a good parent, a good mistress, and *her works shall praise her in the gates.* How suitable was her death to her life! After many years spent in doing good, she redeemed a poor, friendless youth out of prison, took the jail distemper and died.

Saturday, February 3, and at my leisure moments on several of the following days, I read with much expectation, a celebrated book, Rousseau upon Education. But how was I disappointed! Sure a more consummate coxcomb never saw the sun! How amazingly full of himself! Whatever he speaks, he pronounces as an oracle. But many of his oracles are as palpably false, as that, "Young children never love old people." No! Do they never love grandfathers and grandmothers? Frequently more than they do

their own parents. Indeed they love all that love them, and that with more warmth and sincerity, than when they come to riper years.

But I object to his temper, more than to his judgment: he is a mere misanthrope, a cynic all over. So indeed is his brother infidel, Voltaire: and well nigh as great a coxcomb. But he hides both his doggedness and vanity a little better: whereas here it stares us in the face continually.

As to his book, it is whimsical to the last degree, grounded neither upon reason, nor experience. To cite particular passages would be endless: but any one may observe concerning the whole, the advices which are good, are trite and common, only disguised under new expressions. And those which are new, which are really his own, are lighter than vanity itself. Such discoveries I always expect from those, who are too wise to believe their Bibles.

Thursday 8, I went to Wandsworth. What a proof have we here, that God's thoughts are not as our thoughts! Every one thought no good could be done here: we had tried, for above twenty years. Very few would even give us the hearing; and the few that did, seemed little the better for it. But all on a sudden, crowds flocked to hear; many are cut to the heart: many are filled with peace and joy in believing: many long for the whole image of God. In the evening, though it was a sharp frost, the room was as hot as a stove. And they drank in the word with all greediness, as also at five in the morning, while I applied, *Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean!*"

Tuesday 13, I read with all the attention I was master of, Mr. Hutchinson's Life, and Mr. Spearman's Index to his works. And I was more convinced than ever, 1, That he had not the least conception, much less experience, of inward religion: 2, That an ingenious man may prove just what he pleases, by well-devised Scriptural etymologies: especially, if he be in the fashion, if he affect to read the Hebrew without vowels: and 3, That his whole hypothesis,

philosophical and theological, is unsupported by any solid proof.

Friday 23, I was desired to hear Mr. Leoni sing, at the Jewish Synagogue. I never before saw a Jewish congregation behave so decently. Indeed the place itself is so solemn, that it might strike an awe upon those who have any thought of God.

Wednesday 28, I sat down to read and seriously consider some of the writings of Baron Swedenborg. I began, with huge prejudice in his favour, knowing him to be a pious man, one of a strong understanding, of much learning, and one who thoroughly believed himself. But I could not hold out long. Any one of his visions puts his real character out of doubt. He is one of the most ingenious, lively, entertaining madmen, that ever set pen to paper. But his waking dreams are so wild, so far remote both from Scripture and common sense, that one might as easily swallow the stories of Tom Thumb, or Jack the Giant-killer.

Monday, March 5, I came to Newbury, where I had been much importuned to preach. But where! The Dissenters would not permit me to preach in their Meeting-house. Some were then desirous to hire the Old Play-house: but the good Mayor would not suffer it to be so profaned! So I made use of a work-shop, a large, commodious place. But it would by no means contain the congregation. All that could hear, behaved well: and I was in hopes, God would have a people in this place also. The next evening I preached at Bristol, and spent the rest of the week there. Monday 12, I went to Stroud, where the house was well filled as usual. Tuesday 13, I went by Painswick and Gloucester to Tewkesbury. Wednesday 14, I preached in the New Room, which is just finished, at Upton, and thence rode on to Worcester, where I preached in a large, old, awkward place, to a crowded and much affected audience. Afterwards I met the Society of about a hundred members, all of one heart and one mind, so lovingly and closely united together, that I have scarcely seen the like in the kingdom.

Thursday 15, I met the Select Society. How swiftly has God deepened his work in these! I have seen very few either in Bristol or London, who are more clear in their experience. The account which all gave, whom I had time to examine, was scriptural and rational. And suppose they spoke true, they are witnesses of the perfection which I preach. Yet, that they may fall therefrom, I know: but that they must, I utterly deny.

After preaching at Evesham about noon, we rode through a furious shower of snow, driven full in our faces to Broad-Marston. The very uncommon severity of the weather, somewhat lessened the congregation in the evening. All who were there, seemed prepared for that awful subject, *I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.*

Saturday 17, We rode, in another bitter day, with the wind and snow, just in our faces, to Birmingham. In the evening, the people were wedged in, as closely as possible: yet many were obliged to go away. We had just the same congregation in the morning. Sunday 18, at half an hour after one, I was to preach at Bromwich-heath: but the house would scarcely contain a fourth part of the congregation. So I made a virtue of necessity, and preached in a ground, where there was room for all that came. And I believe God kindled a fire in many frozen hearts.

In the evening, I preached in the house at Wednesbury, a funeral sermon for Elizabeth Longmore, I think the first witness of Christian perfection, whom God raised up in these parts. I gave some account of her experience, many years ago. From that time, her whole life was answerable to her profession, every way holy and unblamable. Frequently she had not bread to eat: but that did not hinder her *rejoicing evermore*. She had close trials, from her poor apostate husband, in the midst of sharp pain and pining sickness. But she was superior to all, still seeing her father's hand, and, *in every thing giving thanks*. Her death was suitable to her life.

"No cloud could arise, To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment Her Lord from her eyes."

All was noon-day. She praised God with every breath, till he took her to himself.

Monday 19, I rode to Cradly. Here also the multitude of people, obliged me to stand abroad, although the north-wind whistled round my head. About one I took the field again, at Stourbridge. Many of the hearers were wild as colts untamed. But the bridle was in their mouths. At six I began at Dudley. The air was as cold as I had almost ever felt. But I trust, God warmed many hearts.

Wednesday 21, I took my leave of Wednesbury at five; preached about ten at Billstone: about one at Bilbrook, and about five in the evening, at Wolverhampton. Many here were wild and stupid enough: however the greater part were deeply attentive.

I now procured an account of two remarkable children, which, I think, ought not to be buried in oblivion.

"About three weeks before Christmas, 1768, William Cooper, at Walsal, in Staffordshire, then nine years old, was convinced of sin, and would frequently say, he should go to hell, and the devil would fetch him. Sometimes he cried out, "I hate him." Being asked, "Whom?" He answered with great vehemence, "God!" This terrified his mother, who not knowing what was the matter with the child, strove to keep it secret.

"But in about a fortnight, it pleased God, to reveal to him his pardoning love. His mouth was then filled with praise, declaring to all what God had done for his soul.

"A few days after Billy was awakened, God was pleased to convince his sister Lucy, then eleven years old. He soon put a song of praise into her mouth also, so that they mightily rejoiced together, in God their Saviour. At the same time, they were both heavily afflicted in their bodies. But so much the more was the power of God manifested, causing them to continue in the triumph of faith, throughout their sharpest pains.

"On December 30, one of their sisters coming to see them, Billy told her, he had been very ill: but, said he, 'I do not mean in my body, but in my soul; I felt my sins

so heavy, that I thought I should go to hell, and I saw the devil ready to drag me away. Nay, for a week, I thought myself just in the flames of hell. The sins that troubled me most were, telling lies and quarreling with my sister. I saw, if God did not forgive me, I was lost. And I knew, quarreling was as great a sin in Lucy as in me, and if she did not get a pardon, and feel the love of Jesus, she could not go to heaven."

"Lucy said, 'When I heard Mr. A. describe two sorts of people, one sort washed in the blood of Christ, and the other not, I found I was not, and therefore, if I died so, must go to hell.' Being asked what sin lay most on her conscience, she replied, 'Taking his name in vain, by repeating my prayers when I did not think of God.'

"When Billy was confessing that he had loved money, Lucy said, 'And so did I; and was angry, if I had not as much as Billy. I loved money more than God, and he might justly have sent me to hell for it.'

"When Billy was asked, how he knew his sins were forgiven: he answered, 'Christ told me so. I had a great struggle in my heart, with the devil and sin, till it pleased Jesus to come into my soul. I now feel his love in my heart, and he tells me, he has forgiven my sins.'

"Being asked, how he did: he replied, 'Happy in Jesus: Jesus is sweet to my soul.' 'Do you choose to live or die?' He answered, 'Neither. I hope, if I live, I shall praise God; and if I die, I am sure I shall go to him. For he has forgiven my sins, and given me his love.'

"One asked Lucy, how long she had been in the triumph of faith: she answered, 'Only this week: before, I had much to do with Satan: but now Jesus has conquered him for me.' While she was speaking, feeling great pain of body, she said, 'O I want more of these pains, more of these pains, to bring me nearer to Jesus.'

"One speaking of knowing the voice of Christ, she said, 'The voice of Christ is a strange voice to them who do not know their sins are forgiven. But I know it. For he has pardoned all my sins, and given me his love. And O what

a mercy, that such a hell-deserving wretch as I, should be made to taste of his love!

"Billy had frequent fits. When he found one coming, he, with a smile, laid down his head, saying, 'O sweet love!' or, 'O sweet Jesus!' And as soon as he came to himself, being asked how he did; he would reply, 'I am happy in the love of Christ.'

"When a gentleman said, 'My dear, you could praise God more, if it were not for those ugly fits;' he replied, Sir, they are not ugly; for my dear Jesus sent them. And he has given me patience to bear them. And he bore more for my sins.

"One night a gentleman and his wife came to see them: and the gentleman looking on Lucy, said, 'She looks as if nothing were the matter with her: she is so pleasant with her eyes.' She replied, 'I have enough to make me look so; for I am full of the love of God.' While she spoke, her eyes sparkled exceedingly, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. At this Billy smiled, but could not speak; having been speechless for more than an hour. It seemed he was just going into eternity: but the Lord revived him a little: and as soon as he could speak, he desired to be held up in bed, and looked at the gentleman, who asked him, how he did: he answered, 'I am happy in Christ: and I hope you are.' He said, 'I hope I can say I am.' Billy asked, 'Has Christ pardoned your sins?' He said, 'I hope he has.' 'Sir,' said Billy, 'hope will not do. For I had this hope, and yet if I had died then, I should surely have gone to hell. But he has forgiven me all my sins, and given me a taste of his love. If you have this love, you will know it and be sure of it: but you cannot know it without the power of God. You may read as many books about Christ as you please;' (he was a great reader,) 'but if you read all your life, this will only be in your head, and that *head* will perish. So that if you have not the love of God in your heart, you will go to hell. But I hope you will not: I will pray to God for you, that he may give you his love.'

"Another coming to see them enquired how they were:

Billy said, 'Happier and happier in Christ: Are *you* so?' He said, 'No; I am not so happy as you.' 'Why,' said Billy, 'what is the matter? I am afraid you do not pray to Christ, for I am sure he is willing to make you happy.'

"One who sat by, seemed struck with the discourse, but did not speak. Billy observing her, said, 'And you do not pray as you ought. For if you had the love of Christ in your heart, you would not look down so. I wish you and every one had it.' One said, 'My dear, would not *you* give it them, if you might?' He answered, 'No: for that would be to take Christ's work out of his hands.'

"Many who heard what great things God had done for them, said, 'It will not be so with you always. If you should live to come into the world again, he would leave you in the dark.' They answered, 'We do not think so: for our Jesus has promised, that He will never leave us.'

"A young woman, who had told them so before, speaking in this manner a second time, Billy said to her, 'Miss, Are you assured of your interest in Christ?' She answered, 'I hope I am in Christ: but assurance is no way essential.' He replied, 'But if you have his love, you will be sure you have it. You will know it in your heart. I am afraid, your hope is only in your head. Do you never quarrel with any body?' She said, 'No.' 'But,' says he, 'You quarrel with God's word. For he has promised me, None shall pluck me out of his hand. And you say, the world will: so you make God a story-teller.' At this she went away displeased.

"There were few came to see them, when either of them was able to speak, but they enquired into the state of their souls, and without fear, told them the danger of dying without an assurance of the love of God.

"One coming to see them, was talked to very closely by Billy, till she could bear no more. She turned to Lucy, and said, 'You were always good children, and never told stories.' 'Yes, Madam,' said Lucy, 'but I did, when I was afraid of being beat: and when I said my prayers; for I did not think of God. And I called him, my Father, when I was a child of wrath. And as to praying, I could

not pray, until it pleased him by his Spirit to shew me my sins. And he shewed me, we might say as many prayers as we would, and go to Church or Meeting: Yet all this, if we had not Christ for our foundation, would not do.'

"When they were asked, if they were afraid to die, they always answered, 'No, for what can death do? He can only lay his cold hand upon our bodies.'

"One told Lucy, 'Now you may live as you please, since you are sure of going to heaven.' She replied, 'No, I would not sin against my dear Saviour, if you would give me this room full of gold.'

"On the Monday before he died, Billy repeated that hymn, with the most triumphant joy:

'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne!'

Afterwards, he repeated the Lord's Prayer. The last words he spoke intelligibly were, 'How pleasant it is to be with Christ, for ever and ever—for ever and ever! Amen! Amen! Amen!

"While he lay speechless, there came into the room, some who, he feared, knew not God. He seemed much affected, wept and moaned much, waved his hand, and put it on his sister's mouth; intimating, as she supposed, that she could speak to them. On Wednesday evening, February 1, his happy spirit returned to God. She died not long after."

In the following days I went on slowly, through Staffordshire and Cheshire, to Manchester. In this journey, as well as in many others, I observed a mistake, that almost universally prevails. And I desire all travellers to take good notice of it, which may save them both from trouble and danger. Nearly thirty years ago I was thinking, "How is it, that no horse ever stumbles while I am riding?" (History, Poetry, and Philosophy, I commonly read on horse-back, having other employment at other times.) "No account can possibly be given, but this, Because then I throw the reins on his neck. I then set myself to observe; and I aver, that in riding above a hundred thousand miles, I scarcely ever remember any horse (except two, that would fall head

over heels any way) to fall, or make a considerable stumble, while I rode *with a slack rein*. To fancy therefore, that a *tight rein* prevents stumbling, is a capital blunder. I have repeated the trial more than most men in the kingdom can do. A *slack rein* will prevent stumbling, if any thing will: but in some horses, nothing can.

Thursday 29, I preached in the new preaching-house at Rochdale, and on Saturday 31, at Chester. Tuesday, April 3, I went on to Liverpool: On Wednesday and Thursday I read *Mr. Sellon's Answer to Elisha Cole, on God's Sovereignty*, so plausibly written, that it is no wonder so many are deceived thereby.

Friday 6, I preached in Wigan at noon, and in the evening at Bolton. Sunday 8, after preaching at eight and one, I hastened on to James Edmundson's, preached to a few serious people, and gave directions to his poor sick daughter, which it is possible, may save her life. Monday 9, I rode to Ambleside; on Tuesday, to Whitehaven. Here I found a faintness had spread through all. No wonder, since there had been no morning preaching for some months. Yet every morning I was here, the congregations were as large as they had been for many years. Thursday 12, I met such a company of children, as I have not found within a hundred miles. Several of them appeared to be convinced of sin; five, rejoicing in God their Saviour. And upon enquiry, I found their whole behaviour suitable to their profession.

Good-Friday, 13, Notice having been given, through mistake, of my preaching at Carlisle, I was obliged to set out from Whitehaven, immediately after the morning preaching. I preached in Cockermouth at one, and then rode on to Carlisle. It was here the day of small things; the Society consisting but of fifteen members. I preached at six, and as many as could hear, behaved with the utmost seriousness. Afterwards I walked to Houghton, a village two miles from Carlisle, and on a hard clean bed slept in peace

Saturday 14, I preached at five to most of the village, though on so short a warning; and at eight in Carlisle,

Leaving Mr. Rankin to preach in the evening, I rode on to Longtown; where, finding no better place to screen us from the wind, I stood in a large, broad entry, with a room on either hand. Many crowded in here: the rest stood at the door. Easter-day, 15, Joseph Guilford preached at five. At eight I preached in a little Square: but at one I was desired to preach in the Market-place, where was a far more numerous congregation. Afterwards we took horse, and, before eight, reached an admirable inn at Dumfries.

Monday 16, We had a fair morning till we began to climb up Enterkine, one of the highest mountains in the West of Scotland: we then got into a Scotch mist, and were dripping wet before we came to the Leadhills. In the evening we reached Lesmahagow, and Glasgow on Tuesday, where I spent two days with much satisfaction. I had designed to go straight from hence to Perth; but, being desired to take Edinburgh in my way, I rode thither on Friday, and endeavoured to confirm those whom many had strove to turn out of the way. What a pity is it, that the children of God should so zealously do the devil's work! How is it, that they are still ignorant of Satan's devices! Lord, what is man!

Saturday 21, Pushing through violent wind and rain, we came to Perth in the afternoon. This evening the Tolbooth contained the congregation; and at eight in the morning. The stormy wind would not suffer me to preach abroad in the evening: so we retired into the Court-house, as many as could, and had a solemn and comfortable hour.

Monday 23, I walked over to Scone, and took another view of that palace of ancient men of renown, long since mouldered into common dust. The buildings too are now decaying apace. So passes the dream of human greatness!

Tuesday 24, I spent a few agreeable hours with Dr. O., an upright, friendly, sensible man. Such likewise I found Mr. Black, the senior minister at Perth, who soon after went to Abraham's bosom.

Wednesday 25, Taking horse at five, we rode to Dunkeld, the first considerable town in the Highlands. We

were agreeably surprised: a pleasanter situation cannot be easily imagined. Afterwards we went some miles on a smooth delightful road, hanging over the river Tay, and then went on, winding through the mountains, to the Castle of Blair. The mountains, for the next twenty miles, were much higher, and covered with snow. In the evening we came to Dalwhinny, the dearest inn I have met with in North Britain. In the morning we were informed, so much snow had fallen in the night, that we could get no farther: and, indeed, three young women, attempting to cross the mountain to Blair, were swallowed up in the snow. However we resolved, with God's help, to go as far as we could: but about noon we were at a full stop; the snow driving together on the top of the mountain, had quite blocked up the road. We dismounted, and, striking out of the road warily, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, with many stumbles, but no hurt, we got on to Dalmagarry, and before sun-set to Inverness.

Benjamin and William Chapel, who had been here three months, were waiting for a vessel to return to London. They had met a few people every night, to sing and pray together; and their behaviour, suitable to their profession, had removed much prejudice.

Friday 27, I breakfasted with the senior minister, Mr. Mackenzie, a pious and friendly man. At six in the evening I began preaching in the Church, and with very uncommon liberty of spirit. At seven in the morning I preached in the Library, a large commodious room: but it would not contain the congregation; many were constrained to go away. Afterwards I rode over to Fort George, a very regular fortification, capable of containing four thousand men. As I was just taking horse, the commanding officer sent word, "I was welcome to preach." But it was a little too late. I had then just time to ride back to Inverness.

Sunday 29, At seven the benches being removed, the Library contained us tolerably well: and, I am persuaded, God shook the hearts of many outside Christians. I preached in the Church at five in the afternoon. Mr. Helton de-

signed to preach abroad at seven: but the ministers desired he would preach in the Church, which he did to a large and attentive congregation. Many followed us from the Church to our lodgings, with whom I spent some time in prayer, and then advised them, as many as could, to meet together, and spend an hour every evening in prayer and useful conversation.

Monday 30, We set out in a fine morning. A little before we reached Nairn, we were met by a messenger from the minister, Mr. Dunbar, who desired I would breakfast with him, and give them a sermon in his Church. Afterwards we hastened to Elgin, through a pleasant and well cultivated country. When we set out from hence, the rain began, and poured down till we came to the Spey, the most impetuous river I ever saw. Finding the large boat was in no haste to move, I stepped into a small one just going off. It whirled us over the stream almost in a minute. I waited at the inn at Fochaber, (dark and dirty enough in all reason) till our friends overtook me with the horses. The outside of the inn at Keith was of the same hue, and promised us no great things: but we were agreeably disappointed. We found plenty of every thing, and so dried ourselves at leisure.

Tuesday, May 1, I rode on to Aberdeen, and spent the rest of the week there. It fell out well; for the weather was uncommon: we had storms of snow or rain every day; and, it seems, the weather was the same as far as London. So general a storm has scarcely been in the memory of man. Sunday 6, I preached in the College Kirk at Old Aberdeen, to a very serious (though mostly genteel) congregation. In the evening I preached at our own room, and early in the morning took my leave of this loving people. We came to Montrose about noon. I had designed to preach there; but found no notice had been given: however, I went down to the Green, and sung a hymn. People presently flocked from all parts; and God gave me great freedom of speech, so that, I hope, we did not meet in vain.

At seven in the evening I preached at Arbroth (properly

Aberbrothwick.) The whole town seems moved: the congregation was the largest I have seen since we left Inverness; and the Society, though but of nine months standing, is the largest in the kingdom next that of Aberdeen. Tuesday 8, I took a view of the small remains of the Abbey. I know nothing like it in all North Britain. I paced it, and found it a hundred yards long: the breadth is proportionable. Part of the west end, which is still standing, shews it was full as high as Westminster Abbey. The south end of the cross isle, likewise, is standing; near the top of which is a large circular window. The zealous reformers, they told us, burned this down. God deliver us from *reforming mobs!* I have seen no town in Scotland which increases so fast, or which is built with so much common sense as this. Two entire new streets, and part of a third, have been built within these two years: they run parallel with each other, and have a row of gardens between them: so that every house has a garden; and thus both health and convenience are consulted.

Wednesday 9, I rode on to Dundee. The ministers here, particularly Mr. Small, are bitter enough: notwithstanding which, the Society is well established, and the congregations exceedingly large. I dealt very plainly with them, at six, and still more so the next evening; yet none appeared to be offended. Friday 11, I went forward to Edinburgh. Saturday 12, I received but a melancholy account of the state of things here. The congregations were nearly as usual; but the Society, which, when I was here before, consisted of above a hundred and sixty members, was now shrunk to about fifty. Such is the fruit of a single preacher's staying a whole year in one place! together with the labours of good Mr. Townsend!

Sunday 13, At seven I preached in the Chapel taken by Lady Glenorchy, which stands at a great distance from ours, in the most honourable part of the city. Between twelve and one I preached in the High School Yard, it being too stormy to preach on the Castle-hill. A little before six I preached in our Chapel, crowded above and be-

low; but I doubt with little effect; exceedingly few seemed to feel what they heard.

Monday 14, After ten years enquiry, I have learned what are the Highlands of Scotland! Some told me, "The Highlands begin, when you cross the Tay:" others, "when you cross the North-Esk:" and others, "when you cross the river Spey:" but all of them missed the mark: for the truth of the matter is, the Highlands are bounded by no river at all, but by Carns, or heaps of stones laid in a row, South West and North East, from sea to sea. These formerly divided the kingdom of the Picts from that of the Caledonians, which included all the country north of the Carns, several whereof are still remaining. It takes in Argyleshire, most of Perthshire, Murrayshire, with all the North-West counties. This is called the Highlands, because a considerable part of it, (though not the whole) is mountainous. But it is not more mountainous than North-Wales, nor than many parts of England and Ireland: nor do I believe it has any mountain higher than Snowdon-hill, or the Skidder in Cumberland. Talking Erse, therefore, is not the thing that distinguishes these from the Low-lands: neither is this or that river; both the Tay, the Esk, and the Spey running through the Highlands, not South of them.

Thursday 17, At five in the morning I took a solemn leave of our friends at Edinburgh. About eight I preached at Musselborough, and found some hope there will be a blessing in the remnant. In the evening I preached in the new house at Dunbar, the cheerfullest in the kingdom.

Friday 18, We rode over to the Earl of Haddington's seat, finely situated between two woods. The house is exceedingly large and pleasant, commanding a wide prospect both ways: and the Earl is cutting walks through the woods, smoothing the ground, and much enlarging and beautifying his garden. Yet, he is to die! In the evening, I trust God broke some of the stony hearts of Dunbar. A little increase here is in the Society likewise; and all the members walk unblamably.

Saturday 19, At noon I preached in the Town-hall at Berwick. Coming to Alnwick in the afternoon, I found that wise and good man, William Coward, had been buried two or three days before. I judged it right to do honour to his memory, by preaching a kind of funeral sermon, on *There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.* Sunday 20, at seven I preached in the house, at four and at seven in the Market-place; but the multitude was so great, that I doubt many could not hear. I then met the Society, and we seemed to breathe the same spirit with him that was just entered into the joy of his Lord.

Monday 21, I preached at Morpeth and at Newcastle. On Wednesday 23, I went over to Sunderland. Saturday 26, we went by water to North-Biddick. The preaching here had been discontinued for many years, as it seemed to be sowing upon the sand; but at length we found the fruit of our labour: many are both convinced and converted to God. In returning, as we were four large boats in company, we made

"The mountains and vales his praises rebound."

So is even the water-language now changed!

Sunday 27, At eight I preached near the Cross in Sunderland, to such an assembly as was never seen there before. But I believe that at Gateshead Fell was still larger; as was that at the Castle-garth in Newcastle. Monday 28, I began again the meeting of the children, which had been neglected for some months: and we had a token for good: two or three were cut to the heart; and many seemed much affected.

On Tuesday the 29th and the following days, I took a little circuit through Weardale, Teesdale, and Swaledale. The ten days following I spent in and near Newcastle. Monday, June 11, I took a cheerful leave of that loving people; about noon preached at Durham, and in the evening before Mr. Watson's door to a numerous congregation at Stockton.

Tuesday 12, At five I preached in the new house, strangely

raised, when the case appeared quite desperate, by God's touching the heart of a man of substance, who bought the ground and built it without delay. I preached at Norton at noon, and afterwards met those who can *rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing*. We had another comfortable opportunity at Yarm in the evening, where I found a greater number of those who believe God has enabled them to love him with all their heart and soul.

Wednesday 13, I preached at Stokesley, ten miles from Yarm, and in the evening at Thirsk: Thursday 14, about two at Potto, and in the evening at Hutton. Here, as well as elsewhere, those who believe they are saved from sin, undergo many trials from their brethren. But so much the more will *The God of all grace, after they have suffered a while, establish, strengthen, and settle them.*

Friday 15, I was agreeably surprised, to find the whole road from Thirsk to Stokesley, which used to be extremely bad, better than most turnpikes. The gentlemen had exerted themselves, and raised money enough to mend it effectually. So they have done for several hundreds of miles in Scotland, and throughout all Connaught in Ireland. And so undoubtedly they might do, throughout all England, without saddling the poor people with the vile imposition of turnpikes for ever.

In the afternoon we came to Whitby. Having preached thrice a day for five days, I was willing to preach in the house, but notice had been given of my preaching in the Market-place. So I began at six to a large congregation, most of them deeply attentive.

Saturday 16, I found our preacher, James Brownfield, had just set-up for himself. The reasons he gave for leaving the Methodists were, 1, That they went to Church: 2, That they held perfection. I earnestly desired our Society to leave him to God, and say nothing about him, good or bad. In the afternoon I looked over Dr. Priestley's English Grammar. I wonder he would publish it after Bishop Lowth's.

Sunday 17, I met the Select Society, consisting of sixty-

five members. I believe, all of these were saved from sin; most of them are still in glorious liberty. Many of them spake with admirable simplicity. And their words were like fire. Immediately the flame kindled, and spread from heart to heart. At eight I preached; at nine met the children, most of whom had known the love of God. And several of them were able still, to rejoice in God their Saviour. Almost as soon as I began to speak, God spoke to their hearts, and they were ill able to contain themselves. I observed one little maiden in particular, who heaved and strove for some time, till at length she was constrained to yield and break out into strong cries and tears.

We had a poor sermon at Church: however, I went again in the afternoon, remembering the words of Mr. Philip Henry, "If the preacher does not know his duty, I bless God that I know mine."

Between one and two I met the Bands, being nearly two-thirds of the Society. Their openness was quite surprising, as well as the spirit with which they spoke. One plain woman cried, and spoke, and cried again, so that they were in tears on every side. I suppose, if I could have stayed so long, some or other would have spoken till night.

At five I preached in the Market-place again, to a far larger congregation than before. Our love-feast took up the next two hours, at which many were filled with solemn joy. Afterwards I met a few of the children again, all of whom had tasted that the Lord is gracious: I asked her, that cried so violently in the morning, what was the matter with her. She said, "I was so overwhelmed with the power and love of God, that I could not hide it." When I questioned her farther, she said, "A quarter of a year ago, one Saturday night, I was quite convinced I was a sinner, and afraid of dropping into hell; but on Sunday I felt the pardoning love of God. Yet I had many doubts till Monday evening, when they were all taken away in a moment. After this I saw and felt the wickedness of my heart, and longed to be delivered from it. And on Sunday I was delivered, and had as clear a witness of this as of my justification. But I was sometimes

off my watch; then it was not so clear, and people commended me, till by little and little I lost it. Indeed I still feel the love of God: but not as I did before."

Monday 18, I preached at Robinhood's-bay about noon; at Scarborough in the evening. Wednesday 20, I rode to Bridlington, and preached on the Key, to many plain, and many genteel people. I preached at Hull in the evening; and the next at Beverley.

Friday 22, I went on to York, where there is now more life among the people, than has been for several years. We found much of the presence of God this evening, and much more the next. One young man was in a violent agony, and could not refrain from crying aloud. Several continued with him in prayer till ten o'clock. He was then filled with joy unspeakable.

Sunday 24, I met the Select Society at six, and had the pleasure to find, that some, who had lost the great blessing for months or years, had recovered it with large increase. At eight, I preached to a people ready prepared for the Lord. At nine I met the children. At five, by taking out the benches, we made room for the greatest part of the congregation. Afterwards I spent an hour with the Society, and so concluded the busy, happy day.

Monday 25, I preached in Tadcaster at noon, and at Pateley-bridge in the evening. It rained as usual, all the time; but the congregation stood as still as the trees. And God did satisfy the hungry with good things, many of whom have given him all their heart. Tuesday 26, it rained all the time I was preaching at Otley, to a numerous congregation. And they drank in the words of life, just as the thirsty earth the shower. The next evening I preached in the House at Yeadon, the rain not suffering us to stand abroad.

Thursday 28, I rode to Mr. Sutcliffe's at Hoohole, a lovely valley, encompassed with high mountains. I stood on the smooth grass before his house, (which stands on a gently-rising ground,) and all the people on the slope before me. It was a glorious opportunity. I trust many *came*

boldly to the throne, and found *grace to help in time of need.*

I can hardly believe that I am this day entered into the sixty-eighth year of my age! How marvellous are the ways of God! How he has kept me, even from a child! From ten to thirteen or fourteen, I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that. I believe this was so far from hurting me, that it laid the foundation of lasting health. When I grew up, in consequence of reading Dr. Cheyne, I chose to eat sparingly, and drink water. This was another great mean of continuing my health, till I was about seven and twenty. I then began spitting of blood, which continued several years. A warm climate cured this. I was afterwards brought to the brink of death by a fever; but it left me healthier than before. Eleven years after, I was in the third stage of a consumption: in three months it pleased God to remove this also. Since that time I have known neither pain nor sickness, and am now healthier than I was forty years ago! This hath God wrought!

On Friday and Saturday I preached at Heptonstall, Coln, and Keighley.

Sunday, July 1, Being much concerned for the poor parishioners of Haworth, who hear and hear, and are no more affected than stones, I spoke to them in the most cutting manner I could. May God apply it to their hearts!

On Monday and Tuesday I preached at Bingley and Bradford; and Wednesday 4, rode to Halifax. Here I had an opportunity of enquiring thoroughly into a very extraordinary case. On January 26, 1760, a young woman of two and twenty, felt in the evening an uncommon coldness at her feet. Presently after, she was seized with convulsions. The disorder from that time attended her, more or less every day, in spite of all the medicines, which were administered, by the most skilful Physicians. One of her fits began a little before we went in. At first she fell back in the chair seemingly senseless, and wrought (like one strangled) in her breast and throat. In two or three minutes, she sprung up, turned round many times, then dropped down, and began

beating her head against the stone-floor. Quickly she started up, leaped right upwards many times, then ran to and fro with a hundred odd gesticulations. She beat herself on the head, tore her hair, and attempted to run into the fire. Being put into a chair, she spoke a good deal, but not articulately. She was convulsed again from head to foot; and afterwards said wildly, "Where am I? Who are these? I want my father. I will go to my father." In about an hour she came to her senses.

I should have imagined, the Physicians would have supposed all this to be counterfeit. But it seems, one and all thought that could not be; as she could have no motive to feign, since she gained nothing thereby, living upon the fruit of her own and her father's labour. And many of the circumstances could not be accounted for upon that supposition. Such were her tears, her foaming at the mouth, her tearing her hair, striking herself, and beating her head against the stones: her strong convulsions; and what none can well conceive unless they saw it, the change of her countenance, which was horrid and dreadful, yea diabolical, as long as the fits were upon her, but was remarkably pretty and agreeable, as soon as she came to herself.

When old Dr. A—r was asked, what her disorder was; he answered, "It is what formerly they would have called being bewitched." And why should they not call it so now? Because the infidels have hooted witchcraft out of the world: and the complaisant Christians, in large numbers, have joined with them in the cry. I do not so much wonder at this; that many of these should herein talk like infidels. But I have sometimes been inclined to wonder, at the pert, saucy, indecent manner, wherein some of those trample upon men far wiser than themselves: at their speaking so dogmatically against what not only the whole world, Heathen and Christian, believed in all past ages, but thousands, learned as well as unlearned, firmly believe at this day. I instance in Dr. Smollet and Mr. Guthrie, whose manner of speaking concerning witchcraft, must be extremely offensive to every sensible man, who cannot give up his Bible.

Thursday 5, I preached at six at Daw-green near Dewsbury. All things contributed to make it a refreshing season: the gently-declining sun, the stillness of the evening, the beauty of the meadows and fields, through which

The smooth clear "river drew its sinuous train:"

The opposite hills and woods, and the earnestness of the people, covering the top of the hill on which we stood: and above all, the Day-spring from on high, the consolation of the Holy One!

Saturday 7, I rode to Miss Bosanquet's. Her family is still a pattern, and a general blessing to the country. Sunday 8, I preached at White-chapel, Birstal, and Leeds; at each to as many as my voice could reach. Monday 9, about noon, I preached at Woodhouse, a village near Leeds, where a flame is suddenly broken out. Few days pass without fresh displays of the grace of God, converting sinners to himself; and a spirit of child-like, simple love, runs through the whole body of the people. Tuesday 10, I rode to Harwood, and preached to a large congregation of the same spirit with that at Woodhouse. Here too the word of God runs swiftly; many are convinced, and many converted to God.

Wednesday 11, I rode to Doncaster, and preached at noon at the new house: one of the neatest in England. It was sufficiently crowded, and (what is more strange) with serious and attentive hearers: what was more unlikely, some years since, than that such a house or such a congregation should be seen here! In the evening I preached at Finningly: the Church was filled; but, I fear, few felt the word.

Thursday 12, I preached at Epworth. Friday 13, we rode through heavy rain to Newton-upon-Trent. The weather clearing up, I preached before the house, to an earnest congregation. A people more loving, more artless, or more athirst for God, I have seldom seen. Taking horse about eleven, we rode, broiling in the sun, through Lincoln to Horncastle. Our brethren desiring me to preach in the Market-place, I cried to an unbroken multitude, *What is a*

man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul! The power of God was upon them, and they all calmly attended, till I commended them to God.

This was the first day that I had been weary, (the violent heat drinking up my spirits) since I set out from London. Saturday 14, in another sultry day we rode to Lowth, formerly another den of lions. At first, great part of the congregation seemed to *care for none of these things:* But God made them care: the Lord looked down from heaven, and *his arrows went abroad.* I have seldom seen persons more sensibly struck. They gathered closer and closer together, till there was not one inattentive hearer, and hardly one unaffected. In riding hence, the heat was as intense as ever: so that I was again tired, before we reached Grimsby: but I soon recovered, and preached to a congregation of good old Methodists, on *Daniel in the den of lions.*

Sunday 15, I preached at eight, and again at two, and then hastened away to Barrow. The people here much resemble those at Horncastle. So I would not take them out of their depth, but explained and enforced these solemn words, *It is appointed unto men once to die.* Monday 16, at nine I preached in Awkborough, to a people of quite another kind. So I spoke to them directly of Christ crucified: and the salvation which is through him. About noon, I preached to a people of the same spirit at Amcotes. In the evening, the house at Swinfleet not being able to contain a third of the congregation, I preached on a smooth, green place, sheltered from the wind, on Heb. vii. 25. Many rejoiced to hear of being *saved to the uttermost,* the very thing which their souls longed after.

Tuesday 17, I preached in the Market-place at Thorn; all were quiet and tolerably attentive.

Wednesday 18, About noon I preached at Crowle. This is the place, the former Rector of which, contemporary with my father, ordered those words to be inscribed upon his tomb-stone:—

"Here lies the body of SOLOMON ASHBURN,
Forty years Rector of this Parish.
"All the day long have I stretched out my hands,
Unto a disobedient and gainsaying people:
So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lusts,
And let them follow their own imaginations."

They *did* follow them for many years. But at length God hath visited them.

Friday and Saturday I spent at Epworth. Sunday 22, about eight, I preached at Misterton: at one, about half a mile from Haxey Church: and at five, on Epworth Cross, to the largest congregation in Lincolnshire, on *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.*

Monday 23, I preached at Doncaster and Rotherham: on Tuesday and Wednesday at Sheffield. On Wednesday evening my heart was so enlarged, that I knew not how to leave off. Do some say, "I preach longer than usual, when I am barren?" It is quite the contrary with *me.* I never exceed, but when I am full of matter. And still I consider, it may not be with my audience as with *me.* So that it is strange, if I exceed my time, above a quarter of an hour.

On Thursday and Friday, I preached at Creitch, Derby, Burton-upon-Trent, and Ashby. Saturday 28, I rode to Castle-Donnington: but hay-making had emptied the town, till a violent shower brought all the hay-makers home, who received the good word with gladness.

At seven I preached at Nottingham: Sunday 29, at Sandjaker, where God was eminently present. At five in the evening, I went to the Market-place in Nottingham. Thousands upon thousands flocked together: and all were still as night, while I opened and applied, *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.* We closed the day with a love-feast, during which four mourners found peace with God; two of them could not avoid declaring it, in the presence of all their brethren.

Monday 30, I preached at Bingham, ten miles from Nottingham. I really admired the exquisite stupidity of the people. They gaped and stared, while I was speaking of

death and judgment, as if they had never heard of such things before. And they were not helped by two surly, ill-mannered Clergymen, who seemed to be just as wise as themselves. The congregation at Hooton, in the evening, was more noble, behaving with the utmost decency.

Tuesday 31, At nine I preached in the Market-place at Loughborough, to almost as large a congregation as at Nottingham, and equally attentive. Thence I rode to Markfield. Notwithstanding the harvest, the Church was quickly filled. And great was our rejoicing in our *great High-Priest*, through whom we *came boldly to the throne of grace*. In the evening I preached in the Castle-yard, at Leicester, to a multitude of awakened and unawakened. One feeble attempt was made to disturb them: a man was sent to cry *fresh salmon*, at a little distance. But he might as well have spared the pains: for none took the least notice of him.

Monday, August 1, I rode to Northampton. It being still extremely hot, I determined not to be cooped up, but took my stand on the side of the Common, and cried aloud to a large multitude of rich and poor, *Acquaint thyself now with him, and be at peace.*

Tuesday 2, Some friends from London met us at St. Alban's. Before dinner we took a walk in the Abbey, one of the most ancient buildings in the kingdom, nearly a thousand years old: and one of the largest, being five hundred and sixty feet in length, (considerably more than Westminster Abbey,) and broad and high in proportion. Near the East end is the tomb and vault of good Duke Humphrey. Some now living remember since his body was entire. But after the coffin was opened, so many were curious to taste the liquor in which it was preserved, that in a little time the corpse was left bare, and then soon mouldered away. A few bones are now all that remain. How little is the spirit concerned at this!

Sunday 5, And for five or six days this week, the heat was as great, as I remember it in Georgia. Tuesday 7, our Conference began, and ended on Friday 10. On Sunday

evening I set out in the Machine, and the next evening preached at Bristol. Saturday 18, I gave a solemn warning to a large congregation, on Redcliff-hill, from those awful words, *The time is come, that judgment must begin at the house of God.* Surely it will: unless a general repentance prevent a general visitation.

Monday 20, I rode to Charlton. The violent heat continuing, I preached in the evening under a tree, to a congregation who were all attention. Tuesday 21, I rode on to Tiverton, and then through Launceston, Camelford, Port-Isaac, St. Cuthbert, St. Agnes, and Redruth, to St. Ives. Here God has made all our enemies to be at peace with us, so that I might have preached in any part of the town. But I rather chose a meadow, where such as would, might sit down, either on the grass, or on the hedges, (so the Cornish term their broad stone walls, which are usually covered with grass.) Here I enforced, *Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole of man.*

Sunday 26, Being desired to preach in the town, for the sake of some who could not come up the hill, I began near the Market-place at eight, on *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* We had a useful sermon at Church, and another in the afternoon, delivered in a strong and earnest manner. At five I preached again. Well nigh all the town were present, and thousands from all parts of the country. To whom I explained, *The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.*

Monday 27, I was surprised to find, that the Select Society, had been wholly neglected. I got a few of them together; but did not find so much as one, who had not *given up his confidence.* At nine I renewed the meeting of the children, which had also been given up for a long season. But so dead a company have I seldom seen. I found scarcely one spark of even the fear of God among them.

In the evening I preached before the house, at St. Just, on *I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.* It was a glorious hour. The same spirit breathed upon us, at

the meeting of the Society. At such a season, who does not feel, that nothing is too hard for God?

On Tuesday and Wednesday I preached at Newlin, Gulzinny, and St. John's. Thursday 30, I rode to Falmouth, and preached at two in the afternoon near the Church, to a greater number of people than I ever saw there before, except the mob, five and twenty years ago. I preached at Penryn in the evening, Friday noon at Crowan, in the evening at Trevorga, near Redruth.

Here I met with an ingenious book, the late Lord Lyttleton's *Dialogues of the Dead*. A great part of it I could heartily subscribe to, though not to every word. I believe Madam Guyon was in several mistakes, speculative and practical too; yet I would no more dare to call her than her friend, Archbishop Fenelon, "*a distracted enthusiast*." She was undoubtedly a woman of a very uncommon understanding, and of excellent piety. Nor was she any more "*a lunatic*," than she was a *heretic*.

Another of this lively writer's assertions is, "Martin has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was, in his worst days." I would ask any one who knows what good breeding means, is this language for a nobleman or a porter? But let the language be as it may, is the sentiment just? To say nothing of the Methodists, (although some of them too are not quite out of their senses) could his Lordship shew me in England, many more sensible men than Mr. Gambold, and Mr. Okely? And yet both of these were called Moravians. Or could he point out many men of stronger and deeper understanding, than Dr. Horne and Mr. William Jones? (If he could pardon them for believing the Trinity!) And yet both of these are Hutchinsonians. What pity is it, that so ingenious a man, like many others gone before him, should pass so peremptory a sentence, in a cause which he does not understand! Indeed, how could he understand it? How much has he read upon the question? What sensible Methodist, Moravian, or Hutchin-

sonian, did he ever calmly converse with? What does he know of them, but from the caricatures drawn by Bishop Lavington, or Bishop Warburton? And did he ever give himself the trouble of reading the answers to those warm, lively men? Why should a good natured and a thinking man, thus condemn whole bodies of men by the lump? In this I can neither read the gentleman, the scholar, nor the Christian.

Since the writing of this, Lord Lyttleton is no more; he is mingled with common dust. But as his book survives, there still needs an answer, to the unjust reflections contained therein.

Saturday, September 1, I took a walk to the top of that celebrated hill, Carn-brae. Here are many monuments of remote antiquity, scarcely to be found in any other part of Europe: Druid altars of enormous size, being only huge rocks, strangely suspended one upon the other: and rock-basons, hollowed on the surface of the rock, it is supposed, to contain the holy water. It is probable, these are at least co-eval with Pompey's theatre, if not with the pyramids of Egypt. And what are they the better for this? Of what consequence is it, either to the dead or the living, whether they have withstood the wastes of time for three thousand, or three hundred years?

END OF VOL. FOURTH.

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